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CONFESSIO AMANTIS

GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Quartus.

Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem viciorum, i.
Torpet et in cunctis tardaque lenta bonis,
Que fieri poſſent hodie transfert piger in cras
Furatoque prius hoſtia claudit equo.
Poſcenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido,
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viri.

VPON the vices to procede
After the cauſe of mannes dede
The firſte point of ſlouth I calle
Lacheſſe, and is the chefe of alle

Hic in quarto libro loquitur confeſſor de ſpeciebus accidie, quarum primam tardacionem vocat, cuius condicionem pertractans amanti ſuper hoc conſequenter opponit.

And hath this properlich of kind
To leven alle thing behind.
Of that he mighte do nowe here
He tarieth all the longe yere
And evermore he ſaith: to morwe,
And ſo he woll his time borwe

And wisſheth after: god me ſende,
That whan he weneth have an ende,
Than is he furtheſt to beginne.
Thus bringeth he many a miſchefe inne
Unware, till that he be miſcheved
And may nought thanne be releved.
And right ſo nouther more ne leſſe
It ſtant of love and of lacheſſe.
Some time he ſloutheth on a day,
That he never after gete may.
Confeſſor. Now ſone, as of this ilke thing,
If thou have any knouleching,
That thou to love haſt done er this,
Confeſſio amantis. Tell on. My gode fader, yis.
As of lacheſſe I am beknowe,
That I may ſtonde upon his rowe,
As I that am clad of his ſuite,
For whanne I thought my purſuite
To make and therto ſet a day
To ſpeke unto that ſwete may,
Lacheſſe bad abide yit
And bare on honde it was no wit
Ne time for to ſpeke as tho.
Thus with his tales to and fro
My time in tarieng he drough,
Whan there was time good inough,
He ſaid another time is better,
Thou ſhalt now ſenden her a letter
And par cas write more plein
Than thou by mouthe durſeſt ſain.

Thus have I lette time ſlide
For ſlouthe, and kepte nought my tide,
So that lacheſſe with his vice
Full oft hath made my wit ſo nice,
That what I thought to ſpeke or do
With tarieng he held me ſo,
Til whan I wolde and mighte nought,
I not what thing was in my thought
Or it was drede, or it was ſhame.
But ever in erneſt and in game
I wit there is long time paſſed,
But yet is nought the love laſſed,
Whiche I unto my lady have,
For though my tunge is ſlow to crave
At alle time, as I have bede,
Min hert ſtant ever in o ſtede
And axeth beſiliche grace,
The whiche I may nought yet embrace,
And god wot that is malgre min.
For this I wot right well afin,
My grace cometh ſo ſelde aboute,
That is the ſlouthe, which I doubte
More than of all the remenaunt,
Whiche is to love appartenaunt.
  And thus as touchend of lacheſſe,
As I have tolde, I me confeſſe
To you, my fader, I beſeche
That furthermore ye wol me teche,
And if there be to this matere
Some goodly tale for to here,

How I may do lacheſſe awey,
That ye it wolden telle, I prey.

Confeſſor.

To wiſſe the, my ſone, and rede
Among the tales, whiche I rede,
An olde enſample therupon
Now herken, and I wol telle on.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos, qui in amoris cauſa tardantes delinquunt. Et narrat, qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Eneam, ab incendiis Troie fugitivum, in amorem ſuum gaviſa ſuſcepit, qui cum poſtea in partes Italie a Cartagine bellaturum ſe tranſtulit nimiamque ibidem moram faciens tempus redditus ſui ad Didonem ultra modum tardavit, ipſa intolerabili dolore concuſſa ſui cordis intima mortali gladio transfodit.

Ayein lacheſſe in loves cas
I finde, how whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchiſes to ſone hadde,
With great navie, which he ladde,
Fro Troie arriveth at Cartage.
Wherfore a while his herbergage
He toke, and it betidde ſo
With her, which was a quene tho
Of the citee, his acqueintaunce
He wan, whos name in remembraunce
Is yet, and Dido was ſhe hote,
Which loveth Eneas ſo hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he ſaide,
That all her hert on him ſhe laide
And did all holy what he wolde.
But after that, as it be ſholde,
Fro thenne he goth toward Itaile
By ſhip and there his arrivaile
Hath take and ſhope him for to ride.
But ſhe, which may nought longe abide
The hote peine of loves throwe,
Anon within a litel throwe
A letter unto her knight hath write
And did him pleinly for to wite,

If he made any tarieng
To drecche of his ayein comming,
That ſhe ne might him fele and ſe,
She ſhulde ſtonde in ſuch degre
As whilom ſtood a ſwan to-fore
Of that ſhe hadde her make lore
For ſorwe a fether into her brain
She ſhof and hath her ſelve ſlain.
As king Menander in a lay
The ſoth hath founde, where ſhe lay
Spraulend with her winges twey
As ſhe, which ſhulde thanne deie
For love of him, which was her make.
And ſo ſhal I do for thy ſake
This quene ſaide, wel I wote.
  Lo, to Enee thus ſhe wrote
With many another word of pleint.
But he, which had his thoughtes feint
Towardes love and full of ſlouthe,
His time let, and that was routhe.
For ſhe, which loveth him to-fore,
Deſireth ever more and more
And whan ſhe ſigh him tary ſo,
Her herte was ſo full of wo,
That compleignend manyfolde
She hath her owne tale tolde
Unto her ſelf and thus ſhe ſpake:
Ha, who found ever ſuche a lacke
Of ſlouth in any worthy knight?
Now wote I well my deth is dight

Through him, which ſhuld have be my life.
But for to ſtinten all this ſtrife
Thus whan ſhe ſigh none other bote,
Right even unto her herte rote
A naked ſwerd anone ſhe threſte
And thus ſhe gat her ſelve reſte
In remembraunce of alle ſlowe.
Confeſſor. Wherof, my ſone, thou might knowe,
How tarieng upon the nede
In loves cauſe is for to drede.
And that hath Dido ſore abought,
Whoſe deth ſhall ever be bethought.
And evermore if I ſhal ſeche
In this matere another ſpeche
In a cronique I finde write
A tale, whiche is good to wite.

Hic loquitur ſuper eodem, qualiter Penelope Ulixem maritum ſuum in obſidione Troie diucius morantem ob ipſius ibidem tardacionem epiſtola ſua redarguit.

At Troie whan king Ylixes
Upon the ſiege among the pres
Of hem, that worthy knightes were,
Abode long time ſtille there,
In thilke time a man may ſe,
How goodly that Penelope,
Which was to him his trewe wife,
Of his lacheſſe was pleintife,
Wherof to Troie ſhe him ſende
Her will by letter, thus ſpekende:
My worthy love and lord alſo,
It is and hath ben ever ſo,
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his perſone

The more hardy for to wowe,
In hope that ſhe wolde bowe
To ſuch thinge, as his wille were,
While that her lord were elles where.
And of my ſelf I telle this,
For it ſo longe paſſed is,
Sith firſt that ye fro home wente,
That well nigh every man is wente
To there I am, while ye be oute,
Had made and eche of hem aboute,
Which love can, my love ſecheth
With great praiere and me beſecheth.
And ſome maken great manace,
That if they mighten come in place,
Where that they mighten her will have,
There is no thing me ſhulde ſave,
That they ne wolde werche thinges.
And ſome tellen me tidinges,
That ye ben dede, and ſome ſain,
That certainly ye ben beſain
To love a newe and leve me.
But how as ever that it be,
I thonke unto the goddes alle
As yet for ought that is befalle,
May no man do my chekes rede.
But netheles it is to drede,
That lacheſſe in continuaunce
Fortune might ſuche a chaunce,
Which no man after ſholde amende.
  Lo, thus this lady compleignende

A letter unto her lord hath write
And praid him, that he wolde wite
And thenke, how that ſhe was al his,
And that he tarie nought in this,
But that he wold his love acquite
To her ayeinward and nought write,
But come him ſelf in alle haſte,
That he none other paper waſte,
So that he kepe and holde his trouthe
Withoute let of any ſlouthe.
Unto her lord and love liege
To Troie, where the grete ſiege
Was laid, this letter was conveied.
And he, which wiſdome hath purveied
Of all that to reſon belongeth,
With gentil herte it underfongeth.
And whan he hath it overrad,
In parte he was right inly glad
And eke in parte he was diſeſed.
But love his hert hath ſo through ſeſed
With pure ymaginacion,
That for none occupacion,
Whiche he can take on other ſide,
He may nought flit his herte aſide,
For that his wife him had enformed,
Wherof he hath him ſelf conformed
With all the will of his corage
To ſhape and take the viage
Homeward, what time that he may.
So that him thenketh of a day

A thouſand yere till he may ſe
The viſage of Penelope,
Whiche he deſireth moſt of alle.
And whan the time is ſo befalle,
That Troie was diſtruied and brent,
He made non delaiement,
But goth him home in alle hie,
Where that he found to-fore his eye
His worthy wife in good eſtate,
And thus was ceſſed the debate
Of love, and ſlouthe was excuſed,
Which doth great harm, wher it is uſed,
And hindreth many a cauſe honeſt.

For of the grete clerk Groſteſt
I rede how buſy that he was
Upon the clergie an heved of bras
To forge and make it for to telle
Of ſuche thinges as befelle.
And ſeven yeres beſineſſe
He laide, but for the lacheſſe
Of half a minute of an houre
Fro firſte he began laboure
He loſt all that he hadde do.
And other while it fareth ſo
In loves cauſe, who is ſlowe,
That he without under the wowe
By night ſtant full oft a colde,
Which mighte, if that he had wolde
His time kept, have be withinne.

Nota hic de quodam aſtrologo ſuper eodem, qui quoddam opus ingenioſum quaſi ad complementum ſeptennio perducens unius momenti tardacione omnem ſui operis diligenciam penitus fruſtravit.

But ſlouthe may nought profit winne,

Nota adhuc contra tardacionem de vir-

ginibus fatuis, que nimiam moram facientes intrante ſponſo ad nupcias cum ipſo non introierunt.

But he may ſinge in his carole,
How latewar came to the dole,
Where he no good receive might.
And that was proved well by night
Whilome of the maidens five,
Whan thilke lord came for to wive,
For that her oile was awey
To light her lampes in his wey,
Her ſlouthe brought it ſo aboute
Fro him that they be ſhet withoute.

Confeſſor.

Wherof, my ſone, be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For love muſte ben awaited,
And if thou be nought well affaited
In love to eſcheue ſlouthe,
My ſone, for to telle trouthe
Thou might nought of thy ſelf ben able
To winne love or make it ſtable,
All though thou mighteſt love acheve.

Confeſſio amantis.

My fader, that I may well leve.
But me was never aſſigned place,
Where yet to geten any grace,
Ne me was non ſuch time appointed,
For than I wolde I were unjointed
Of every limme that I have,
And I ne ſhulde kepe and ſave
Min houre bothe and eke my ſtede,
If my lady it hadde bede.
But ſhe is otherwiſe aviſed
Than graunte ſuche a time aſſiſed.

And netheleſs of my lacheſſe
There hath be no default I geſſe
Of time loſte, if that I mighte.
But yet her liketh nought alighte
Upon no lure, which I caſte.
For ay the more I crie faſte
The laſſe her liketh for to here.
So for to ſpeke of this matere
I ſeche that I may nought finde,
I haſte and ever I am behinde
And wot nought what it may amounte.
But fader, upon min accompte,
Whiche ye ben ſet to examine
Of ſhrifte after the diſcipline,
Say what your beſt counſeile is.
My ſone, my counſeil is this. Confeſſor.
How ſo it ſtonde of time go,
Do forth thy beſineſſe ſo,
That no lacheſſe in the be founde,
For ſlouthe is mighty to confounde
The ſpede of every mannes werke.
For many a vice, as ſaith the clerke,
There hongen upon ſlouthes lappe
Of ſuche as make a man miſhappe
To pleigne and tell of: had I wiſt.
And therupon if that the liſt
To knowe of ſlouthes cauſe more
In ſpecial yet overmore
There is a vice full grevable
To him, which is therof coulpable,

And ſtant of alle vertue bare
Here after as I ſhall declare.

2. *Qui nichil attemptat, nichil expedit, oreque muto*
Munus amicicie vir ſibi raro capit.
Eſt modus in verbis, ſed ei qui parcit amori
Verba referre ſua non favet ullus amor.

Hic loquitur confeſſor de quadam ſpecie accidie, que puſillanimitas dicta eſt, cuius ymaginativa formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vicia fugere audet, ſicque utriuſque vite tam active quam contemplative premium non attingit.

Touchend of ſlouth in his degre,
There is yet puſillamite,
Which is to ſay in this langage
He that hath litel of corage
And dare no mannes werk beginne,
So may he nought by reſon winne.
For who that nought dare undertake,
By right he ſhall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare nothing ſet in aventure,
Him lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he ſhuld his cauſe ſpede.
He woll no manhode underſtonde,
For ever he hath drede upon honde
All is perill that he ſhall ſay,
Him thenketh the wolfe is in the way.
And of ymaginacion
He maketh his excuſacion
And feigneth cauſe of pure drede
And ever he faileth ate nede,
Till all be ſpilt, that he with deleth.
He hath the ſore, which no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped lacke of herte,
Though every grace about him ſterte,

He woll nought ones ſtere his fote,
So that by reſon leſe he mote,
That woll nought aunter for to winne.
And ſo forth, ſone, if we beginne Confeſſor.
To ſpeke of love and his ſervice,
There ben truantes in ſuche a wiſe,
That lacken herte, whan beſt were
They ſpeken of love, and right for fere
They waxen dombe and dare nought telle
Withouten ſoun, as doth the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chime.
And right ſo they, as for the time
Ben herteles withoute ſpeche
Of love and dare nothing beſeche.
And thus they leſe and winne nought.
Forthy my ſone, if thou art ought
Coulpable as touchend of this ſlouthe,
Shrive the therof and tell me trouthe.
My fader, I am all beknowe, Amans.
That I have ben one of the ſlowe
As for to telle in loves cas.
Min herte is yet and ever was,
As though the world ſhuld al to-breke,
So ferful, that I dare nought ſpeke
Of what purpos that I have nome,
Whan I toward my lady come,
But let it paſſe and overgo.
My ſone, do no more ſo. Confeſſor.
For after that a man purſueth,
To love ſo fortune ſueth

Ful oft and yiveth her happy chaunce
To him, which maketh continuaunce
To preie love and to beſeche,
As by enſample I ſhall the teche.

Hic in amoris cauſa loquitur contra puſillanimes et dicit, quod amans pro timore verbis obtumeſcere non debet, ſed concinnando preces ſui amoris expedicionem tucius proſequatur, et ponit confeſſor exemplum, qualiter Pigmaleon pro eo, quod preces continuavit, quandam ymaginem eburneam, cuius pulcritudinis concupiſcencia illaqueatus extitit, in carnem et ſanguinem ad latus ſuum transformatam ſenciit.

I finde, how whilom there was one,
Whoſe name was Pigmaleon,
Which was a luſty man of youthe.
The werkes of entaile he couthe
Above all other men as tho.
And through fortune it felle him ſo
As he, whom love ſhall travaile,
He made an ymage of entaile
Lich to a woman in ſemblaunce
Of feture and of contenaunce,
So faire yet never was figure.
Right as a lives creature
She ſemeth, for of yvor white
He hath it wrought of ſuch delite,
That ſhe was rody on the cheke
And rede on both her lippes eke,
Wherof that he him ſelf beguileth.
For with a goodly loke ſhe ſmileth,
So that through pure impreſſion
Of his ymagination
With all the herte of his corage
His love upon this faire ymage
He ſet, and her of love preide.
But ſhe no worde ayeinward ſaid.
The longe day what thing he dede
This ymage in the ſame ſtede

Was ever by, that ate mete
He wold her ſerve and praide her ete
And put unto her mouth the cup.
And whan the bord was taken up,
He hath her unto his chambre nome,
And after whan the night was come,
He laide her in bed all naked.
He was forwept, he was forwaked,
He kiſte her colde lippes ofte
And wisſheth, that they weren ſofte.
And ofte he rouneth in her ere,
And ofte his arm now here now there
He laide, as he her wolde embrace.
And ever among he axeth grace,
As though ſhe wiſte what it mente.
And thus him ſelf he gan tormente
With ſuch diſeſe of loves peine,
That no man might him more peine.
But how it were of his penaunce
He made ſuche contenaunce
Fro day to night and praid ſo longe,
That his praiere is underfonge,
Which Venus of her grace herde
By night, and whan that he worſt ferde
And it lay in his naked arme,
The colde ymage he feeleth warme
Of fleſhe and bone and full of life.
  Lo, thus he wanne a luſty wife,
Whiche obeiſaunt was at his will
And if he wolde have hold him ſtill

And nothing ſpoke, he ſhuld have failed.
But for he hath his word travailed
And durſte ſpeke, his love he ſpedde
And had all that he wolde abedde.
For er they wente than a two,
A knave child betwene hem two
They gete, which was after hote
Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
A certain ile, which Paphos
Men clepe, and of his name it roſe.

Confeſſor.

By this enſample thou might finde,
That word may worche above kinde.
Forthy my ſone, if that thou ſpare
To ſpeke, loſt is all thy fare,
For ſlouthe bringeth in alle wo.
And over this to loke alſo
The god of love is favorable
To hem, that ben of love ſtable.
And many a wonder hath befalle,
Wherof to ſpeke amonges alle,
If that the liſt to taken hede,
Therof a ſolempne tale I rede,
Whiche I ſhall telle in remembraunce
Upon the ſorte of loves chaunce.

Hic ponit exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter rex Ligdus uxori ſue Thelacuſe pregnanti minabatur, quod ſi filiam pareret, infans occideretur, que tamen poſtea cum filiam ediderat, Yſis dea partus tunc preſens

The king Ligdus upon a ſtrife
Spake unto Thelacuſe his wife,
Which thanne was with childe grete,
He ſwore it ſholde nought be lette,
That if ſhe have a doughter bore,
That it ne ſholde be forlore

And ſlain, wherof ſhe ſory was.
So it befelle upon this cas,
Whan ſhe delivered ſholde be,
Yſis by nighte in privete,
Whiche of childing is the goddeſſe,
Came for to helpe in that diſtreſſe,
Till that this lady was all ſmall
And had a doughter forth with all,
Which the goddeſſe in alle way
Bad kepe, and that they ſholde ſay,
It were a ſone. And thus Yphis
They named him, and upon this
The fader was made for to wene.
And thus in chambre with the quene
This Yphis was forth drawe tho
And clothed and arraied ſo
Right as a kinges ſone ſholde.
Till after, as fortune it wolde,
Whan it was of a ten yere age,
Him was betake in mariage
A dukes doughter for to wedde,
Whiche Iante hight, and ofte abedde
Theſe children lien, ſhe and ſhe,
Whiche of one age bothe be.
So that withinne time of yeres
To-gider, as they ben play-feres
Liggend abedde upon a night
Nature, which doth every wight
Upon her lawe for to muſe,
Conſtreigneth hem, ſo that they uſe

filiam nomine filii Yphi appellari ipſamque more maſculi educare admonuit, quam pater filium credens, ipſam in maritagium filie cuiuſdam principis etate ſolita copulavit, ſed cum Yphis debitum ſue conjugi unde ſolvere non habuit, deos in ſui adjutorium interpellabat, qui ſuper hoc miſerti femineum genus in maſculinum ob affectum nature in Yphe per omnia tranſmutarunt.

Thing, which to hem was all unknowe,
Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
Toke pite for the grete love
And let do ſette kinde above,
So that her lawe may ben uſed
And they upon her luſt excuſed.
For love hateth nothing more
Than thing, which ſtant ayein the lore
Of that nature in kinde hath ſet.
Forthy Cupide hath ſo beſet
His grace upon this aventure
That be accordant to nature,
Whan that he ſigh his time beſt,
That eche of hem hath other keſt,
Transformeth Yphe into a man,
Wherof the kinde love he wan
Of luſty yonge Iante his wife.
And tho they ledde a merie life,
Which was to kinde none offence.
Confeſſor. And thus to take an evidence
It ſemeth love is welwillende
To hem, that ben continuende
With beſy herte to purſue
Thing, which that is to love due.
Wherof, my ſone, in this matere
Thou might enſample taken here,
That with thy grete beſineſſe
Thou might atteigne the richeſſe
Of love, that there be no ſlouth.
Amans. I dare well ſay by my trouth,

Als ferre as my wit can feche,
My fader, as for lacke of fpeche,
But fo as I me fhrofe to-fore,
There is none other time lore,
Wherof there mighte be obftacle
To lette love of his miracle,
Whiche I befeche day and night.
But fader, fo as it is right
In forme of fhrifte to be knowe
What thing belongeth to the flowe,
Your faderhode I wolde pray,
If there be further any way
Touchend unto this ilke vice.
My fone ye, of this office — Confeffor.
There ferveth one in fpecial,
Which loft hath his memorial,
So that he can no wit witholde
In thing, which he to kepe his holde
Wherof full ofte him felf he greveth.
And who that moft upon him leveth,
Whan that his wittes ben fo weived,
He may full lightly be deceived.

Mentibus oblitus alienis labitur ille,
Quem probat accidia non meminiffe fui.
Sic amor incautus, qui non memoratur ad horas,
Perdit et offendit, quod cuperare nequit. — 3.

To ferve accidie in his office,
There is of flouth an other vice,
Which cleped is foryetelneffe,
That nought may in his herte impreffe

Hic tractat confeffor de vicio oblivionis, quam mater eius accidia ad omnes virtutum memorias necnon

et in amoris cauſa immemorem conſtituit.

Of vertue, which reſon hath ſet,
So clene his wittes he foryete.
For in tellinge of his tale
No more his herte than his male
Hath remembraunce of thilke forme,
Wherof he ſholde his wit enforme
As than, and yet ne wot he why.
Thus is his purpos nought forthy
Forlore of that he wolde bidde
And ſcarſely, if he ſeeth the thridde
To love of that he hadde ment.
Thus many a lover hath be ſhent.
Telle on therefore, haſt thou ben one
Of hem, that ſlouth hath ſo begonne?

Confeſſio amantis.

Ye fader, ofte it hath ben ſo,
That whan I am my lady fro
And thenke untoward her drawe,
Than caſt I many a newe lawe
And all the world torne up ſo down
And ſo recorde I my leſſon
And write in my memoriall
What I to her telle ſhall,
Right all the mater of my tale.
But all nis worth a nutteſhale.
For whan I come there ſhe is,
I have it all foryete iwis
Of that I thoughte for to telle
I can nought than unnethes ſpelle,
That I wende altherbeſt have rad,
So ſore I am of her adrad.

For as a man that ſodeinly
A goſt beholdeth ſo fare I,
So that for fere I can nought gete
My wit, but I my ſelf foryete,
That I wot never, what I am,
Ne whider I ſhall, ne whenne I cam,
But muſe as he, that were amaſed.
Lich to the boke, in whiche is raſed
The letter and may nothing be rad,
So ben my wittes overlad,
That what as ever I thought have ſpoken,
It is out of min herte ſtoken
And ſtonde, as who ſaith, doumbe and defe,
That all nis worth an yvy lefe,
Of that I wende well have ſaide.
And ate laſt I make abraide,
Caſt up min heed and loke aboute
Right as a man, that were in doubte
And wot not, where he ſhall become.
Thus am I oft all overcome
There as I wende beſt to ſtonde.
But after, whan I underſtonde
And am in other place alone,
I make many a wofull mone
Unto my ſelf and ſpeke ſo:
Ha fool, where was thine herte tho,
Whan thou thy worthy lady ſigh,
Were thou afered of her eye?
For of her hond there is no drede,
So well I knowe her womanhede,

That in her is no more oultrage
Than in a childe of thre yere age.
Why hast thou drede of so good one,
Whom alle vertue hath begone,
That in her is no violence
But goodly hede and innocence
Withouten spot of any blame.
Ha, nice herte, fy for shame,
A cowarde herte of love unlered,
Wherof art thou so sore afered,
That thou thy tunge suffrest frese
And wolt thy gode wordes lese,
Whan thou hast founde time and space,
How sholdest thou deserve grace,
Whan thou thy self darst axe none?
But all thou hast foryete anone.
And thus dispute in loves lore,
But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
But stomble upon min owne treine
And make an eking of my peine.
For ever whan I thenke amonge,
Howe all is on my self alonge
I say: O fool of alle fooles
Thou farest as he betwene two stoles
That wolde sit and goth to grounde.
It was ne never shall be founde
Betwene foryetelnesse and drede,
That man shulde any cause spede.
And thus, min holy father dere,
Toward my self, as ye may here,

I pleigne of my foryetelnesse.
But elles all the businesse,
That may be take of mannes thought,
My herte taketh and is through sought
To thenken ever upon that swete
Withoute slouthe I you behete.
For what so falle or wel or wo,
That thought foryete I nevermo,
Where so I laugh, or so I loure
Nought half a minute of an houre
Ne might I lette out of my minde,
But if I thought upon that ende,
Therof me shall no slouthe lette,
Till deth out of this world me fette,
All though I had on suche a ring,
As Moises through his enchaunting
Sometime in Ethiope made,
Whan that he Tharbis wedded had,
Which ringe bare of oblivion
The name, and that was by reson,
That were it on a finger sate,
Anone his love he so foryate,
As though he had it never knowe.
And so it fell that ilke throwe,
Whan Tharbis had it on her honde,
No knouleching of him she fonde,
But all was clene out of memoire,
As men may rede in histoire.
And thus he wente quite away,
That never after that ilke day

She thought, that there was ſuch a one.
All was foryete and overgone.
But in good feith ſo may nought I.
For ſhe is ever faſte by
So nigh, that ſhe min herte toucheth
That for no thing that ſlouthe voucheth
I may foryete her leſe ne loth.
For over all where as ſhe goth,
Min herte folweth her aboute.
Thus may I ſay withouten doubte,
For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
She paſſeth never fro my thought,
But whan I am there, as ſhe is,
Min hert, as I you ſaid er this,
Somtime of her is ſore adrad
And ſometime is overglad
All out of reule and out of ſpace.
For whan I ſe her goodly face
And thenke upon her highe pris,
As though I were in paradis,
I am ſo raviſhed of the ſight,
That ſpeke unto her I ne might
As for the time, though I wolde.
For I ne may my witte unfolde
To finde o worde of that I mene,
But all it is foryete clene.
And though I ſtonde there a mile,
All is foryete for the while.
A tunge I have and wordes none.
And thus I ſtonde and thenke alone

Of thing that helpeth ofte nought.
But what I had afore thought
To ſpeke, whan I come there,
It is foryete, as nought ne were.
And ſtonde amaſed and aſſoted,
That of no thing, which I have noted,
I can nought than a note ſinge,
But all is out of knoulechinge.
Thus what for joy and what for drede
All is foryeten ate nede,
So that, my fader, of this ſlouthe
I have you ſaid the pleine trouthe,
Ye may it, as ye liſt, redreſſe.
For thus ſtant my foryetelneſſe
And eke my puſillamite.
Say now forth what ye liſt to me,
For I wol only do by you.
My ſone, I have wel herd, how thou Confeſſor.
Haſt ſaid, and that thou muſt amende.
For love his grace wol nought ſende
To that man, which dare axe none.
For this we knowen everychone,
A mannes thought withoute ſpeche
God wot, and yet that men beſeche
His will is. For withoute bedes
He doth his grace in fewe ſtedes.
And what man that foryete him ſelve
Among a thouſand be nought twelve,
That wol him take in remembraunce,
But let him falle and take his chaunce.

Forthy pull up a beſy herte,
My ſone, and let no thing aſterte
Of love fro thy beſineſſe.
For touching of foryetelneſſe,
Which many a love hath ſet behinde,
A tale of great enſample I finde,
Wherof it is pite to wite
In the maner as it is write.

Hic in amoris cauſa contra obliviofos ponit confeſſor exemplum, qualiter Demephon verſus bellum Trojanum itinerando a Phillide Rodopeie regina non tantum in hoſpicium, ſed etiam in amorem gaudio magno ſuſceptus eſt, qui poſtea ab ipſa Troie deſcendens rediturum infra certum tempus fideliſſime ſe compromiſit, ſed quia huiuſmodi promiſſionis diem ſtatutum poſtmodum oblitus eſt, Phillis oblivionem Demephontis lacrimis primo deplangens, tandem cordula collo ſuo circumligata in quodam corulo pre dolore ſe mortuam ſuſpendit.

King Demephon whan he by ſhip
To Troie ward with felaſhip
Sailend goth upon his wey,
It hapneth him at Rodepey,
As Eolus him hadde blowe
To londe and reſted for a throwe.
And fell that ilke time thus,
That the doughter of Ligurgus,
Which quene was of the contre,
Was ſojourned in that citee
Within a caſtel nigh the ſtronde,
Where Demephon cam up to londe.
Phillis ſhe hight and of yong age
And of ſtature and of viſage
She had all that her beſt beſemeth.
Of Demephon right wel her quemeth,
Whan he was come and made him chere.
And he, that was of his manere
A luſty knight, ne might aſterte,
That he ne ſet on her his herte,
So that within a day or two
He thought, how ever that it go,

He wolde assaie the fortune
And gan his herte to comune
With goodly wordes in her ere,
And for to put her out of fere
He swore and hath his trouthe plight
To be for ever her owne knight.
And thus with her he stille abode
There, while his ship on anker rode,
And had inough of time and space
To speke of love and seche grace.
This lady herd all that he saide,
And how he swore, and how he praide,
Which was as an enchauntement
To here, that was as innocent.
As though it were trouthe and feith
She leveth all, that ever he saith,
And as her in fortune sholde,
She graunteth him all that he wolde.
Thus was he for the time in joie,
Til that he shulde go to Troie,
But tho she made mochel sorwe
And he his trouthe laid to borwe
To come and if that he live may
Ayein within a monthe day.
And therupon they kisten bothe,
But were hem leef or were hem lothe,
To ship he goth and forth he went
To Troy, as was his first entent.
The daies go, the monthe passeth,
Her love encreseth, and his lasseth

For him ſhe lefte ſlepe and mete,
And he his time hath all foryete,
So that this wofull yonge quene,
Which wot nought what it mighte mene,
A letter ſend and praid him come
And ſaith how ſhe is overcome
With ſtrengthe of love in ſuche a wiſe,
That ſhe nought longe may ſuffiſe
To liven out of his preſence,
And put upon his conſcience
The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
Wherof ſhe loveth him ſo hote,
She ſaith, that if he lenger lette
Of ſuch a day, as ſhe him ſette,
She ſhulde ſterven in his ſlouthe,
Which were a ſhame unto his trouthe.
This letter is forth upon her ſonde,
Wherof ſomdele comfort on honde
She toke as ſhe, that wolde abide
And waite upon that ilke tide,
Which ſhe hath in her letter write.
But now is pite for to wite,
As he did erſt, ſo he foryate
His time eftſone and over-ſate.
But ſhe, which mighte nought do ſo,
The tide awaiteth evermo
And caſt her eye upon the ſee.
Somtime nay, ſomtime ye
Somtime he cam, ſomtime nought.
Thus ſhe diſputeth in her thought

And wot nought what ſhe thenke may.
But faſtend all the longe day
She was into the derke night,
And tho ſhe hath do ſet up light
In a lanterne on high alofte
Upon a toure, where ſhe goth ofte
In hope, that in his comminge
He ſhulde ſe the light brenninge,
Wherof he might his weies right
To come, where ſhe was by night.
But all for nought, ſhe was deceived,
For Venus hath her hope weived
And ſhewed her upon the ſky,
How that the day was faſte by,
So that within a litel throwe
The daies light ſhe mighte knowe,
Tho ſhe beheld the ſee at large.
And whan ſhe ſigh there was no barge
Ne ſhip, als fer as ſhe may kenne,
Down fro the tour ſhe gan to renne
Into an herber all her owne,
Where many a wonder wofull mone
She made, that no life it wiſt
As ſhe, which all her joie miſt,
That now ſhe ſwouneth, now ſhe pleigneth,
And all her face ſhe diſteigneth
With teres, whiche as of a welle
The ſtremes from her eyen felle,
So as ſhe might and ever in one
She cleped upon Demephon

And ſaid : Alas, thou ſlowe wight,
Where was there ever ſuche a knight,
That ſo through his ungentileſſe
Of ſlouthe and of foryetelneſſe
Ayein his trouthe brak his ſteven.
And tho her eye up to the heven
She caſt and ſaide : O thou unkinde,
Here ſhalt thou through thy ſlouthe finde,
If that the liſt to come and ſe
A lady dede for love of the
So as I ſhall my ſelve ſpille,
Whome, if it hadde be thy wille,
Thou mighteſt ſave well inough.
With that upon a grene bough
A ceinte of ſilke, which ſhe there had,
She knette, and ſo her ſelf ſhe lad,
That ſhe about her white ſwere
It did and henge her ſelven there.
Wherof the goddes were amoved,
And Demephon was ſo reproved,
That of the goddes providence
Was ſhape ſuche an evidence
Ever afterward ayein the ſlowe,
That Phillis in the ſame throwe
Was ſhape into a nutte-tre,
That alle men it mighte ſe,
And after Phillis philliberd
This tre was cleped in the yerd,
And yet for Demephon to ſhame
Into this day it bereth the name.

This wofull chaunce how that it ferde
Anone as Demephon it herde
And every man it hadde in ſpeche,
His ſorwe was nought tho to ſeche,
He gan his ſlouthe for to banne,
But it was all to late thanne.
  Lo, thus, my ſone, might thou wite — Confeſſor.
Ayein this vice how it is write,
For no man may the harmes geſſe,
That fallen through ſoryetelneſſe,
Wherof that I thy ſhrift have herd.
But yet of ſlouthe how it hath ferd
In other wiſe I thenke oppoſe,
If thou have gilt, as I ſuppoſe.

Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit hortum,
  Si deſint fructus, imputat ipſe ſibi.
Preterit iſta dies bona, nec valet illa ſecunda.
  Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore ſuo. — 4.

Hic tractat confeſſor de vicio negligencie, cuius condicio accidiam amplectens omnes artes ſciencie tam in amoris cauſa quam aliter ignominioſa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit eminere remedium, ſui miniſterii diligenciam ex poſt facto in vacuum attemptare preſumit.

  Fulfilled of ſlouthes exemplaire
There is yet one his ſecretaire,
And he is cleped negligence,
Which woll nought loke his evidence,
Wherof he may beware to-fore.
But whan he hath his cauſe lore,
Than is he wiſe after the honde,
Whan helpe may no maner bonde,
Than ate firſte wold he binde.
Thus evermore he ſtant behinde,
Whan he the thing may nought amende,
Than is he ware and ſaith at ende :

Ha, wolde god I hadde knowe,
Wherof bejaped with a mowe
He goth, for whan the grete ſtede
Is ſtole, than he taketh hede
And maketh the ſtable-dore faſt.
Thus ever he pleith an after caſt
Of all that he ſhall ſay or do.
He hath a maner eke alſo,
Him liſt nought lerne to be wiſe,
For he ſette of no vertu priſe
But as him liketh for the while,
So feleth he ful ofte guile,
Whan that he weneth ſiker to ſtonde.
And thus thou might wel underſtonde,
My ſone, if thou art ſuche in love
Thou might nought come at thin above
Of that thou woldeſt wel acheve.

Confeſſio amantis. Min holy fader, as I leve,
I may wel with ſauf conſcience
Excuſe me of negligence
Towardes love in alle wiſe.
For though I be none of the wiſe,
I am ſo truly amorous,
That I am ever curious
Of hem, that conne beſt enforme
To knowe and witen all the forme,
What falleth unto loves craft.
But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
Which might unto the blade accorde.
For never herd I men recorde

What thinge it is, that might availe
To winne love withoute faile.
Yet ſo fer couthe I never finde
Man, that by reſon ne by kinde
Me couthe teche ſuche an arte,
That he ne failed of a parte.
And as toward min owne wit
Contrive I couthe never yit
To finde any ſikerneſſe,
That me might other more or leſſe
Of love make for to ſpede.
For leveth wel withouten drede,
If that there were ſuche a wey
As certainly as I ſhall deie
I hadde it lerned longe ago.
But I wot wel there is none ſo,
And netheles it may wel be
I am ſo rude in my degre
And eke my wittes ben ſo dull,
That I ne may nought to the full
Atteigne unto ſo highe a lore.
But this I dar ſay overmore,
All though my wit ne be nought ſtronge,
It is nought on my will alonge,
For that is beſy night and day
To lerne all that he lerne may,
How that I mighte love winne.
But yet I am as to beginne
Of that I wolde make an ende,
And for I not, how it ſhall wende,

That is to me my moſte ſorwe.
But I dare take god to borwe,
As after min entendement
None other wiſe negligent,
Than I you ſay, have I nought be.
Forthy pur ſainte charite
Tell me, my fader, what you ſemeth.

Confeſſor.

In good feith, ſone, wel me quemeth,
That thou thy ſelf haſt thus acquite
Toward this vice in which no wit
Abide may, for in an houre
He leſt all that he may laboure
The longe yere, ſo that men ſain,
What ever he doth it is in vein.
For through the ſlouth of negligence
There was yet never ſuch ſcience
Ne vertue which was bodely,
That nis deſtruied and loſt therby.
Enſample, that it hath be ſo,
In boke I finde write alſo.

Hic contra vicium negligencie ponit confeſſor exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Pheton filius Solis currum patris ſui per aera regere debuerat, admonitus a patre, ut equos ne deviarent equa manu diligencius refrenaret, ipſe conſilium patris ſua negligencia preteriens, equos cum curru nimis baſſe errare permiſit, unde non ſolum incendio orbem in-

Phebus, which is the ſonne hote,
That ſhineth upon erthe hote
And cauſeth every lives helth,
He hadde a ſone in all his welth,
Which Pheton hight, and he deſireth
And with his moder he conſpireth,
The which was cleped Clemene,
For helpe and counſeil, ſo that he
His faders carte lede might
Upon the faire daies light.

And for this thing they bothe praide
Unto the fader, and he ſaide,
He wolde wel, but forth with all
Thre points he bad in ſpeciall
Unto his ſone in alle wiſe,
That he him ſhulde wel aviſe
And take it as by wey of lore.
Firſt was, that he his hors to ſore
Ne prike, and over that he tolde,
That he the reines faſte holde.
And alſo that he be right ware,
In what maner he lede his chare,
That he miſtake nought his gate.
But upon aviſement algate
He ſhulde bere a ſiker eye,
That he to lowe ne to high
His carte drive at any throwe,
Wherof that he might overthrowe.
And thus by Phebus ordenaunce
Toke Pheton into governaunce
The ſonnes carte, which he ladde.
But he ſuch veine gloire hadde
Of that he was ſet upon high,
That he his own eſtate ne ſigh
Through negligence and toke none hede.
So might he wel nought longe ſpede.
For he the hors withouten lawe
The carte let aboute drawe
Where as hem liketh wantonly,
That ate laſte ſodeinly,

flammavit, ſed et ipſum de curru cadentem in quoddam fluvium demergi ad interitum cauſavit.

For he no reſon wolde knowe,
This firy cart he drove to lowe
And fireth all the worlde aboute,
Wherof they weren all in doubte
And to the god for helpe criden
Of ſuche unhappes, as betiden.
Phebus, which ſigh the negligence,
How Pheton ayein his defence
His chare hath drive oute of the wey
Ordeigneth, that he fel awey
Out of the cart into the flood
And dreint. Lo now, how it ſtood
With him, that was ſo negligent,
That fro the highe firmament,
For that he wolde go to lowe,
He was anone down overthrowe.
In high eſtate it is a vice
To go to lowe, and in ſervice
It greveth for to go to high,
Wherof a tale in poeſie

Exemplum ſuper eodem de Icharo Dedali filio in carcere Minotauri exiſtente, cui Dedalus, ut inde evolaret, alas componens firmiter injunxit, ne nimis alte propter ſolis ardorem aſcenderet, quod Icharus ſua negligencia poſtponens cum altius ſublimatus fuiſſet ſubito ad terram corruens expiravit.

I finde, how whilom Dedalus,
Whiche hadde a ſone and Icharus
He hight, and though hem thoughte lothe
In ſuch priſon they weren bothe
With Minotaurus, that aboute
They mighten no where wenden oute.
So they begonne for to ſhape,
How they the priſon might eſcape.
This Dedalus, which fro his youthe
Was taught and many craftes couthe,

Of fethers and of other thinges
Hath made to flee diverſe winges
For him and for his ſone alſo,
To whome he yaf in charge tho
And bad him thenke therupon,
How that his winges ben ſet on
With wex, and if he toke his flight
To high, all ſodeinlich he might
Make it to melte with the ſonne.
And thus they have her flight begonne
Out of the priſon faire and ſofte.
And whan they weren both alofte,
This Icharus began to mounte
And of the counſeil none acompte
He ſette whiche his fader taught,
Til that the ſonne his winges caught,
Wherof it malt, and fro the hight
Withouten helpe of any flight
He fell to his deſtruction.
And lich to that condition
There fallen ofte times fele
For lacke of governaunce in wele
Als wel in love as other wey.
  Now gode fader, I you prey, Amans.
If there be more in this matere
Of ſlouthe, that I might it here.
  My ſone, as for thy diligence, Confeſſor.
Whiche every mannes conſcience
By reſon ſhulde reule and kepe,
If that the liſt to take kepe,

I wol the tell aboven alle,
In whom no vertu may befalle,
Whiche yiveth unto the vices reſt
And is of ſlouthe the ſloweſt.

5. *Abſque labore vagus vir inutilis ocia plectens*
Neſcio quid preſens vita valebit ei.
Non amor in tali miſero viget, immo valoris
Qui faciunt opera clamat habere ſuos.

Hic loquitur confeſſor ſuper illa ſpecie accidie, que ocium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum cultura nullius occupacionis diligenciam admittens, cuiuſcumque expedicionem cauſe non attingit.

Among theſe other of ſlouthes kinde,
Whiche alle labour ſet behinde,
And hateth alle beſineſſe,
There is yet one, whiche idelneſſe
Is cleped, and is the norice
In mannes kinde of every vice,
Which ſecheth eſes many folde.
In winter doth he nought for colde,
In ſomer may he nought for hete,
So wether that he freſe or ſwete,
Or be he in, or be he oute,
He woll ben idel all aboute.
But if he pleie ought at dees,
For who as ever take fees
And thenketh worſhip to deſerve,
There is no lord whome he woll ſerve
As for to dwelle in his ſervice.
But if it were in ſuche a wiſe,
Of that he ſeeth par aventure,
That by lordſhip and by coverture
He may the more ſtonde ſtille
And uſe his idelneſſe at wille,

For he ne woll no travail take
To ride for his ladies ſake,
But liveth all upon his wisſhes,
And as a cat wold ete fisſhes
Withoute weting of his clees,
So wolde he do, but netheles
He faileth ofte of that he wolde.
  My ſone, if thou of ſuche a molde — Confeſſor.
Art made, now tell me plein thy ſhrift.
  Nay fader, god I yive a yift, — Amans.
That toward love, as by wit
All idel was I never yit,
Ne never ſhall, while I may go.
  Now ſone, telle me than ſo, — Confeſſor.
What haſt thou done of beſiſhip
To love and to the ladyſhip
Of her, which thy lady is?
  My fader, ever yet er this — Confeſſio amantis.
In every place, in every ſtede,
What ſo my lady hath me bede,
With all min herte obedient,
I have therto be diligent.
And if ſo is that ſhe bid nought,
What thing that than into my thought
Cometh firſt, of that I may ſuffiſe,
I bowe and profre my ſervice,
Somtime in chambre, ſomtime in halle
Right ſo as I ſe the times falle,
And whan ſhe goth to here maſſe
That time ſhall nought overpaſſe,

That I napproche her ladyhede
In aunter if I may her lede
Unto the chapel and ayein,
Than is nought all my wey in vein.
Somdele I may the better fare,
Whan I, that may nought fele her bare,
May lede her clothed in min arme.
But afterwarde it doth me harme
Of pure ymagination,
For thanne this collation
I make unto my ſelven ofte
And ſay: Ha lord, how ſhe is ſofte,
How ſhe is round, how ſhe is ſmall,
Now wolde god, I hadde her all
Withoute daunger at my wille.
And than I ſike and ſitte ſtille,
Of that I ſe my beſy thought
Is torned idel into nought.
But for all that let I ne may,
Whan I ſe time another day,
That I ne do my beſineſſe
Unto my ladies worthineſſe.
For I therto my wit affaite
To ſe the times and awaite
What is to done, and what to leve.
And ſo whan time is, by her leve
What thing ſhe bit me don, I do,
And where ſhe bit me gon, I go,
And whan her liſt to clepe, I come.
Thus hath ſhe fulliche overcome

Min idelneſſe til I ſterve,
So that I mot her nedes ſerve.
For as men ſain, nede hath no lawe,
Thus mot I nedely to her drawe,
I ſerve, I bowe, I loke, I loute,
Min eye folweth her aboute.
What ſo ſhe wolle ſo woll I,
Whan ſhe woll ſit, I knele by,
And whan ſhe ſtont, than woll I ſtonde,
And whan ſhe taketh her werk on honde
Of weving or of embrouderie,
Than can I nought but muſe and prie
Upon her fingers longe and ſmale.
And nowe I thenke, and nowe I tale,
And nowe I ſinge, and nowe I ſike,
And thus my contenaunce I pike.
And if it falle, as for a time
Her liketh nought abide byme
But buſien her on other thinges,
Than make I other tarienges
To drecche forth the longe day,
For me is loth departe away.
And than I am ſo ſimple of port,
That for to feigne ſome deſporte
I pleie with her litel hound
Nowe on the bed, nowe on the ground,
Now with the briddes in the cage,
For there is none ſo litel page
Ne yet ſo ſimple a chamberere,
That I ne make hem alle chere,

All for they ſhulde ſpeke wele.
Thus mow ye ſe my beſy whele,
That goth nought ideliche aboute.
And if her liſt to riden oute
On pelrinage or other ſtede,
I come, though I be nought bede,
And take her in min arme alofte
And ſet her in her ſadel ſofte
And ſo forth lede her by the bridel,
For that I wolde nought ben idel.
And if her liſt to ride in chare,
And than I may therof beware,
Anone I ſhape me to ride
Right even by the chares ſide.
And as I may, I ſpeke amonge,
And other while I ſinge a ſonge,
Whiche Ovide in his bokes made,
And ſaid: O which ſorwes glad,
O which wofull proſperite
Belongeth to the proprete
Of love? who ſo wold him ſerve,
And yet there fro may no man ſwerve,
That he ne mot his lawe obey.
And thus I ride forth my wey
And am right beſy overall
With herte, and with my body all,
As I have ſaide you here to-fore.
My gode fader tell therfore
Of idelneſſe if I have gilt.
My ſone, but thou telle wilt

Ought elles, than I may now here,
Thou ſhalt have no penaunce here.
And netheles a man may ſe,
How now a daies that there be
Full many of ſuch hertes ſlowe,
That woll nought beſien hem to knowe
What thing love is, til ate laſt,
That he with ſtrengthe hem overcaſt
That malgre hem they mot obey
And done all idelſhip awey
To ſerve wel and beſiliche.
But ſone, thou art none of ſich,
For love ſhall the wel excuſe.
But otherwiſe if thou refuſe
To love thou might ſo par cas
Ben idel, as ſomtime was
A kinges doughter unaviſed,
Til that Cupide her hath chaſtiſed,
Wherof thou ſhalt a tale here
Accordant unto this matere.
  Of Armenie I rede thus,
There was a king whiche Herupus
Was hote, and he a luſty maide
To doughter had, and as men ſaide
Her name was Roſiphele,
Which tho was of great renome.
For ſhe was bothe wiſe and faire
And ſhulde ben her faders heire.
But ſhe had o defaulte of ſlouthe
Towardes love, and that was routhe.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos, qui amoris occupacionem omittentes, gravioris infortunii caſus expectant, et narrat de quadam Armenie regis filia, que huiuſmodi condicionis in principio juventutis ocioſa perſiſtens, mirabili poſtea viſione caſtigata in amoris obſequium pre ceteris diligencior efficitur.

For ſo well couthe no man ſay,
Which mighte ſet her in the way
Of loves occupacion
Through none ymaginacion,
That ſcole wolde ſhe nought knowe.
And thus ſhe was one of the ſlowe
As of ſuche hertes beſineſſe,
Till whanne Venus the goddeſſe,
Which loves court hath for to reule,
Hath brought her into better reule
Forth with Cupide, and with his might,
For they merveile of ſuche a wight,
Which tho was in her luſty age
Deſireth nouther mariage
Ne yet the love of paramours,
Which ever hath ben the comun cours
Amonges hem, that luſty were.
So was it ſhewed after there.
For he, that highe hertes loweth,
With firy dartes, whiche he throweth
Cupide, whiche of love is god,
In chaſtiſinge hath made a rod
To drive away her wantonneſſe,
So that within a while I geſſe
She had on ſuche a chaunce ſporned,
That all her mod was overtorned,
Which firſt ſhe had of ſlowe manere.
For thus it felle, as thou ſhalt here.
  Whan come was the month of may,
She wolde walke upon a day,

And that was er the ſonne ariſt,
Of women but a fewe it wiſt.
And forth ſhe wente prively
Unto the park was faſte by,
All ſofte walkend on the gras,
Till ſhe came there the launde was,
Through which ther ran a great rivere.
It thought her faire and ſaide: Here
I woll abide under the ſhawe,
And bad her women to withdrawe
And there ſhe ſtood alone ſtille
To thenke what was in her wille.
She ſigh the ſwote floures ſpringe,
She herde gladde foules ſinge,
She ſigh the beſtes in her kinde,
The buck, the doo, the hert, the hinde,
The male go with the femele.
And ſo began there a quarele
Betwene love and her owne herte,
Fro which ſhe couthe nought aſterte.
And as ſhe caſt her eye aboute,
She ſigh clad in one ſute a route
Of ladies, where they comen ride
A longe under the wodes ſide.
On faire amblende hors they ſet,
That were all white, faire and great,
And everychone ride on ſide.
The ſadels were of ſuche a pride
With perle and gold ſo well begone,
So riche ſigh ſhe never none,

In kirtles and in copes riche
They weren clothed alle aliche
Departed even of white and blewe
With alle luftes, that ſhe knewe,
They were embrouded over all,
Her bodies weren longe and ſmall.
The beaute fair upon her face
It may none erthly thing deface,
Corounes on her hede they bere
As eche of hem a quene were,
That all the golde of Creſus halle
The leſte coronall of alle
Ne might have bought after the worth.
Thus comen they ridende forth.
The kinges doughter, which this ſigh,
For pure abasſhe drewe her adrigh
And helde her cloſe under a bough
And let hem paſſen ſtille inough.
For as her thought in her aviſe,
To hem that weren of ſuche a price
She was nought worthy to axen there,
Fro whenne they come, or what they were,
But lever than this worldes good
She wolde have wiſt how that it ſtood
And put her hede a litel out,
And as ſhe loked her aboute,
She ſigh comend under the linde
A woman upon an hors behinde.
The hors, on which ſhe rode, was black,
All lene and galled upon the back

And halted, as he were encloied,
Wherof the woman was annoied.
Thus was the hors in sory plight,
But for all that a sterre whit
Amiddes in her front she hadde.
Her sadel eke was wonder badde,
In which the wofull woman sat.
And netheles there was with that
A riche bridel for the nones
Of golde and preciouse stones,
Her cote was somdele to-tore,
About her middel twenty score
Of horse halters and well mo
There hingen ate time tho.
Thus whan she came the lady nigh,
Than toke she better hede and sigh
The woman fair was of visage,
Fresh, lusty, yong and tendre of age.
And so this lady, there she stood,
Bethought her well and understood,
That this, which came ridende tho,
Tidinges couth telle of tho,
Whiche as she sigh to-fore ride,
And put her forth and praide abide
And said: Ha suster, let me here,
What ben they, that riden now here
And ben so richely arraied?
This woman, which came so esmaied,
Answerde with full softe speche
And said: Madame, I shall you teche,

Theſe are of tho, that whilom were
Servaunts to love and trouthe bere,
There as they had their hertes ſette.
Fare well, for I may nought be lette.
Madame, I go to my ſervice,
So muſt I haſte in alle wiſe
Forthy madame, yif me leve.
I may nought longe with you leve.
  Ha, gode ſuſter, yet I prey,
Tell me, why ye be ſo beſey
And with theſe halters thus begone?
  Madame, whilom I was one,
That to my fader hadde a king.
But I was ſlowe and for no thing
Me liſte nought to love obey,
And that I now full ſore abey,
For I whilom no love hadde,
My hors is now feble and badde
And all to-tore is min array,
And every yere this freſhe may
Theſe luſty ladies ride aboute,
And I muſt nedes ſue her route
In this maner, as ye now ſe
And truſſe her halters forth with me
And am but as her horſe knave.
None other office I ne have,
Hem thenketh I am worthy no more,
For I was ſlowe in loves lore,
Whan I was able for to lere
And wolde nought the tales here

Of hem, that couthen love teche.
  Now tell me than, I you befeche,
Wherof that riche bridel ferveth?
With that her chere away fhe fwerveth
And gan to wepe and thus fhe tolde:
This bridel, which ye now beholde,
So riche upon min horfe hed,
Madame, afore er I was dede,
Whan I was in my lufty life,
There fell into min hert a ftrife
Of love, which me overcome,
So that therafter hede I nome
And thought I wolde love a knight,
That lafte well a fourtenight,
For it no lenger mighte lafte,
So nigh my life was ate lafte.
But nowe alas to late ware
That I ne had him loved ere,
For deth cam fo in hafte byme,
Er I therto had any time,
That it ne mighte ben acheved.
But for all that I am releved
Of that my will was good therto
That love fuffreth it be fo,
That I fhall fuch a bridel were.
Nowe have ye herd all min anfwere,
To god, madame, I you betake,
And warneth alle for my fake,
Of love that they be nought idel
And bid hem thenke upon my bridel.

And with that worde all ſodeinly
She paſſeth as it were a ſkie
All clene out of this ladies ſight.
And tho for fere her herte aflight
And ſaide to her ſelf: Helas!
I am right in the ſame cas.
But if I live after this day,
I ſhall amende it if I may.
And thus homward this lady went
And chaunged all her firſt entent
Within her herte and gan to ſwere,
That ſhe no halters wolde bere.

Confeſſor. Lo ſone, here might thou taken hede,
How idelneſſe is for to drede,
Nameliche of love, as I have write.
For thou might underſtonde and wite,
Among the gentil nacion
Love is an occupacion,
Which for to kepe his luſtes ſave
Shold every gentil herte have,
For as the lady was chaſtiſed,
Right ſo the knight may ben aviſed,
Which idel is and woll nought ſerve
To love, he may parcas deſerve
A greater peine than ſhe hadde,
Whan ſhe aboute with her ladde
The horſe halters, and forthy
Good is to be ware therby.
But for to loke aboven alle
Theſe maidens how ſo it falle,

Non quia ſic ſe habet veritas, ſet opinio amancium.

They ſhulden take enſample of this,
Whiche I have tolde forſoth it is.
My lady Venus, whom I ſerve,
What woman woll her thank deſerve
She may nought thilke love eſchue
Of paramours, but ſhe mot ſue
Cupides lawe, and netheles
Men ſene ſuch love ſelde in pees,
That it nis ever upon aſpie
Of jangling and of fals envie,
Full ofte medled with diſeſe.
But thilke love is well at eſe,
Which ſet is upon mariage,
For that dare ſhewen the viſage
In alle places openly.
A great merveile it is forthy,
How that a maiden wolde lette,
That ſhe her time ne beſette
To haſte unto that ilke feſte,
Wherof the love is all honeſte.
Men may recover loſs of good,
But ſo wiſe man yet never ſtood,
Which may recover time ilore.
So may a maiden well therfore
Enſample take, of that ſhe ſtraungeth
Her love and longe er that ſhe chaungeth
Her herte upon her luſtes grene
To mariage, as it is ſene.
For thus a yere or two or thre
She lefte, er that ſhe wedded be,

While ſhe the charge mighte bere
Of children, which the world forbere
Nė may, but if it ſhulde faile.
But what maiden that in her ſpouſaile
Wol tarie, whan ſhe take may,
She ſhall perchaunce an other day
Be let, whan that her leveſt were,
Wherof a tale unto her ere,
Whiche is coulpable upon this dede,
I thenke telle of that I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum ſuper eodem et narrat de filia Jepte, que cum ex ſui patris voto in holocauſtum deo occidi et offerri deberet, ipſa pro eo, quod virgo fuiſſet et prolem ad augmentacionem populi dei nondum genuiſſet. xl. dierum ſpacium, ut cum ſuis ſodalibus virginibus ſuam defleret virginitatem priuſquam moreretur, in exemplum aliorum a patre poſtulavit.

Among the Jewes, as men tolde,
There was whilom by daies olde
A noble duke, which Jepte hight.
And fell, he ſhulde go to fight
Ayein Amon the cruel kinge.
And for to ſpeke upon this thinge
Within his herte he made a vow
To god and ſaid: Ha lorde, if thou
Wolt graunt unto thy man victoire,
I ſhall in token of thy memoire
The firſte life, that I may ſe,
Of man or woman, where it be,
Anone as I come home ayeine,
To the, which art god ſoverein,
Sleen in thy name and ſacrifie.
And thus with his chivalrie
He goth him forth, ſo as he ſholde,
And wanne all that he winne wolde
And overcame his fomen alle.
May no man lette, that ſhall falle.

This duke a lufty doughter had,
And fame, which the wordes fprad,
Hath brought unto this ladies ere,
How that her fader hath don there.
She waiteth upon his cominge
With daunfinge and with carolinge
As fhe, that wolde be to-fore
All other, and fo fhe was therfore
In Mafphat at her faders gate
The firft, and whan he cam ther at
And figh his doughter, he to-braide
His clothes and wepend he faide:
  O mighty god among us here,
Now wot I that in no manere
This worldes joie may be pleine.
I had all that I couthe faine
Ayein my fomen by thy grace,
So whan I came toward this place
There was no gladder man than I.
But now, my lorde, all fodeinly
My joie is torned into forwe,
For I my doughter fhall to morwe
To-hewe and brenne in thy fervice
To loenge of thy facrifice
Through min avowe, fo as it is.
The maiden, whan fhe wift of this
And figh the forwe her fader made,
So as fhe may with wordes glade
Comforted him and bad him holde
His covenaunt, which he is beholde

Towardes god, as he behight.
But netheles her herte aflight
Of that ſhe ſigh her deth comende,
And than unto the grounde knelende
To-fore her fader ſhe is falle
And ſaith, ſo as it is befalle
Upon this point, that ſhe ſhall deie,
Of o thing firſt ſhe wolde him prey,
That forty daies of reſpite
He wolde her graunt upon this plight,
That ſhe the while may bewepe
Her maidenhede, which ſhe to kepe
So longe hath had, and nought be ſet
Wherof her luſty youth is let,
That ſhe no children hath forth drawe
In mariage after the lawe,
So that the people is nought encreſed,
But that it mighte be releſed,
That ſhe her time hath lore ſo,
She wolde by his leve go
With other maidens to compleigne
And afterward unto the peine
Of deth ſhe wolde come ayein.
The fader herde his doughter ſain,
And therupon of one aſſent
The maidens weren anone aſſent,
That ſhulden with this maiden wende.
So for to ſpeke unto this ende
They gone the downes and the dales
With weping and with wofull tales,

And every wight her maidenhede
Compleigneth upon thilke nede,
That ſhe no children hadde bore,
Wherof ſhe hath her youthe lore,
Which never ſhe recover may.
For ſo fell, that her laſte day
Was come, in which ſhe ſhulde take
Her deth, which ſhe may nought forſake.
Lo, thus ſhe deiede a wofull maide
For thilke cauſe, which I ſaide,
As thou haſt underſtonde above.
  My fader, as toward the love — Amans.
Of maidens for to telle trouthe,
Ye have thilke vice of ſlouthe
Me thenketh right wonder wel declared,
That ye the women have nought ſpared
Of hem that tarien ſo behinde.
But yet it falleth in my minde
Toward the men, how that ye ſpeke
Of hem that woll no travail ſeke
In cauſe of love upon deſerte
To ſpeke in wordes ſo coverte,
I not what travail that ye ment.
  My ſone, and after min entent — Confeſſor.
I woll the telle, what I thought,
How whilom men her loves bought
Through great travaile in ſtraunge londes,
Where that they wroughten with her hondes
Of armes many a worthy dede
In ſondry places, as men may rede.

6. *Quem probat armorum probitas Venus approbat, et quem*
Torpor habet reprobum reprobat illa virum.
Vecors ſegnicies inſignia neſcit amoris,
Nam piger ad bravium tardius ipſe venit.

Hic loquitur, quod in amoris cauſa milicie probitas ad armorum laboris exercicium nullatenus torpeſcat.

That every love of pure kinde
Is firſt forth drawe, well I finde.
But netheleſs yet over this
Deſerte doth ſo, that it is
The rather had in many place.
Forthy who ſecheth loves grace,
Where that theſe worthy women are,
He may nought than him ſelve ſpare
Upon his travail for to ſerve,
Wherof that he may thank deſerve,
Where as theſe men of armes be
Sometime over the grete ſee,
So that by londe and eke by ſhip
He mot travaile for worſhip
And make many haſtif rodes,
Somtime in Pruſe, ſomtime in Rodes
And ſome time into Tartarie,
So that theſe heralds on him crie:
Vailant, vailant, lo, where he goth.
And than he yiveth hem golde and cloth,
So that his fame mighte ſpringe
And to his ladies ere bringe
Some tiding of his worthineſſe,
So that ſhe might of his proweſſe
Of that ſhe herde men recorde
The better unto his love accorde
And daunger put out of her mood,
Whan alle men recorden good,

And that ſhe wot well for her ſake,
That he no travail woll forſake.
My ſone, of this travaile I mene — Confeſſor.
Now ſhrif the, for it ſhall be ſene,
If thou art idel in this cas.
My fader ye, and ever was — Confeſſio amantis.
For as me thenketh truely,
That every man doth more than I
As of this point, and if ſo is,
That I have ought ſo done er this,
It is ſo litel of accompt,
As who ſaith it may nought amount
To winne of love his luſty yifte.
For this I telle you in ſhrifte,
That me were lever her love winne
Than Kaire and all that is therinne.
And for to ſleen the hethen alle
I not what good there mighte falle,
So mochel blood though ther be ſhad.
This finde I writen how Criſt bad,
That no man other ſhulde ſlee.
What ſhulde I winne over the ſee,
If I my lady loſt at home?
But paſſe they the ſalte fome,
To whom Criſt bad they ſhulden preche
To all the world and his feith teche.
But now they rucken in her neſt
And reſten as hem liketh beſt
In all the ſweteneſſe of delices.
Thus they defenden us the vices

And ſit hem ſelven all amidde,
To ſleen and fighten they us bidde
Hem whom they ſhuld, as the boke ſaith,
Converten unto Criſtes feith.
But herof have I great merveile,
How they wol bidde me traveile.
A Sarazin if I ſlee ſhall,
I ſlee the ſoule forth withall,
And that was never Criſtes lore.
But now ho there, I ſay no more.
But I woll ſpeke upon my ſhrifte
And to Cupide I make a yifte,
That who as ever pris deſerve
Of armes I wol love ſerve,
As though I ſhuld hem bothe kepe,
Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
Whan it were time to abide
And for to travaile and for to ride,
For how as ever a man laboure,
Cupide appointed hath his houre.

Hic allegat amans in ſui excuſacionem, qualiter Achilles apud Trojam propter amorem Polixene arma ſua per aliquod tempus dimiſit.

For I have herde tell alſo,
Achilles left his armes ſo
Both of him ſelf and of his men
At Troie for Polixenen
Upon her love whan he felle,
That for no chaunce that befelle
Among the Grekes or up or down
He wolde nought ayein the town
Ben armed for the love of her.
And ſo me thenketh, leve ſir,

A man of armes may him reſte
Somtime in hope for the beſte,
If he may finde a werre ner,
What ſhulde I thanne go ſo fer
In ſtraunge londes many a mile
To ride and leſe at home there while
My love, it were a ſhort beyete
To winne chaffe and leſe whete.
But if my lady bide wolde,
That I for her love ſholde
Travail, me thenketh truely,
I mighte flee through out the ſky
And go through out the depe ſee,
For all ne ſette I at a ſtre,
What thank that I might elles gete.
What helpeth a man have mete,
Where drinke lacketh on the borde,
What helpeth any mannes worde
To ſay howe I travaile faſte,
Where as me faileth ate laſte
That thing, whiche I travaile fore.
O in good time were he bore,
That might atteigne ſuche a mede.
But certes if I mighte ſpede
With any maner beſineſſe,
Of worldes travail than I geſſe
There ſhulde me none idelſhip
Departen from her ladyſhip.
But this I ſe on daies now,
The blinde god I wot nought how

Cupido, which of love is lorde,
He ſet the thinges in diſcorde,
That they that leſt to love entende
Full ofte he woll hem yive and ſende
Moſt of his grace, and thus I finde,
That he that ſholde go behinde,
Goth many a time fer to-fore.
So wote I nought right well therfore,
On whether bord that I ſhall ſaile.
Thus can I nought my ſelf counſeile,
But all I ſet on aventure
And am, as who ſaith, out of cure
For ought that I can ſay or do,
For evermore I finde it ſo,
The more beſineſſe I lay,
The more that I knele and pray
With gode wordes and with ſofte,
The more I am refuſed ofte
With beſineſſe and may nought winne,
And in good feith that is great ſinne.
For I may ſay of dede and thought,
That idel man have I be nought,
For how as ever that I be deſlaied,
Yet evermore I have aſſaied.
But though my beſineſſe laſte,
All is but idel ate laſte,
For whan theffect is idelneſſe,
I not what thing is beſineſſe.
Say what availeth all the dede,
Which nothing helpeth ate nede?

For the fortune of every fame
Shall of his ende bere a name.
And thus for ought is yet befalle,
An idel man I woll me calle
As after min entendement.
But upon your amendement,
Min holy fader, as you ſemeth
My reſon and my cauſe demeth.
My ſone, I have herde of thy matere, Confeſſor.
Of that thou haſt the ſhriven here.
And for to ſpeke of idel fare
Me ſemeth that thou tharſt nought care,
But only that thou might nought ſpede.
And therof, ſone, I woll the rede,
Abide and haſte nought to faſte,
Thy dedes ben every day to caſte,
Thou noſt, what chaunce ſhall betide.
Better is to waite upon the tide
Than rowe ayein the ſtremes ſtronge.
For though ſo be the thenketh longe,
Parcas the revolucion
Of heven and thy condicion
Ne be nought yet of one accorde.
But I dare make this recorde
To Venus, whoſe preſt that I am,
That ſithen that I hider cam
To here, as ſhe me bad, thy life,
Wherof thou elles be giltiſe,
Thou might herof thy conſcience
Excuſe and of great diligence,

Which thou to love haſt ſo diſpended,
Thou oughteſt wel to be comended.
But if ſo be that there ought faile
Of that thou ſloutheſt to travaile
In armes for to ben abſent,
And for thou makeſt an argument
Of that thou ſaideſt here above,
How Achilles through ſtrength of love
His armes lefte for a throwe,
Thou ſhalt an other tale knowe,
Whiche is contrarie, as thou ſhalt wite.
For this a man may finde write,
Whan that knighthode ſhall be werred,
Luſt may nought thanne be preferred,
The bed mot thanne be forſake
And ſhield and ſpere on honde take,
Which thing ſhall make hem after glad,
Whan they be worthy knightes made,
Wherof, ſo as it cometh to honde,
A tale thou ſhalt underſtonde,
How that a knight ſhall armes ſue,
And for the while his eſe eſchue.

Hic dicit, quod amoris delectamento poſtpoſito miles arma ſua preferre debet, et ponit exemplum de Ulixe, cum ipſe a bello Trojano propter amorem Penelope remanere domi voluiſſet, Nanplus pater Palamedis cum tantis ſermonibus allocutus eſt, quod Ulixes thoro ſue conjugis relicto

Upon knighthode I rede thus,
How whilom whan the king Nanplus,
The fader of Palamides,
Came for to preien Ulixes
With other Gregois eke alſo,
That he with hem to Troie go,
Where that the ſiege ſhulde be,
Anone upon Penelope,

His wife, whom that he loveth hote,
Thenkend, wolde hem nought behote.
But he ſhope than a wonder wile,
How that he ſhulde hem beſt beguile,
So that he mighte dwelle ſtille
At home and weld his love at wille,
Wherof erly the morwe day
Out of his bed, where that he lay,
Whan he was up, he gan to fare
Into the felde and loke and ſtare
As he, which feigneth to be wode,
He toke a plough, where that it ſtood,
Wherin anone in ſtede of oxes
He let do yoken grete foxes
And with great ſalt the londe he ſewe.
But Nanplus, which the cauſe knewe,
Ayein the ſleighte, which he feigneth,
Another ſleight anone ordeigneth.
And fell that time Ulixes hadde
A child to ſone, and Nanplus radde,
How men that ſone take ſholde
And ſetten him upon the molde,
Where that his fader held the plough
In thilke furgh, which he tho drough.
For in ſuch wiſe he thought aſſay,
Howe it Ulixes ſhulde pay,
If that he were wode or none.
The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemacus anone was fette
To-fore the plough and even ſette,

labores armorum una cum aliis Troie magnanimis ſubibat.

Where that his fader ſhulde drive.
But whan he ſigh his childe as blive,
He drof the plough out of the way,
And Nanplus tho began to ſay
And hath half in a jape cried:
  O Ulixes, thou art aſpied,
What is all this thou woldeſt mene?
For openlich it is now ſene,
That thou haſt feigned all this thing,
Which is great ſhame to a king,
Whan that for luſt of any ſlouthe
Thou wolt in a quarel of trouthe
Of armes thilke honour forſake
And dwelle at home for loves ſake.
For better it were honour to winne
Than love, which likinge is inne.
Forthy take worſhip upon honde
And elles thou ſhalt underſtonde
Theſe other worthy kinges alle
Of Grece, which unto the calle,
Towardes the wol be right wroth
And greve the par chaunce both,
Which ſhall be to the double ſhame
Moſt for the hindringe of thy name,
That thou for ſlouthe of any love
Shalt ſo thy luſtes ſet above
And leve of armes the knighthode,
Whiche is the priſe of thy manhode
And oughte firſt to be deſired.
  But he, which had his herte fired,

Upon his wife, whan he this herd,
Nought o word there ayein anſwerd,
But torneth home halving aſhamed
And hath within him ſelf ſo tamed
His herte, that all the ſotie
Of love for chivalrie
He lefte, and be him leef or loth
To Troie with hem forth he goth,
That he him mighte nought excuſe.
Thus ſtant it, if a knight refuſe
The luſt of armes to travaile.
There may no worldes eſe availe,
But if worſhipe be with all.
And that hath ſhewed overall,
For it ſit wel in alle wiſe
A knight to ben of high empriſe
And putten alle drede away,
For in this wiſe I have herd ſay,
The worthy knight Protheſalay
On his paſſage where he lay
Towardes Troie thilke ſiege
She which was all his owne liege
Laodomie his luſty wife,
Which for his love was penſife
As he whiche all her herte hadde,
Upon a thing, wherof ſhe dradde,
A letter for to make him dwelle
Fro Troie, ſend him thus to telle,
How ſhe hath axed of the wiſe
Touchend of him in ſuche a wiſe,

Hic narrat ſuper eodem, qualiter Laodomia regis Protheſalai uxor volens ipſum a bello Trojano ſecum retinere fatalem ſibi mortem in portu Troie prenunciavit, ſed ipſe miliciam pocius quam ocia affectans, Trojam adiit, ubi ſue mortis precio perpetue laudis cronicam ademit.

That they have done her underſtonde
Towardes other how ſo it ſtonde,
The deſtine it hath ſo ſhape,
That he ſhall nought the deth eſcape
In cas that he arrive at Troy.
Forthy as to her worldes joy
With all her hertẹ ſhe him preide
And many another cauſe alleide,
That he with her at home abide.
But he hath caſt her letter aſide
As he, which tho no maner hede
Toke of her wommaniſche drede
And forth he goth, as nought ne were,
To Troy, and was the firſte there,
Which londeth and toke arrivaile,
For him was lever in the bataile
He ſaith to deien as a knight
Than for to live in all his might
And be reproved of his name.
Lo, thus upon the worldes fame
Knighthode hath ever yet beſet,
Which with no cowardis is let.

Adhuc ſuper eodem, qualiter rex Saul, non obſtante quod Samuelem a Phitoniſſa ſuſcitatum et conjuratum reſponſum, quod ipſe in bello moreretur, accepiſſet, hoſtes tamen ſuos aggrediens milicie famam cunctis huius vite blandimentis prepoſuit.

Of kinge Saul alſo I finde,
Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
Through that the Phitoneſſe hath lered,
In Samarie was arered
Long time after that he was dede.
The kinge Saul him axeth rede,
If that he ſhall go fight or none.
And Samuel him ſaid anone:

The firste day of the bataile
Thou shalt be slain withoute faile
And Jonathas thy sone also.
But how as ever it felle so,
This worthy knight of his corage
Hath undertake the viage
And wolde nought his knighthode let.
For no perill he couthe set,
Wherof that bothe his sone and he
Upon the mounte of Gelboe
Assemblen with her enemies.
For they knighthode of such a pris
By olde daies thanne helden,
That they none other thing behelden.
And thus the fader for worship
Forth with his sone of felaship
Through lust of armes weren dede
As men may in the bible rede,
They whos knighthode is yet in minde
And shall be to the worldes ende.
  And for to loken overmore
It hath and shall ben evermore,
That of knighthode the prowesse
Is grounded upon hardiesse
Of him that dare wel undertake.
And who that wolde ensample take
Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
How that Achilles was forth drawe
With Chiro, which Centaurus hight,
Of many a wonder here he might.

Hic loquitur, quod miles in suis primordiis ad audaciam provocari debet. Et narrat, qualiter Chiro centaurus Achillem, qui secum ab infancia in monte Peleon educavit, ut audax efficeretur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse venacionibus ibidem insisteret, leones et tigrides huiusmodique animalia sibi resistencia et nulla alia fugitiva agitaret, et sic Achilles in juven-

tute animatus famofiffime milicie probitatem poftmodum adoptavit.

For it ftood thilke time thus,
That this Chiro this Centaurus
Within a large wilderneffe,
Where was leon and leoneffe,
The lepard and the tigre alfo
With hert and hinde, buk and doo,
Had his dwelling, as tho befell.
Of Peleon upon the hill,
Wherof was thanne mochel fpeche,
There hath Chiro this child to teche,
What time he was of twelve yere age,
Wherfore to maken his corage
The more hardy by other wey.
In the foreft to hunt and pley
Whan that Achilles walke wolde,
Centaurus bad that he ne fholde
After no befte make his chas,
Which wolde fleen out of his place
As buk and doo and hert and hinde,
With which he may no werre finde.
But tho, that wolden him withftonde,
There fhuld he with his dart on honde
Upon the tigre and the leon
Purchace and make his venifon,
As to a knight is accordaunt.
And therupon a covenaunt
This Chiro with Achilles fet,
That every day withouten let
He fhulde fuch a cruel befte
Or fle or wounden ate lefte,

So that he might a token bring
Of blood upon his home coming.
And thus of that Chiro him taught
Achilles ſuch an herte caught,
That he no more a leon drad,
Whan he his dart on honde had,
Than if a leon were an aſſe.
And that hath made him for to paſſe
All other knightes of his dede,
Whan it cam the grete nede,
As it was afterward wel knowe.
  Lo, thus, my ſone, thou might knowe Confeſſor.
That the corage of hardieſſe
Is of knighthode the proweſſe,
Which is to love ſuffiſaunt
Aboven all the remenaunt,
That unto loves court purſue.
But who that wol no ſlouth eſchue
Upon knighthode and nought travaile,
I not what love him ſhuld availe,
But every labour axeth why
Of ſome reward, wherof that I
Enſamples couthe tel inough
Of hem, that toward love drough
By olde daies, as they ſhulde.
  My fader, therof here I wolde. Amans.
  My ſone, it is wel reſonable Confeſſor.
In place, which is honourable,
If that a man his herte ſette,
That than he for no ſlouthe lette

To do what longeth to manhede.
For if thou wolt the bokes rede
Of Launcelot and other mo,
There might thou ſeen, how it was tho
Of armes, for they wold atteigne
To love, which withouten peine
May nought be get of idelneſſe.
And that I take to witneſſe
An old cronique in ſpeciall,
The whiche into memoriall
Is write for his loves ſake,
How that a knight ſhal undertake.

Hic dicit, quod miles priuſquam amoris amplexu dignus efficiatur, eventus bellicos victorioſus amplectere debet, et narrat, qualiter Hercules et Achelous propter Deianiram Calidonie regis filiam ſingulare duellum adinvicem inierunt, cuius victor Hercules exiſtens armorum meritis amorem virginis laudabiliter conqueſtavit.

Ther was a king, which Oenes
Was hote and he under pees
Held Calidoine in his empire
And had a doughter Deianire.
Men wiſt in thilke time none
So fair a wight, as ſhe was one.
And as ſhe was a luſty wight,
Right ſo was than a noble knight,
To whom Mercurie fader was.
This knight the two pillers of bras,
The whiche yet a man may finde,
Set up in the deſert of Ynde,
That was the worthy Hercules,
Whos name ſhall be endeles
For the merveiles, which he wrought.
This Hercules the love ſought
Of Deianire, and of his thing
Unto her fader, which was king,

He ſpake touchend of mariage.
The kinge knowend his high lignage
And drad alſo his mightes ſterne
To him ne durſt his doughter werne
And netheles, this he him ſaide,
How Achelous er he firſt preide
To wedden her, and in accorde
They ſtood, as it was of recorde.
But for all that this he him graunteth,
That which of hem that other daunteth
In armes, him ſhe ſhulde take,
And that the king hath undertake.
This Achelous was a geaunt,
A ſubtil man, a deceivaunt,
Which through magique and ſorcerie
Couth all the worlde of trecherie.
And whan that he this tale herde,
How upon that the king anſwerde,
With Hercules he muſte feight,
He truſteth nought upon his ſleight
Al onely, whan it cometh to nede,
But that, which voideth alle drede
And every noble herte ſtereth,
The love, that no life forbereth,
For his lady, whom he deſireth,
With hardieſſe his herte fireth,
And ſend him word withoute faile,
That he woll take the bataile.
They ſetten day, they choſen felde,
The knightes covered under ſhelde

To-gider come at time ſette
And eche one is with other mette.
It fel they foughten both on foot,
There was no ſtone, there was no root,
Which mighte letten hem the wey,
But all was voide and take awey.
They ſmiten ſtrokes but a fewe,
For Hercules, which wolde ſhewe
His grete ſtrengthe as for the nones,
He ſtert upon him all at ones
And caught him in his armes ſtronge.
This geaunt wote, he may nought longe
Endure under ſo harde bondes,
And thought he wold out of his hondes
By ſleight in ſome maner eſcape.
And as he couthe him ſelf forſhape,
In likeneſſe of an adder he ſlipte
Out of his honde and forth he ſkipte
And efte, as he that fighte wolle,
He torneth him into a bolle
And gan to belwe in ſuche a ſoune,
As though the world ſhuld al go doune.
The grounde he ſporneth and he traunceth,
His large hornes he avaunceth
And caſt hem here and there aboute.
But he, which ſtant of hem no doubte,
Awaiteth wel whan that he cam
And him by bothe hornes nam
And all at ones he him caſte
Unto the grounde and helde him faſte,

That he ne mighte with no fleight
Out of his hond get upon height,
Till he was overcome and yolde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.
The kinge him graunteth to fulfille
His axing at his owne wille.
And she, for whom he hadde served,
Her thought he hath her wel deserved.
And thus with great desert of armes
He wan him for to ligge in armes
As he, which hath it dere abought,
For otherwise shuld he nought.

And over this if thou wol here
Upon knighthode of this matere,
How love and armes ben acqueinted,
A man may se both write and peinted
So ferforth, that Pentasilee,
Which was the quene of Feminee,
The love of Hector for to seke
And for honour of armes eke
To Troie cam with spere and shelde
And rode her self into the felde
With maidens armed all aroute
In rescousse of the town aboute,
Which with the Gregois was belein.

Nota de Pentasilea Amazonie regina, que Hectoris amore colligata contra Pirrum Achillis filium apud Trojam arma ferre eciam personaliter non recusavit.

Fro Paflagoine as men sein,
Which stant upon the worldes ende,
That time it liked eke to wende
Philemenis, which was kinge,
To Troie, and came upon this thinge

Nota, qualiter Philemenis propter milicie famam a finibus terre in defensionem Troie veniens tres puellas a regno Amazonie quolibet anno

percipiendas sibi et heredibus suis imperpetuum ea de causa habere promeruit.

In helpe of thilke noble town,
And all was that for the renoun
Of worship and of worldes fame,
Of whiche he wolde bere a name.
And so he did and forth with all
He wan of love in speciall
A fair tribut for evermo.
For it fell thilke time so,
Pirrus the sone of Achilles
This worthy quene among the pres,
With dedely swerd sought out and fonde
And slough her with his owne honde,
Wherof this king of Paflagoine
Pentasilee of Amazoine,
Where she was quene, with him ladde
With suche maidens as she hadde
Of hem that were left alive
Forth in his ship, til they arrive,
Where that the body was begrave
With worship, and the women save.
And for the goodship of this dede
They graunten him a lusty mede,
That every yere for his truage
To him and to his heritage
Of maidens fair he shall have thre.
And in this wise spedde he,
Which the fortune of armes sought,
With his travaile his ese he bought,
For other wise he shulde have failed,
If that he hadde nought travailed.

Eneas eke within Itaile
Ne had he wonne the bataile
And done his might ſo beſily
Ayein king Turne his enemy,
He hadde nought Lavine wonne,
But for he hath him over ronne
And gete his pris, he gat her love.

Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello devicit, non ſolum amorem Lavine, ſed et regnum Italie ſibi ſubjugatum obtinuit.

By theſe enſamples here above
Lo, now my ſone, as I have told,
Thou might wel ſe, who that is bold
And bar travaile and undertake
The cauſe of love, he ſhall be take
The rather unto loves grace,
For comunliche in worthy place
The women loven worthineſſe
Of manhode and of gentileſſe,
For the gentils ben moſt deſired.

My fader, but I were enſpired
Through lore of you, I wot no way,
What gentileſſe is for to ſay,
Wherof to telle I you beſeche.

Amans.
Hic dicit, quod generoſi in amoris cauſa ſepius preſervantur, ſuper quo querit amans, quid ſit generoſitas, cuius veritatem queſtionis confeſſor per ſingula diſſolvit.
Confeſſor.

The ground, my ſone, for to ſeche
Upon this diffinicion
The worldes conſtitucion
Hath ſet the name of gentileſſe
Upon the fortune of richeſſe,
Which of long time is falle in age.
Than is a man of high lignage
After the forme as thou might here,
But no thing after the matere.

For who that reſon underſtond
Upon richeſſe it may nought ſtond,
For that is thing, which faileth ofte.
For he that ſtant to day alofte
And all the worlde hath in his wones,
To morwe he falleth all at ones
Out of richeſſe into pouerte,
So that therof is no deſerte,
Which gentileſſe maketh abide.
And for to loke on other ſide
How that a gentilman is bore,
Adam, whiche alle was to-fore
With Eve his wife, as of hem two,
All was aliche gentil tho,
So that of generacion
To make declaracion,
There may no gentileſſe be.
For to the reſon if we ſe
Of mannes birthe the meſure,
It is ſo comun to nature,
That it yiveth every man aliche,
As well to the pouer as to the riche,
For naked they ben bore bothe,
The lorde hath no more for to clothe
As of him ſelf that ilke throwe,
Than hath the pouereſt of the rowe.
And whan they ſhullen bothe paſſe,
I not of hem whiche hath the laſſe
Of worldes good, but as of charge
The lorde is more for to charge,

Whan god ſhall his accompte here,
For he hath had his luſtes here.
But of the body, which ſhall deie,
All though there be diverſe wey
To deth, yet is there but one ende,
To which that every man ſhall wende
As well the begger as the lorde
Of o nature, of one accorde.
She, which our olde moder is,
The erthe bothe that and this
Receiveth and alich devoureth,
That ſhe to nouther part favoureth.
So wote I nothing after kinde,
Where I may gentileſſe finde,
For lacke of vertue lacketh grace,
Wherof richeſſe in many place,
Whan men beſt wene for to ſtonde,
All ſodeinly goth out of honde.
But vertue ſet in the corage,
There may no world be ſo ſalvage,
Which might it take and done away,
Till whanne that the body deie.
And than he ſhall be riched ſo,
That it may faile nevermo,
So that may well be gentileſſe,
Which yiveth ſo great a ſikerneſſe,
For after the condicion
Of reſonable entencion,
The which out of the ſoule groweth
And the vertue fro vice knoweth,

Omnes quidem ad unum tendimus, ſet diverſo tramite.

Wherof a man the vice eſchueth
Withoute ſlouth and vertue ſueth,
That is a verray gentilman
And nothing elles, whiche he can,
Ne which he hath, ne which he may.
But for all that yet now a day
In loves court to taken hede,
The pouer vertue ſhall nought ſpede,
Where that the riche vice woweth.
For ſelde it is, that love alloweth
The gentil man withouten good,
Though his condition be good.
But if a man of bothe two
Be riche and vertuous alſo,
Than is he well the more worth.
But yet to put him ſelve forth
He muſt done his beſineſſe,
For nouther good ne gentileſſe
May helpen hem, whiche idel be.
But who, that woll in his degre
Travaile ſo, as it belongeth,
It happeth ofte, that he ſongeth
Worſhip and eſe bothe two.
For ever yet it hath be ſo,
That love honeſt in ſondry wey
Profiteth, for it doth awey
The vice, and as the bokes ſain,
It maketh curteis of the vilain
And to the coward hardieſſe
It yiveth, ſo that the verray proweſſe

Is caufed upon loves reule
To him that can manhode reule,
And eke toward the womanhede,
Who that therof woll taken hede.
For they the better affaited be
In every thinge, as men may fe,
For love hath ever his luftes grene
In gentil folke, as it is fene,
Which thing there may no kind arefte.
I trowe, that there is no befte,
If he with love fhulde acqueint,
That he ne wolde make it queint
As for the while, that it lafte.
And thus I conclude ate lafte,
That they ben idel, as me femeth,
Whiche unto thing, that love demeth,
Forflouthen, that they fhulden do,
And over this, my fone, alfo
After the vertue morall eke
To fpeke of love, if I fhall feke,
Among the holy bokes wife,
I finde write in fuche a wife
Who loveth nought is here as dede, Nota de amore charitatis, ubi dicit, qui non diligit, manet in morte.
For love above all other is hede,
Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
Of all that unto mannes dede
Belongeth. For of idelfhip
He hateth all the felafhip,
For flouthe is ever to defpife,
Whiche in difdeigne hath all apprife,

And that accordeth nought to man.
For he that wit and reſon can,
It ſit him wel, that he travaile
Upon ſuch thing, which might availe,
For idelſhip is nought comended,
But every law it hath defended.
And in enſample thereupon
The noble wiſe Salomon,
Whiche had of every thinge inſight,
Saith: As the briddes to the flight
Ben made, ſo the man is bore
To labour, whiche is nought forbore
To hem, that thenken for to thrive.
For we, whiche are nowe alive,
Of hem that beſy whilom were
Als wel in ſcole as elles where
Now every day enſample take,
That if it were now to make
Thing, which that they firſt founden out,
It ſholde nought be brought about.
Her lives thanne were longe,
Her wittes great, her mightes ſtronge,
Her hertes full of beſineſſe,
Wherof the worldes redineſſe
In body both and in corage
Stant ever upon his avauntage.
And for to drawe into memoire
Her names both and her hiſtoire,
Upon the vertu of her dede
In ſondry bokes thou might rede.

Apoſtolus. Quecumque ſcripta ſunt ad noſtram doctrinam ſcripta ſunt.

Expedit de manibus labor, ut de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita vivere poscit homo.
Sed qui doctrine causa fert mente labores
Prevalet et merita perpetuata parat. 7.

Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscumque, et maxime contra istos, qui excellentis prudencie ingenium habentes absque fructu operum torpescunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligencia predecessorum, qui ad tocius humani generis doctrinam et auxilium suis continuis laboribus et studiis gracia mediante divina artes et sciencias primitus invenerunt.

Of every wisdom the parfit
The highe god of his spirit
Yaf to men in erthe here
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise.
And thus cam in the first apprise
Of bokes and of alle good
Through hem, that whilom understood
The lore, which to hem was yive,
Wherof these other, that now live,
Ben every day to lerne new.
But er the time that men sue
And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corn, though men it sought,
In none of all the feldes oute.
And er the wisdom cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes write,
This may wel every wise man wite,
There was great labour eke also.
Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath undertake
With labour, which the hond hath take,
That other toke to studie and muse
As he which wolde nought refuse
The labour of his wittes alle.
And in this wise it is befalle
Of labour, which that they begonne,
We be now taught of that we conne,

Her befineffe is yet to fene,
That it ftant ever aliche grene,
All be it fo the body deie,
The name of hem fhall never awey.
In the cronique as I finde
Cham, whos labour is yet in minde,
Was he, which firft the letters fonde
And wrote in Hebreu with his honde,
Of natural philofophy
He found firft alfo the clergy.
Cadmus the letters of Gregois
Firft made upon his owne chois.
Theges of thing, which fhal befalle,
He was the firft augure of alle.
And Philemon by the vifage
Found to defcrive the corage.
Claudius, Efdras and Sulpices,
Termegis, Pandulf and Frigidilles,
Menander, Ephiloquorus,
Solins, Pandas and Jofephus
The firfte were of enditours
Of old cronique and eke auctours.
And Herodot in his fcience
Of metre, of rime and of cadence
The firfte was of which men note.
And of mufique alfo the note
In mannes voife or fofte or fharpe
That founde Jubal. And of the harpe
The mery foune, whiche is to like,
That founde Paulius forth with phifique.

Zeuzis found firſt the portreture,
And Prometheus the ſculpture,
After what forme that hem thought
The reſemblaunce anon they wrought.
Tubal in iron and in ſtele
Found firſt the forge and wrought it wele,
And Jadahel, as ſaith the boke,
Firſt made nette and fisſhes toke.
Of hunting eke he found the chace,
Which now is knowe in many place,
A tent of cloth with corde and ſtake
He ſet up firſt and did it make.
Berconius of cokerie
Firſt made the delicacie.
The craft Minerve of wolle fonde
And made cloth her owne honde.
And Delbora made it of line,
The women were of great engine.
But thing which yiveth us mete and drinke
And doth the labour for to ſwinke
To till the londes and ſet the vines,
Wherof the cornes and the wines
Ben ſuſtenaunce to mankinde,
In olde bokes as I finde,
Saturnus of his owne wit
Hath founde firſt, and more yit
Of chapmenhode he found the wey
And eke to coigne the money
Of ſondry metal, as it is
He was the firſte man of this.

But how that metal cam a place
Through mannes wit and goddes grace
The route of philofophres wife
Contreveden by fondry wife,
Firft for to get it out of mine
And after for to trie and fine.
And alfo with great diligence
They founde thilke experience,
Which cleped is alconomy,
Wherof the filver multiply
They made and eke the golde alfo.
And for to telle howe it is fo,
Of bodies feven in fpeciall
With foure fpirits joint withall
Stant the fubftance of this matere.
The bodies, whiche I fpeke of here,
Of the planettes ben begonne.
The golde is titled to the fonne,
The mone of filver hath his part,
And iron that ftond upon Mart,
The leed after Satorne groweth,
And Jupiter the brafs beftoweth,
The copper fet is to Venus,
And to his part Mercurius
Hath the quick filver, as it falleth,
The whiche after the boke it calleth
Is firft of thilke foure named
Of fpirites, which ben proclaimed.
And the fpirit, whiche is fecounde
In fal armoniak is founde.

The thridde ſpirit ſulphur is,
The forth ſuende after this
Arcennicum by name is hote.
With blowing and with fires hote
In theſe thinges, whiche I ſay,
They worchen by diverſe way.
For as the philoſophre tolde,
Of golde and ſilver they ben holde
Two principal extremities,
To whiche all other by degrees
Of the metalles ben accordaunt.
And ſo through kinde reſemblaunt,
That what man couthe awaie take
The ruſt, of which they waxen blacke,
And the ſavour of the hardneſſe,
They ſhulden take the likeneſſe
Of golde or ſilver parfitly.
But for to worche it ſikerly
Betwene the corps and the ſpirit,
Er that the metall be parfit,
In ſeven formes it is ſet
Of all. And if that one be let,
The remenaunt may nought availe,
But other wiſe it may nought faile.
For they, by whom this art was founde,
To every point a certain bounde
Ordeignen, that a man may finde
This craft is wrought by wey of kinde
So that there is no fallas inne.
But what man that this werk beginne,

He mot awaite at every tide,
So that nothing be left aſide.
Firſt of the diſtillation
Forth with the congelation
Solucion, diſcention
And kepe in his entention
The point of ſublimation,
And forth with calcination
Of verray approbation
Do that there be fixation
With tempred hetes of the fire,
Till he the parfit elixir
Of thilke philoſophres ſtone
May gete, of which that many one
Of philoſophres whilom write.
And if thou wolt the names wite
Of thilke ſtone with other two,
Whiche as the clerkes maden tho,
So as the bokes it recorden,
The kinde of hem I ſhall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapidibus, quos philoſophi compoſuerunt, quorum primus dicitur lapis vegetabilis, qui ſanitatem conſervat, ſecundus dicitur lapis animalis, qui membra et virtutes ſenſibiles fortificat, tercius dicitur lapis mineralis, qui omnia metalla purificat et in ſuum perfectum naturali potencia deducit.

These olde philoſophres wiſe
By wey of kinde in ſondry wiſe
Thre ſtones made through clergy.
The firſte if I ſhall ſpecify,
Was cleped *vegetabilis*,
Of which the propre vertue is
To mannes hele for to ſerve
As for to kepe and to preſerve
The body fro ſikeneſſes alle,
Till deth of kinde upon him falle.

The ſtone ſeconde I the behote
Is *lapis animalis* hote,
The whoſe vertue is propre and couth
For ere and eye and naſe and mouth,
Wherof a man may here and ſe
And ſmelle and taſte in his degre.
And for to fele and for to go
It helpeth a man, of bothe two
The wittes five he underfongeth
To kepe, as it to him belongeth.
The thridde ſtone in ſpeciall
By name is cleped *minerall*,
Which the metalles of every mine
Attempreth, till that they ben fine,
And pureth hem by ſuch a wey,
That all the vice goth awey
Of ruſt, of ſtinke and of hardneſſe.
And whan they ben of ſuch clenneſſe,
This minerall, ſo as I finde,
Transformeth all the firſte kinde
And maketh hem able to conceive
Through his vertue and receive
Both in ſubſtaunce and in figure
Of golde and ſilver the nature.
For they two ben thextremites,
To whiche after the propreties
Hath every metal his deſire
With helpe and comfort of the fire
Forth with this ſtone, as it is ſaid,
Which to the ſonne and mone is laid,

For to the redde and to the white
This ſtone hath power to profite,
It maketh multiplication
Of golde and the fixation
It cauſeth, and of his habite
He doth the werke to be parfite
Of thilke elixir, which men calle
Alconomy, as is befalle
To hem, that whilom were wiſe.
But nowe it ſtant all otherwiſe.
They ſpeken faſt of thilke ſtone,
But how to make it, now wot none
After the ſothe experience.
And netheles great diligence
They ſetten up thilke dede
And ſpillen more than they ſpede.
For alle way they finde a lette,
Which bringeth in pouerte and dette
To hem, that riche were afore.
The loſs is had, the lucre is lore,
To get a pound they ſpenden five,
I not how ſuch a craft ſhall thrive
In the maner as it is uſed.
It were better be refuſed
Than for to worchen upon wene
In thing, which ſtant nought as they wene.
But nought forthy, who that it knewe,
The ſcience of him ſelf is trewe
Upon the forme, as it was founded,
Wherof the names yet be grounded

Of hem, that firſt it founden out.
And thus the fame goth about
To ſuch as ſoughten beſineſſe
Of vertue and of worthineſſe,
Of whom if I the names calle,
Hermes was one the firſt of alle,
To whom this art is moſt applied.
Geber therof was magnified
And Ortolan and Morien,
Among the which is Avicen,
Which found and wrote a great partie
The practique of alconomie.
Whoſe bokes pleinly, as they ſtonde
Upon this craft, few underſtonde.
But yet to put hem in aſſay,
There ben full many now a day,
That knowen litel what they mene.
It is nought one to wite and wene,
In forme of wordes they it trete,
But yet they failen of beyete,
For of to moche or of to lite
There is algate found a wite,
So that they folwe nought the line
Of the parfite medicine,
Which grounded is upon nature.
But they that writen the ſcripture
Of Greke, Arabe and of Caldee,
They were of ſuche auctorite,
That they firſt founden out the way
Of all that thou haſt herd me ſay,

Wherof the cronique of her lore
Shall ſtonde in priſe for evermore.
But toward oure marches here
Of the Latins, if thou wolt here
Of hem that whilom vertuous
Were and therto laborious,
Carment made of her engine
The firſte letters of Latine,
Of which the tunge Romain cam,
Wherof that Ariſtarchus nam
Forth with Donat and Dindimns
The firſte reule of ſcole, as thus
How that Latin ſhall be compouned
And in what wiſe it ſhall be ſouned,
That every word in his degre
Shall ſtond upon congruite.
And thilke time at Rome alſo
Was Tullius Cicero,
That writeth upon rethorique,
How that men ſhuld her wordes pike
After the forme of eloquence,
Which is, men ſain, a great prudence.
And after that out of Hebrew
Jerome, which the langage knew,
The bible, in which the lawe is cloſed,
Into Latine he hath tranſpoſed.
And many an other writer eke
Out of Caldee, Arabe and Greke
With great labour the bokes wiſe
Tranſlateden. And otherwiſe

The Latins of hem ſelf alſo
Her ſtudy at thilke time ſo
With great travaile of ſcole toke
In ſondry forme for to boke,
That we may take her evidences
Upon the lore of the ſciences,
Of craftes bothe and of clergie,
Among the whiche in poeſie
To the lovers Ovide wrote
And taught, if love be to hote,
In what maner it ſhulde akele.
Forthy my ſone, if that thou fele, Confeſſor.
That love wringe the to ſore,
Behold Ovide and take his lore.
My fader, if they mighte ſpede Amans.
My love, I wolde his bokes rede.
And if they techen to reſtreigne
My love, it were an idel peine
To lerne a thing which may nought be.
For lich unto the grene tre,
If that men take his root awey,
Right ſo min herte ſhulde deie,
If that my love be withdrawe.
Wherof touchend unto this ſawe
There is but onely to purſue
My love and idelſhip eſcheue.
My gode ſone, ſoth to ſay, Confeſſor.
If there be ſiker any way
To love, thou haſt ſaid the beſt.
For who that woll have all his reſt

And do no travaile at the nede,
It is no reſon that he ſpede
In loves cauſe for to winne.
For he, which dare nothing beginne,
I not what thinge he ſhulde acheve.
But over this thou ſhalt beleve,
So as it ſit the well to knowe,
That there ben other vices ſlowe,
Which unto love don great lette,
If thou thin hert upon hem ſette.

8. *Perdit homo cauſam linquens ſua jura ſopori,*
Et quaſi dimidium pars ſua mortis habet.
Eſt in amore vigil Venus, et quod habet vigilanti
Obſequium thalamis fert vigilata ſuis.

Hic loquitur de ſompnolencia, que accidie cameraria dicta eſt, cuius natura ſemimortua alicuius negocii vigilias obſervari ſoporifero torpore recuſat, unde quatenus amorem concernit confeſſor amanti diligencius opponit.

Toward the ſlowe progeny
There is yet one of compaigny,
And he is cleped ſompnolence,
Which doth to ſlouth his reverence
As he, which is his chamberlein,
That many an hunderd time hath lein
To ſlepe, whan he ſhulde wake.
He hath with love trewes take,
That wake who ſo wake will,
If he may couche adown his bill,
He hath all wowed what him liſt,
That oft he goth to bed unkiſt
And ſaith, that for no druery
He woll nought leve his ſluggardy.
For though no man it wold allowe,
To ſlepe lever than to wowe

Is his maner, and thus on nightes,
Whan he ſeeth the luſty knightes
Revelen, where theſe women are,
Awey he ſkulketh as an hare
And goth to bed and laith him ſofte
And of his ſlouth he dremeth ofte,
How that he ſticketh in the mire
And how he ſitteth by the fire
And claweth on his bare ſhankes
And how he climeth up the bankes
And falleth in the ſlades depe.
But thanne who ſo take kepe,
Whan he is fall in ſuche a dreme,
Right as a ſhip ayein the ſtreme
He routeth with a ſlepy noiſe
And bruſtleth as a monkes froiſe,
Whan it is throwe into the panne.
And otherwhile ſelde whanne
That he may dreme a luſty ſweven,
Him thenketh as though he were in heven
And as the world were holy his.
And than he ſpeketh of that and this
And maketh his expoſition
After his diſpoſition
Of that he wold, and in ſuch a wiſe
He doth to love all his ſerviſe,
I not what thank he ſhall deſerve.
But ſone, if thou wolt love ſerve,
I rede that thou do nought ſo.
  Ha, gode fader, certes no. Confeſſio amantis.

I had lever by my trouth,
Er I were ſet on ſuch a ſlouth
And bere ſuch a ſlepy ſnout,
Bothe eyen of my hede were out.
For me were better fully deie
Than I of ſuche ſluggardie
Had any name, god me ſhielde.
For whan my moder was with childe
And I lay in her wombe clos,
I wolde rather Atropos,
Which is goddeſſe of alle deth,
Anone as I had any breth,
Me hadde fro my moder caſt.
But now I am nothing agaſt,
I thonke god, for Lacheſis
Ne Cloto, which her felaw is,
Me ſhopen no ſuch deſtine,
Whan they at my nativite
My wierdes ſetten as they wolde,
But they me ſhopen, that I ſholde
Eſcheue of ſlepe the truandiſe,
So that I hope in ſuch a wiſe
To love for to ben excuſed,
That I no ſompnolence have uſed.
For certes, fader Genius,
Yet unto now it hath be thus
At alle time if it befelle,
So that I mighte come and dwelle
In place there my lady were,
I was nought ſlow ne ſlepy there.

For than I dare well undertake,
That whan her lift on nightes wake
In chambre as to carole and daunce,
Me thenketh I may me more avaunce,
If I may gone upon her honde,
Than if I wonne a kinges londe.
For whan I may her hond beclippe,
With fuch gladneffe I daunce and fkippe,
Me thenketh I touche nought the floor.
The roo, which renneth on the moor,
Is thanne nought fo light as I.
So mow ye witen all forthy,
That for the time flepe I hate.
And whan it falleth other gate,
So that her like nought to daunce,
But on the dees to cafte chaunce
Or axe of love fom̄e demaunde
Or elles that her lift commaunde
To rede and here of Troilus,
Right as fhe wold or fo or thus,
I am all redy to confent.
And if fo is, that I may hent
Somtime amonge a good leifer,
So as I dare of my defir
I telle a part, but whan I prey,
Anone fhe biddeth me go my wey
And faith : It is fer in the night.
And I fwere, it is even light.
But as it falleth ate lafte,
There may no worldes joie lafte,

So mote I nedes fro her wende
And of my wacche make an ende.
And if ſhe thanne hede toke,
How pitouſlich on her I loke,
Whan that I ſhall my leve take,
Her ought of mercy for to ſlake
Her daunger, which ſaith ever nay.
But he ſaith often: Have good day,
That loth is for to take his leve.
Therfore while I may beleve,
I tarie forth the night alonge.
For it is nought on me alonge
To ſlepe, that I ſo ſoone go,
Till that I mote algate ſo
And thanne I bidde: God her ſe,
And ſo down knelende on my kne
I take leve, and if I ſhall
I kiſſe her and go forth withall.
And other while, if that I dore,
Er I come fully ate dore,
I torne ayein and feigne a thing,
As though I hadde loſt a ring
Or ſomwhat elles, for I wolde
Kiſſe her eftſone, if I ſholde.
But ſelden is, that I ſo ſpede.
And whan I ſe, that I mot nede
Departe, I departe and thanne
With all my herte I curſe and banne,
That ever ſlepe was made for eye.
For as me thenketh I might drie

Withoute ſlepe to waken ever,
So that I ſhulde nought diſſever
Fro her, in whom is all my light.
And than I curſe alſo the night
With all the will of my corage
And ſay: Away thou black ymage,
Which of thy derke cloudy face
Makeſt all the worldes light deface
And cauſeſt unto ſlepe a way,
By which I mot now gone away
Out of my ladies compaignie.
O ſlepy night, I the defie
And wolde that thou lay in preſſe
With Proſerpine the goddeſſe
And with Pluto the helle king.
For till I ſe the daies ſpring,
I ſette ſlepe nought at a riſhe.
And with that worde I ſigh and wiſhe
And ſay: Ha, why ne were it day,
For yet my lady than I may
Beholde, though I do no more.
And efte I thenke furthermore,
To ſome man how the night doth eſe,
Whan he hath thing, that may him pleſe
The longe nightes by his ſide,
Where as I faile and go beſide.
But ſlepe I not wherof it ſerveth,
Of which no man his thank deſerveth
To get him love in any place,
But is an hindrer of his grace

And maketh hem dede as for a throwe,
Right as a ftoke were overthrowe.
And fo, my fader, in this wife
The flepy nightes I defpife
And ever amiddes of my tale
I thenke upon the nightingale,
Which flepeth nought by wey of kinde
For love, in bokes as I finde.
Thus ate laft I go to bedde
And yet min herte lith to wedde
With her, where as I came fro,
Though I departe, he woll nought fo.
There is no lock may fhet him out,
Him nedeth nought to gon about,
That perce may the harde wal,
Thus is he with her overall,
That be her lefe, or be her loth,
Into her bed min herte goth
And foftly taketh her in his arme
And feleth how that fhe is warme
And wisfheth, that his body were
To fele, that he feleth there.
And thus my felven I torment,
Til that the dede flepe me hent.
But thanne by a thoufand fcore
Wel more than I was to-fore
I am tormented in my flepe,
But that I dreme is nought on fhepe,
For I ne thenke nought on wulle,
But I am drecched to the fulle

Of love, that I have to kepe,
That now I laugh and now I wepe
And now I lese and now I winne
And now I ende and now beginne.
And other while I dreme and mete,
That I alone with her mete
And that daunger is left behinde.
And than in slepe such joy I finde,
That I ne bede never awake.
But after, whan I hede take,
And shall arise upon the morwe,
Than is all torned into sorwe,
Nought for the cause I shall arise,
But for I mette in suche a wise,
And ate last I am bethought,
That all is vein and helpeth nought,
But yet me thenketh by my wille
I wold have lay and slepe stille
To meten ever of such a sweven,
For than I had a slepy heven.
My sone, and for thou tellest so, Confessor.
A man may finde of time ago,
That many a sweven hath be certain,
All be it so, that som men sain,
That swevens ben of no credence.
But for to shewe in evidence,
That they full ofte sothe thinges
Betoken, I thenke in my writinges
To telle a tale therupon,
Which fell by olde daies gone.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter ſompnia prenoſtice veritatis quandoque certitudinem figurant. Et narrat, quod cum Ceix rex Trocinie pro reformacione fratris ſui Dedalionis in ancipitrem tranſmutati peregre proficiſcens in mari longius a patria dimerſus fuerat, Juno mittens Yridem nunciam ſuam in partes Chimerie ad domum Sompni juſſit, quod ipſe Alceone dicti regis uxori huius rei eventum per ſompnia certificaret. Quo facto Alceona rem perſcrutans corpus mariti ſui, ubi ſuper fluctus mortuus jactabatur, invenit, que pre dolore anguſtiata cupiens corpus amplectere, in altum mare ſuper ipſum profiliit, unde dii miſerti amborum corpora in aves, que adhuc Alceones dicte ſunt, ſubito converterunt.

This finde I writen in poeſy
Ceix the king of Troceny
Hadde Alceon to his wife,
Which as her owne hertes life
Him loveth. And he had alſo
A brother, which was cleped tho
Dedalion, and he par cas
Fro kinde of man forſhape was
Into a goſhauke for likeneſſe,
Wherof this king great hevineſſe
Hath take and thought in his corage
To gone upon a pelrinage
Into a ſtraunge region,
Where he hath his devocion
To done his ſacrifice and prey,
If that he might in any wey
Toward the goddes finde grace
His brothers hele to purchace,
So that he mighte be reformed
Of that he hadde be transformed.
To this purpoſe and to this ende
This king is redy for to wende
As he, which wolde go by ſhip.
And for to done him felaſhip
His wife unto the ſee him brought
With all her herte and him beſought,
That he the time her wolde ſain,
Whan that he thoughte come ayein.
Within, he ſaith, two monthes day.
And thus in alle haſte he may

He toke his leve and forth he ſaileth
Wepend, and ſhe her ſelf bewaileth
And torneth home there ſhe cam fro.
But whan the monthes were ago,
The which he ſet of his coming,
And that ſhe herde no tiding,
There was no care for to ſeche,
Wherof the goddes to beſeche.
Tho ſhe began in many a wiſe
And to Juno her ſacrifice
Above all other moſt ſhe dede
And for her lord ſhe hath ſo hede
To wite and knowe how that he ferd,
That Juno the goddeſſe her herde
Anone, and upon this matere
She badde Yris her meſſagere
To Slepes hous that ſhe ſhal wende
And bid him, that he make an ende
By ſweven and ſhewen all the cas
Unto this lady, how it was.
  This Yris fro the highe ſtage,
Whiche undertake hath the meſſage,
Her reiny cope did upon,
The which was wonderly begone
With colours of diverſe hewe
An hunderd mo than men it knewe,
The heven liche unto a bowe
She bende and ſhe cam downe lowe,
The god of ſlepe where that ſhe fond
And that was in a ſtraunge lond,

Which marcheth upon Chimery.
For there, as ſaith the poeſy,
The god of ſlepe hath made his hous,
Whiche of entaile is merveilous.
Under an hill there is a cave,
Which of the ſonne may nought have,
So that no man may knowe aright
The point betwene the day and night.
There is no fire, there is no ſparke,
There is no dore, which may charke,
Wherof an eye ſhulde unſhet,
So that inward there is no let.
And for to ſpeke of that withoute,
There ſtant no great tre nigh aboute,
Wheron there mighte crowe or pie
Alighte for to clepe or crie.
There is no cock to crowe day
Ne beſte none, which noiſe may
The hille, but all aboute round
There is growend upon the ground
Popy, which bereth the ſede of ſlepe,
With other herbes ſuche an hepe.
A ſtille water for the nones
Rennend upon the ſmalle ſtones,
Which hight of Lethes the river,
Under that hille in ſuch maner
There is, which yiveth great appetite
To ſlepe. And thus ful of delite
Slepe hath his hous, and of his couche
Within his chambre if I ſhall touche

Of hebenus that ſlepy tre
The bordes all aboute be,
And for he ſhulde ſlepe ſofte
Upon a fether bed alofte
He lith with many a pilwe of doun,
The chambre is ſtrowed up and doun
With ſwevenes many a thouſand fold.
Thus came Yris into this holde
And to the bed, whiche is all black,
She goth, and ther with Slepe ſhe ſpake,
And in this wiſe as ſhe was bede
The meſſage of Juno ſhe dede,
Full ofte her wordes ſhe reherceth,
Er ſhe his ſlepy eres perceth
With mochel wo. But ate laſte
His ſlombrend eyen he upcaſte
And ſaid her, that it ſhal be do,
Wherof amonge a thouſand tho
Within his hous, that ſlepy were,
In ſpeciall he cheſe out there
Thre, whiche ſhulden do this dede.
The firſt of hem, ſo as I rede,
Was Morpheus, the whoſe nature
Is for to take the figure
Of that perſone that him liketh,
Wherof that he ful ofte entriketh
The life, which ſlepe ſhal by night.
And Ithecus that other hight,
Which hath the vois of every ſoune,
The cheſe and the condicioun

Of every life what ſo it is.
The thridde ſuend after this
Is Panthaſas, which may transforme
Of every thing the righte forme
And chaunge it in another kinde.
Upon hem thre, ſo as I finde,
Of ſwevens ſtant all thapparence,
Which other while is evidence
And other while but a jape.
But netheles it is ſo ſhape,
That Morpheus by night alone
Appereth unto Alceone
In likeneſſe of her huſbonde
Al naked dede upon the ſtronde,
And how he dreint in ſpeciall
Theſe other two it ſhewen all.
The tempeſt of the blacke cloude
The wode ſee, the windes loude
All this ſhe met, and ſigh him deien,
Wherof that ſhe began to crien
Slepend a bedde there ſhe lay.
And with that noiſe of her affray
Her women ſterten up aboute,
Whiche of her lady were in doubte
And axen her, how that ſhe ferde.
And ſhe right as ſhe ſigh and herde
Her ſweven hath tolde hem every dele.
And they it halſen alle wele
And ſain, it is a token of good.
But til ſhe wiſt how that it ſtood,

She hath no comfort in her herte.
Upon the morwe and up ſhe ſterte
And to the ſee, where as ſhe met
The body lay, withoute lete
She drough, and whanne ſhe cam nigh
Starke dede his armes ſprad ſhe ſigh
Her lord, fletend upon the wawe,
Wherof her wittes be withdrawe.
And ſhe, which toke of deth no kepe,
Anone forth lepte into the depe
And wold have caught him in her arme.
This infortune of double harme
The goddes from the heven above
Beheld and for the trouthe of love,
Whiche in this worthy lady ſtood,
They have upon the ſalte flood
Her dreinte lorde and her alſo
Fro deth to life torned ſo,
That they ben ſhapen into briddes
Swimmend upon the wawe amiddes.
And whan ſhe ſigh her lord livend
In likeneſſe of a bird ſwimmend
And ſhe was of the ſame ſort,
So as ſhe mighte do diſport
Upon the joie, which ſhe hadde,
Her winges both abrode ſhe ſpradde
And him ſo as ſhe may ſuffiſe
Beclipt and kiſt in ſuche a wiſe,
As ſhe was whilome wont to do.
Her winges for her armes two

She toke and for her lippes ſofte
Her harde bille, and ſo ful ofte
She fondeth in her briddes forme,
If that ſhe might her ſelf conforme
To do the pleſaunce of a wife,
As ſhe did in that other life.
For though ſhe hadde her power lore
Her will ſtood, as it was to-fore,
And ſerveth him ſo as ſhe may.
Wherof into this ilke day
To-gider upon the ſee they wone,
Where many a doughter and a ſone
They bringen forth of briddes kinde.
And for men ſhulden take in minde
This Alceon the trewe quene,
Her briddes yet as it is ſene
Of Alceon the name bere.
Confeſſor. Lo thus, my ſone, it may the ſtere
Of ſwevens for to take kepe,
For ofte time a man a ſlepe
May ſe what after ſhall betide.
Forthy it helpeth at ſome tide
A man to ſlepe as it belongeth,
But ſlouthe no life underfongeth,
Whiche is to love appertenaunt.
Amans. My fader, upon the covenaunt
I dare wel make this avowe,
Of all my life into nowe
Als fer as I can underſtonde
Yet took I never ſlepe on honde,

Whan it was time for to wake,
For though min eye it wolde take,
Min herte is ever there ayein.
But netheles to ſpeke it plein
All this that I have ſaid you here
Of my wakinge, as ye may here,
It toucheth to my lady ſwete,
For other wiſe I you behete,
In ſtraunge place whan I go
Me liſt no thing to wake ſo.
For whan the women liſten play
And I her ſe nought in the way,
Of whome I ſhulde merthe take,
Me liſt nought longe for to wake.
But if it be for pure ſhame
Of that I wolde eſcheue a name,
That they ne ſhuld have cauſe none
To ſay: Ha, where goth ſuch one,
That hath forlore his contenaunce,
And thus among I ſinge and daunce
And feigne luſt, thereas none is.
For ofte ſith I fele this,
Of thought, which in min herte falleth,
Whan it is night min hede appalleth,
And that is for I ſe her nought,
Whiche is the waker of my thought.
And thus as timelich as I may
Ful oft, whan it is brode day,
I take of all theſe other leve
And go my wey, and they beleve,

That ſeen par cas her loves there,
And I go forth as nought ne were
Unto my bed, ſo that alone
I may there ligge, ſigh and grone
And wiſhen all the longe night,
Til that I ſee the daies light.
I not if that be ſompnolence,
But upon youre conſcience,
Min holy fader, demeth ye.

Confeſſor. My ſone, I am well paid with the
Of ſlepe, that thou the ſluggardy
By night in loves compaignie
Eſcheued haſt, and do thy pain
So, that thy love dare nought pleine.
For love upon his luſt wakende
Is ever and wolde that none ende
Were of the longe nightes ſet,
Wherof that thou beware the bet
To telle a tale I am bethought,
How love and ſlepe accorden nought.

Hic dicit, quod vigilia in amantibus, et non ſompnolencia laudanda eſt. Et ponit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno ſilencio auroram amicam ſuam diligencius amplectens ſolem et lunam interpellabat, videlicet quod ſol in circulo ab oriente diſtanciori currum cum luce ſua retardaret, et quod luna ſpera ſua longiſſima orbem circuiens noctem continu-

For love who that liſt to wake
By night, he may enſample take
Of Cephalus, whan that he lay
With Aurora the ſwete may
In armes all the longe night.
But whan it drough toward the light,
That he within his herte ſigh
The day, which was the morwe nigh,
Anone unto the ſonne he preyde
For luſt of love and thus he ſaide :

O Phebus, which the daies light
Governeſt til that it be night
And gladdeſt every creature
After the lawe of thy nature,
But netheles there is a thing,
Whiche only to thy knouleching
Belongeth, as in privete
To love and to his duete,
Whiche axeth nought to ben apert,
But in ſilence and in covert
Deſireth for to be beſhaded.
And thus whan that the light is faded
And veſper ſheweth him alofte
And that the night is longe and ſofte
Under the cloudes derke and ſtille,
Than hath this thing moſt of his wille.
Forthy unto thy mightes high,
As thou, whiche art the daies eye
Of love and might no counſeil hide,
Upon this derke nightes tide
With all min herte I the beſeche,
That I pleſaunce mighte ſeche
With her, which lieth in min armes.
Withdrawe the banner of thin armes
And let thy lightes ben unborne
And in the ſigne of Capricorne
The hous appropred to Satorne,
I prey the, that thou wolt ſojorne,
Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
For I my love have underſonge,

aret, ita ut ipſum Cephalum amplexibus Aurore volutum priuſquam dies illuceſceret ſuis deliciis adquieſcere diucius permittere dignarentur.

Which lith here by my ſide naked
As ſhe, which wolde ben awaked,
And me liſt no thing for to ſlepe,
So were it good to take kepe
Now at this nede of my praiere,
And that the like for to ſtere
Thy firy cart and ſo ordeigne,
That thou thy ſwifte hors reſtreigne
Lowe under erthe in occident,
That they towardes orient
By cercle go the longe wey.
And eke to the, Diane, I prey,
Which cleped art of thy nobleſſe
The nightes mone and the goddeſſe,
That thou to me be gracious
And in Cancro thin owne hous
Ayein Phebus in oppoſite
Stond al this time, and of delite
Behold Venus with a glad eye,
For than upon aſtronomy
Of due conſtellacion
Thou makeſt prolificacion
And doſt that children ben begete,
Which grace if that I might gete
With all min herte I woll ſerve
By night and thy vigile obſerve.
Confeſſor. Lo, thus this luſty Cephalus,
Praid unto Phebe and to Phebus
The night in lengthe for to drawe,
So that he mighte do the lawe

In thilke point of loves hefte,
Which cleped is the nightes fefte
Withoute flepe of fluggardy,
Which Venus oute of compaigny
Hath put awey, as thilke fame,
Which luftles fer from alle game
In chambre doth full ofte wo
A bedde, whan it falleth fo,
That love fhulde ben awaited.
But flouthe, which is evil affaited,
With flepe hath made his retenue,
That what thinge is to love due
Of all his dette he paieth none.
He wot nought, how the night is gone
Ne how the day is come aboute,
But only for to flepe and route,
Til high midday, that he arife.
But Cephalus did otherwife,
As thou, my fone, haft herd above.
My fader, who that hath his love Amans.
A bedde naked by his fide
And wolde than his eyen hide
With flepe, I not what man is he.
But certes as touchend of me,
That fell me never yet er this.
But other while whan fo is,
That I may cacche flepe on honde
Liggend alone, than I fonde
To dreme a mery fweven er day.
And if fo falle, that I may

My thought with ſuch a ſweven pleſe,
Me thenketh I am ſomdele in eſe,
For I none other comfort have.
So nedeth nought, that I ſhall crave
The ſonnes carte for to tarie
Ne yet the mone, that ſhe carie
Her cours alonge upon the heven,
For I am nought the more in even
Towardes love in no degre,
But in my ſlepe yet than I ſe
Somwhat in ſweven of that me liketh,
Whiche afterward min hert entriketh,
Whan that I finde it other wiſe.
So wote I nought of what ſervice
That ſlepe to mannes eſe doth.
Confeſſor. My ſone, certes thou ſaiſt ſoth.
But only that it helpeth kind
Somtime in phiſique as I finde,
Whan it is take by meſure,
But he which can no ſlepe meſure
Upon the reule as it belongeth
Ful ofte of ſodein chaunce he ſongeth
Suche infortune, that him greveth.
But who theſe olde bokes leveth
Of ſompnolence howe it is write,
There may a man the ſothe wite,
If that he wolde enſample take,
That other while is good to wake,
Wherof a tale in poeſy
I thenke for to ſpecify.

Ovide telleth in his ſawes,
How Jupiter by olde dawes
Lay by a maide, whiche Yo
Was cleped, wherof that Juno
His wife was wrothe and the goddeſſe
Of Yo torneth the likeneſſe
Into a cow to gon there oute
The large feldes all aboute
And gette her mete upon the grene.
And therupon this highe quene
Betoke her Argus for to kepe,
For he was ſelden wont to ſlepe
And yet he had an hunderd eyen,
And all aliche wel they ſighen.
Now herken how that he was beguiled.
Mercury, which was all affiled,
This cow to ſtele he came deſguiſed
And had a pipe wel deviſed
Upon the notes of muſique,
Wherof he might his eres like.
And over that he had affaited
His luſty tales and awaited
His time. And thus into the felde
He came, where Argus he behelde
With Yo, which beſide him went,
With that his pipe anon he hent
And gan to pipe in his manere
Thing, which was ſlepy for to here.
And in his piping ever amonge
He tolde him ſuch a luſty ſonge,

Hic loquitur in amoris cauſa contra iſtos, qui ſompnolencie dediti ea, que ſervare tenentur, amittunt, et narrat, quod cum Yo puella pulcherrima a Junone in vaccam transformata et in Argi cuſtodiam ſic depoſita fuiſſet, ſuperveniens Mercurius Argum dormentem occidit et ipſam vaccam a paſtura rapiens, quo voluit, ſecum perduxit.

That he the fool hath brought a ſlepe,
There was none eye that mighte kepe
His hede, which Mercury of-ſmote
And forth with all anone foot hote
He ſtale the cow, whiche Argus kepte,
And all this fel for that he ſlepte.
Enſample it was to many mo,
That mochel ſlepe doth ofte wo,
Whan it is time for to wake.
For if a man this vice take
In ſompnolence and him delite,
Men ſhuld upon his dore write
His epitaphe and on his grave,
For he to ſpille and nought to ſave
Is ſhape, as though he were dede.
Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, hold up thin hede
And let no ſlepe thin eye englue,
But whan it is to reſon due.
Amans. My fader, as touchend of this
Right ſo as I you tolde it is,
That ofte a bedde, whan I ſholde,
I may nought ſlepe, though I wolde.
For love is ever faſte byme,
Which taketh none hede of due time,
For whan I ſhall min eyen cloſe,
Anone min hert he woll oppoſe
And hold his ſcole in ſuch a wiſe,
Till it be day that I ariſe,
That ſelde it is whan that I ſlepe.
And thus fro ſompnolence I kepe

Min eye. And forthy if there be
Ought elles more in this degre
Now axeth forth. My ſone, yis. Confeſſor.
For ſlouthe, whiche as moder is,
The forth drawer and the norice
To man of many a dredful vice,
Hath yet another laſt of alle,
Which many a man hath made to falle,
Where that he might never ariſe,
Wherof for thou the ſhalt aviſe,
Er thou ſo with thy ſelf misfare,
What vice it is, I woll declare.

Nil fortuna juvat, ubi deſperacio ledit. 9.
Quo deſiccat humor, nonærideſcit humus.
Magnanimus ſed amor ſpem ponit et inde ſalutem
Conſequitur, quod ei proſpera fata favent.

Hic loquitur ſuper ultima ſpecie accidie, que triſticia ſive deſperacio dicitur, cuius obſtinata condicio tocius conſolacionis ſpem deponens alicuius remedii, quo liberari poterit, fortunam ſibi evenire impoſſibile credit.

Whan ſlouth hath don all that he may
To drive forth the longe day,
Till it become to the nede,
Than ate laſt upon the dede
He loketh how his time is lore,
And is ſo wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought conceiveth
Triſteſſe and ſo him ſelf deceiveth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,
Where is no comfort to beginne.
But every joy him is deſlaied,
So that within his herte affraied
A thouſand time with one breth
Wepend he wiſſheth after deth,

Whan he fortune fint adverſe.
For than he woll his hope reherſe,
As though his world were all forlore,
And ſaith: Alas, that I was bore,
How ſhall I live? how ſhall I do?
For now fortune is thus my fo,
I wot well god me woll nought helpe,
What ſhulde I than of joies yelpe,
Whan there no bote is of my care.
So overcaſt is my welfare,
That I am ſhapen all to ſtrife.
Helas, that I nere of this life,
Er I be fullich overtake.
And thus he woll his ſorwe make,
As god him mighte nought availe.
But yet ne woll he nought travaile
To helpe him ſelf at ſuche a nede,
But ſloutheth under ſuche a drede,
Whiche is affermed in his herte
Right as he mighte nought aſterte
The worldes wo, which he is inne.
Alſo whan he is falle in ſinne,
Him thenketh he is ſo fer coulpable,
That god woll nought be merciable
So great a ſinne to foryive.
And thus he leveth to be ſhrive.
And if a man in thilke throwe
Wold him counſeile, he wol nought knowe
The ſothe, though a man it finde.
For triſteſſe is of ſuche a kinde,

That for to mainten his foly,
He hath with him obſtinacy, Obſtinacio eſt contradictio veritatis agnite.
Which is within of ſuche a ſlouth,
That he forſaketh alle trouth
And woll unto no reſon bowe.
And yet ne can he nought abowe
His owne ſkille, but of hede
Thus dwineth he, till he be dede
In hindring of his owne eſtate.
For where a man is obſtinate,
Wanhope folweth ate laſte,
Which may nought longe after laſte,
Till ſlouthe make of him an ende.
But god wot whider he ſhall wende.
My ſone, and right in ſuch manere, Confeſſor.
There be lovers of hevy chere,
That ſorwen more than is nede,
Whan they be taried of her ſpede
And conne nought hem ſelven rede,
But leſen hope for to ſpede
And ſtinten love to purſue.
And thus they faden hide and hewe
And luſtles in her hertes waxe.
Herof it is that I wolde axe,
If thou, my ſone, arte one of tho?
Ha, gode fader, it is ſo, Confeſſio amantis.
Outtake o point, I am beknowe.
For elles I am overthrowe
In all that ever ye have ſaide,
My ſorwe is evermore unteide

And ſecheth over all my veines.
But for to counſeile of my peines,
I can no bote do therto.
And thus withouten hope I go,
So that my wittes ben empeired
And I as who ſaith am diſpeired
To winne love of thilke ſwete,
Withoute whom, I you behete,
Min herte, that is ſo beſtadde,
Right inly never may be gladde.
For by my trouth I ſhall nought lie
Of pure ſorwe, whiche I drie,
For that ſhe ſaith ſhe will me nought,
With drecchinge of min owne thought
In ſuche a wanhope I am falle,
That I ne can unnethes calle
As for to ſpeke of any grace
My ladies mercy to purchace.
But yet I ſaie nought for this,
That all in my default it is,
That I cam never yet in ſtede,
Whan time was, that I my bede
Ne ſaide, and as I dorſte tolde.
But never found I, that ſhe wolde
For ought ſhe knewe of min entent
To ſpeke a goodly worde aſſent.
And netheles this dare I ſay,
That if a ſinfull wolde prey
To god of his foryiveneſſe
With half ſo great a beſineſſe,

As I have do to my lady
In lack of axing of mercy,
He ſhulde never come in helle.
And thus I may you ſothly telle
Sauf only that I crie and bidde,
I am in triſteſſe all amidde
And fulfilled of deſperaunce.
And therof yef me my penaunce,
Min holy fader, as you liketh.
My ſone, of that thin herte ſiketh
With ſorwe might thou nought amende,
Till love his grace woll the ſende,
For thou thin owne cauſe empeireſt,
What time as thou thy ſelf deſpeireſt.
I not what other thinge availeth
Of hope, whan the herte faileth,
For ſuche a ſore is incurable,
And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man may right well frede
Theſe olde bokes who ſo rede
Of thing, which hath befalle er this,
Now here, of what enſample it is.
Whilom by olde daies fer
Of Meſe was the king Theucer,
Whiche had a knight to ſone Iphis.
Of love and he ſo maſtred is,
That he hath ſet all his corage
As to reward of his lignage
Upon a maide of lowe eſtate.
But though he were a poteſtate

Confeſſor.

Hic narrat, qualiter Iphis, regis Theucri filius, ob amorem cuiuſdam puelle nomine Araxarathen, quam neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, deſperans ante patris ipſius puelle januas noctanter ſe ſuſpendit, unde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem duriſſimam tranſmutarunt, quam

rex Theucer una cum filio suo apud civitatem Salaminam in templo Veneris pro perpetua memoria sepeliri et locari fecit.

Of worldes good, he was subgit
To love and put in suche a plite,
That he excedeth the mesure
Of reson, that him self assure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The lasse love on him she laid.
He was with love unwise constreigned,
And she with reson was restreigned.
The lustes of his herte he sueth,
And she for drede shame eschueth,
And as she shulde, toke good hede
To save and kepe her womanhede.
And thus the thing stood in debate
Betwene his lust and her estate,
He yaf, he send, he spake by mouth,
But yet for ought that ever he couth
Unto his spede he found no wey,
So that he cast his hope awey.
Within his hert he gan despeire
Fro day to day and so empeire,
That he hath lost all his delite
Of lust, of slepe, of appetite,
That he through strength of love lasseth
His wit and reson overpasseth
As he, whiche of his life ne rought.
His deth upon him self he sought,
So that by night his wey he nam,
There wiste none, where he becam.
The night was derk, there shone no mone,
To-fore the gates he cam sone,

Where that this yonge maiden was,
And with this wofull worde, helas,
His dedly pleintes he began
So ſtille, that there was no man
It herde, and than he ſaide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whoſe ordenaunce
Of love is every mannes chaunce.
Ye knowen all min hole hert,
That I ne may your hond aſtert,
On you is ever that I crie,
And you deigneth nought to plie
Ne toward me your ere encline.
Thus for I ſe no medicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My deth ſhall be in ſtede of hele.
Ha, thou my wofull lady dere,
Which dwelleſt with thy fader here
And ſlepeſt in thy bedde at eſe,
Thou woſt nothing of my diſeſe,
How thou and I be now unmete.
Ha lord, what ſweven ſhalt thou mete?
What dremes haſt thou now on honde?
Thou ſlepeſt there, and I here ſtonde,
Though I no deth to the deſerve.
Here ſhall I for thy love ſterve,
Here ſhall I a kings ſone deie
For love and for no felony,
Wheder thou therof have joy or ſorwe,
Here ſhalt thou ſe me dede to morwe.

O herte hard aboven alle,
This deth, which ſhall to me befalle,
For that thou wol nought do my grace,
Yet ſhall be tolde in many a place,
That I am dede for love and trouth
In thy defaulte and in thy ſlouth,
Thy daunger ſhall to many mo
Enſample be for evermo,
Whan they my wofull deth recorde.
And with that worde he toke a corde,
With which upon the gate tre
He henge him ſelf, that was pite.
The morwe cam, the night is gone,
Men comen out and ſigh anone,
Where that this yonge lord was dede.
There was an hous withoute rede,
For no man knewe the cauſe why,
There was wepinge, there was cry.
This maiden, whan that ſhe it herde
And ſigh this thing howe it misferde,
Anone ſhe wiſte what it ment
And all the cauſe how it went,
To all the world ſhe tolde it out
And preith to hem, that were about,
To take of her the vengeaunce,
For ſhe was cauſe of thilke chaunce,
Why that this kinges ſone is ſpilt.
She taketh upon her ſelf the gilt
And is all redy to the peine,
Whiche any man her wold ordeigne.

And but if any other wolde,
She ſaith, that ſhe her ſelve ſholde
Do wreche with her owne honde,
Through out the worlde in every londe
That every life therof ſhall ſpeke,
How ſhe her ſelf it ſhulde wreke.
She wepeth, ſhe crieth, ſhe ſwouneth ofte,
She caſt her eyen up alofte
And ſaid among full pitouſly:
O god, thou woſt wel it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beſeine,
Ordeigne ſo, that men may ſaine
A thouſand winter after this,
How ſuche a maiden did amis,
And as I didde do to me,
For I ne didde no pite
To him, which for my love is lore,
Do no pite to me therfore.
And with this word ſhe fell to grounde
A ſwoune, and there ſhe lay aſtounde.
  The goddes, which her pleintes herd
And ſigh how wofully ſhe ferd,
Her life they toke awey anone
And ſhopen her into a ſtone
After the forme of her ymage
Of body both and of viſage.
And for the merveile of this thing
Unto this place came the king
And eke the quene and many mo,
And whan they wiſten it was ſo,

As I have tolde it here above,
How that Iphis was dede for love,
Of that he hadde be refuſed,
They helden alle men excuſed
And wondren upon the vengeaunce.
And for to kepe remembraunce
This faire ymage maiden liche
With compaignie noble and riche
With torche and great ſolempnite
To Salamine the cite
They lede and carie forth withall
This dede corps, and ſaine it ſhall
Beſide thilke ymage have
His ſepulture and be begrave.
This corps and this ymage thus
Into the cite to Venus,
Where that goddeſſe her temple had,
To-gider bothe two they lad.
This ilke ymage as for miracle
Was ſet upon an high pinacle
That alle men it mighte knowe,
And under that they maden lowe
A tombe riche for the nones
Of marbre and eke of jaſpre ſtones,
Wherin that Iphis was beloken
That evermore it ſhall be ſpoken.
And for men ſhall the ſothe wite
They have her epitaphe write
As thing, which ſhulde abide ſtable,
The letters graven in a table

Of marbre were and ſaiden this:
Here lith, which ſloughe him ſelf, Iphis
For love of Araxarathen,
And in enſample of tho women,
That ſuffren men to deie ſo,
Her forme a man may ſe alſo,
How it is torned fleſhe and bone
Into the figure of a ſtone.
He was to neiſh and ſhe to harde,
Beware forthy here afterwarde,
Ye men and women bothe two,
Enſampleth you of that was tho.
Lo thus, my ſone, as I the ſay Confeſſor.
It greveth by diverſe way
In deſeſpeire a man to falle,
Which is the laſte braunch of alle
Of ſlouthe, as thou haſt herd deviſe,
Wherof that thou thy ſelf aviſe.
Good is er that thou be deceived,
Wher that the grace of hope is weived.
My fader, how ſo that it ſtonde, Amans.
Now have I pleinly underſtonde
Of ſlouthes court the properte,
Wherof touchend in my degre
For ever I thenke to beware.
But over this ſo as I dare
With all min hert I you beſeche,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your appriſe
In love als well as otherwiſe,

So that I may me clene ſhrive.
Confeſſor. My ſone, while thou art alive
And haſt alſo thy fulle minde,
Among the vices, which I finde,
There is yet one ſuch of the ſeven,
Which all this world hath ſet uneven
And cauſeth many thinges wronge,
Where he the cauſe hath underfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou ſhalt here
The forme bothe and the matere.

Explicit liber quartus.

Incipit Liber Quintus.

Obſtat avaricia nature legibus, et que 1.
Largus amor poſcit, ſtrictius illa vetat.
Omne, quod eſt nimium, vicioſum dicitur aurum,
Vellera ſicut oves ſervat avarus opes.
Non decet, ut ſoli ſervabitur es, ſed amori
Debet homo ſolam ſolus habere ſuam.

FIRST whan the highe god began
This worlde and that the kind of man
Was fall into no gret encreſs,
For worldes good was tho no preſs,
But all was ſet to the comune,
They ſpeken than of no fortune
Or for to leſe or for to winne,
Till avarice brought it inne.
And that was whan the world was woxe
Of man, of hors, of ſhepe, of oxe,
And that men knewen the money,
Tho wente pees out of the wey
And werre came on every ſide,
Whiche alle love laid aſide

Hic in quinto libro intendit confeſſor tractare de avaricia, que omnium malorum radix eſſe dicitur, necnon de eiuſdem vicii ſpeciebus, et primum ipſius avaricie naturam deſcribens amanti quatenus amorem concernit ſuper hoc ſpecialius opponit.

And of comun his propre made,
So that in ſtede of ſhovel and ſpade
The ſharpe ſwerd was take on honde.
And in this wiſe it cam to londe,
Wherof men maden diches depe
And highe walles for to kepe
The gold, which avarice encloſeth.
But all to litel him ſuppoſeth,
Though he might all the world purchaſe.
For what thing, that he may embrace
Of golde, of catel or of londe,
He let it never out of his honde,
But get him more and halt it faſt,
As though the world ſhuld ever laſt.
So is he lich unto the helle,
For as theſe olde bokes telle,
What cometh ther in laſs or more
It ſhall departe nevermore.
Thus whan he hath his cofre loken,
It ſhall nought after ben unſtoken,
But whan him liſt to have a ſight
Of gold, how that it ſhineth bright,
That he theron may loke and muſe,
For otherwiſe he dare nought uſe
To take his part or laſſe or more.
So is he pouer, and evermore
Him lacketh, that he hath inough.
An oxe draweth in the plough
Of that him ſelf hath no profite,
A ſhep right in the ſame plite

His wolle bereth, but on a day
An other taketh the flees away.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath,
For he therof his part ne tath,
To ſay how ſuche a man hath good
Who ſo that reſon underſtood
It is unproperliche ſaid,
That good hath him and halt him taid,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
But is unto his good a thrall
And a ſubgit thus ſerveth he,
Where that he ſhulde maiſter be,
Suche is the kinde of thavarous.
My ſone, as thou art amorous, Confeſſor.
Tell if thou fare of love ſo.
My fader, as it ſemeth no, Confeſſio amantis.
That avarous yet never I was,
So as ye ſetten me the cas.
For as ye tolden here above
In full poſſeſſion of love
Yet was I never here to-fore,
So that me thenketh well therfore,
I may excuſe well my dede.
But of my will withoute drede
If I that treſor mighte gete,
It ſhulde never be foryete,
That I ne wolde it faſte holde,
Till god of love him ſelve wolde,
That deth us ſhuld departe atwo.
For leveth well, I love her ſo,

That even with min owne life,
If I that ſwete luſty wife
Might ones welden at my wille,
For ever I wold her holde ſtille.
And in this wiſe taketh kepe,
If I her had, I wolde her kepe
And yet no friday wolde I faſt,
Though I her kepte and helde faſt.
Fy on the bagges in the kiſt,
I had inough, if I her kiſt.
For certes if ſhe were min,
I had her lever than a mine
Of gold, for all this worldes riche
Ne mighte make me ſo riche
As ſhe, that is ſo inly good.
I ſette nought of other good,
For might I gette ſuch a thing,
I had a treſor for a king.
And though I wolde it faſte holde,
I were thanne wel beholde.
But I might pipe now with laſſe
And ſuffre that it overpaſſe,
Nought with my will, for thus I wolde
Ben avarous if that I ſholde.
But fader, I you herde ſay,
How thavarous hath yet ſome way,
Wherof he may be glad. For he
May, whan him liſt, his treſor ſe
And grope and fele it all aboute.
But I full ofte am ſhet theroute,

There as my worthy tresor is,
So is my life lich unto this,
That ye me tolden here to-fore,
How that an oxe his yoke hath bore
For thing that shulde him nought availe.
And in this wise I me travaile.
For who that ever hath the welfare
I wot wel that I have the care,
For I am had and nought ne have
And am as who saith loves knave.
Now demeth in your owne thought,
If this be avarice or nought.

My sone, I have of the no wonder, Confessor.
Though thou to serve be put under
With love, which to kinde accordeth.
But so as every boke recordeth,
It is to finde no plesaunce,
That men above his sustenaunce
Unto the gold shall serve and bowe,
For that may no reson avowe.
But avarice netheles,
If he may geten his encres
Of gold, that wold he serve and kepe,
For he taketh of nought elles kepe,
But for to fille his bagges large,
And all is to him but a charge,
For he ne parteth nought withall,
But kepeth it, as a servaunt shall,
And thus though that he multiply
His golde, without tresory

He is, for man is nought amended
With gold, but if it be despended
To mannes use, wherof I rede
A tale and take therof good hede
Of that befell by olde tide,
As telleth us the clerke Ovide.

Hic loquitur contra istos avaros et narrat, qualiter Mida rex Frigie Cillenum Bachi sacerdotem, quem rustici vinculis ferreis alligarunt, dissolvit et in hospicium suum benignissime recollegit, pro quo Bachus quodcunque munus rex exigere vellet donare concessit. Unde rex avaricia ductus, ut quicquid tangeret in aurum converteretur, indiscrete peciit. Quo facto postea contigit, quod cibos cum ipse sumere vellet in aurum conversos manducare non potuit. Et sic percipiens aurum pro tunc non posse sibi valere illud auferri et tunc ea, que victui sufficerent necessaria, iteratis precibus a deo mitissime postulavit.

Bachus, which is the god of wine,
Accordant unto his divine
A prest, the which Cillenus hight,
He had, and fell so, that by night
This prest was drunke and goth astraied,
Wherof the men were evil apaied
In Frigilond, where as he went.
But ate last a cherle him hent
With strength of other felaship,
So that upon his drunkeship
They bounden him with cheines faste
And forth they lad him also faste
Unto the king, which highte Mide.
But he that wolde his vice hide
This curteis king toke of him hede
And bad, that men him shulde lede
Into a chambre for to kepe,
Till he of leiser hadde slepe.
And tho this prest was sone unbound
And up a couche fro the ground
To slepe he was laid soft inough.
And whan he woke, the king him drough
To his presence and did him chere,
So that this prest in such manere,

While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth
And al this he to Bachus telleth,
Whan that he cam to him ayein.
And whan that Bachus herde ſain,
How Mide hath done his curteſy,
Him thenketh, it were a vilany,
But he reward him for his dede,
So as he might of his godhede.
Unto this king this god appereth
And clepeth, and that other hereth.
This god to Mide thonketh faire
Of that he was ſo debonaire
Toward his preſt, and bad him ſay
What thinge it were he wolde pray,
He ſhulde it have of worldes good.
This king was glad and ſtille ſtood
And was of his axinge in doubte
And all the worlde he caſt aboute,
What thing was beſt for his eſtate.
And with him ſelf ſtood in debate
Upon thre pointes, which I finde
Ben leveſt unto mannes kinde.
The firſt of hem it is delite,
The two ben worſhip and profite.
And than he thought, if that I crave
Delite, though I delite may have,
Delite ſhall paſſen in my age
That is no ſiker avauntage.
For every joie bodely
Shall ende in wo, delite forthy

Woll I nought chese, and if worship
I axe and of the world lordship,
That is an occupation
Of proude ymagination,
Which maketh an herte vein withinne,
There is no certain for to winne,
For lorde and knave is all o wey,
Whan they be bore, and whan they deie.
And if I profite axe wolde,
I not in what maner I sholde
Of worldes good have sikernesse,
For every these upon richesse
Awaiteth for to robbe and stele.
Such good is cause of harmes fele,
And also though a man at ones
Of all the world within his wones
The tresor might have every dele,
Yet had he but one mannes dele
Toward him self, so as I thinke
Of clothing and of mete and drinke,
For more out take vanite
There hath no lord in his degre.
   And thus upon these points diverse
Diverselich he gan reherce,
What point it thought him for the best.
But pleinly for to get him rest
He can no siker waie cast,
And netheles yet ate laste
He fell upon the covetise
Of gold, and than in sondry wise

He thought, as I have ſaid to-fore,
How treſor may be ſone lore,
And hadde an inly great deſir
Touchende of ſuch recoverir,
How that he might his cauſe availe
To gete him gold withoute faile.
Within his hert and thus he preiſeth
The gold and ſaith, how that he peiſeth
Above all other metal moſt,
The gold, he ſaith, may lede an hoſte
To make werre ayein a king,
The gold put under alle thing,
And ſet it whan him liſt above,
The gold can make of hate love
And werre of pees and right of wrong
And long to ſhort and ſhort to long,
Withoute gold may be no feſt,
Gold is the lord of man and beſt
And may hem bothe beie and ſelle,
So that a man may ſothly telle
That all the world to golde obeieth.
  Forthy this king to Bachus preieth
To graunt him gold, but he excedeth
Meſure more than him nedeth.
Men tellen, that the malady,
Which cleped is ydropeſy
Reſembled is unto this vice
By way of kinde of avarice,
The more ydropeſy drinketh,
The more him thurſteth, for him thinketh,

That he may never drink his fille.
So that there may no thing fulfille
The luſtes of his appetite.
And right in ſuch a maner plite
Stant avarice and ever ſtood,
The more he hath of worldes good,
The more he wolde it kepe ſtreite
And ever more and more coveite,
And right in ſuch condicion
Withoute good diſcrecion
This king with avarice is ſmitte,
That all the worlde it mighte witte.
For he to Bachus thanne preide,
That therupon his honde he leide,
It ſhulde through his touche anone
Become gold, and therupon
This god him graunteth as he bad.
Though was this kinge of Frige glad.
And for to put it in aſſay
With all the haſte that he may
He toucheth that, he toucheth this,
And in his hond all gold it is,
The ſtone, the tre, the leef, the gras,
The flour, the fruit all gold it was.
Thus toucheth he, while he may laſte
To go, but hunger ate laſte
Him toke ſo, that he muſt nede
By wey of kinde his hunger fede.
The cloth was laid, the bord was ſet
And all was forth to-fore him ſet

His disſh, his cup, his drink, his mete,
But whan he wolde or drinke or ete
Anone as it his mouth cam nigh
It was all gold, and than he ſigh
Of avarice the folie.
And he with that began to crie
And preide Bachus to foryive
His gilt and ſuffre him for to live
And be ſuch, as he was to-fore,
So that he were nought forlore.
This god which herd of this grevaunce
Toke routhe upon his repentaunce
And bad him go forth redely
Unto a flood was faſte by,
Which Paceole thanne hight,
In whiche als clene as ever he might
He ſhuld him waſhen overall,
And ſaid him thanne that he ſhall
Recover his firſt eſtate ayein.
This king right as he herde ſain
Into the flood goth fro the lond
And wiſh him bothe fote and hond
And ſo forth all the remenaunt
As him was ſet in covenaunt,
And than he ſigh merveiles ſtraunge,
The flood his colour gan to chaunge,
The gravel with the ſmale ſtones
To gold they torne both atones,
And he was quite of that he hadde,
And thus fortune his chaunce ladde.

And whan he ſigh his touch awey,
He goth him home the right wey
And liveth forth as he did er
And put all avarice afer
And the richeſſe of gold deſpiſeth
And ſaith, that mete and cloth ſuffiſeth.
Thus hath this king experience,
How fooles done the reverence
To gold, which of his owne kinde
Is laſſe worth than is the rinde
To ſuſtenaunce of mannes food.
And than he made lawes good
And all his thing ſet upon ſkille,
He bad his people for to tille
Her lond and live under the lawe,
And that they ſhulde alſo forth drawe
Beſtaile and ſeche none encrees
Of gold, whiche is the breche of pees.
For this a man may finde write,
To-fore the time, er gold was ſmite
In coigne, that men the florein knewe,
There was wel nighe no man untrewe,
Tho was there nouther ſhield ne ſpere
Ne dedly wepen for to bere,
Tho was the town withouten walle,
Which nowe is cloſed over alle,
Tho was there no brocage in lond,
Which now taketh every cauſe on hond.
So may men knowe, how the florein
Was moder firſt of malengin

And bringer in of alle werre,
Wherof this world ſtant out of herre,
Through the counſeil of avarice,
Whiche of his owne propre vice
Is as the helle wonderful,
For it may nevermore be full,
That what as ever cometh therinne
A wey ne may it never winne.
But ſone min, do thou nought ſo,
Let all ſuche avarice go
And take thy part of that thou haſt,
I bidde nought that thou do waſt,
But hold largeſſe in his meſure.
And if thou ſe a creature,
Which through pouerte is falle in nede,
Yef him ſome good, for this I rede
To him that wol nought yeven here,
What peine he ſhal have elles where,
There is a pein amonges alle
Benethe in helle, which men calle
The wofull peine of Tantaly,
Of which I ſhall the redely
Deviſe how men therin ſtonde.
In helle thou ſhalt underſtonde
There is a flood of thilke office,
Which ſerveth all for avarice,
What man that ſtonde ſhall therinne
He ſtant up even to the chinne.
Above his hede alſo there hongeth
A fruit, which to that peine longeth,

Nota de pena Tantali, cuius amara ſitis dampnatos torquet avaros.

And that fruit toucheth ever in one
His overlippe, and therupon
Such thirſt and hunger him aſſaileth,
That never his appetite ne faileth.
But whan he wolde his hunger fede,
The fruit withdraweth him at nede,
And though he heve his hede on high,
The fruit is ever aliche nigh,
So is the hunger wel the more.
And alſo though him thurſte ſore
And to the water bowe adown,
The flood in ſuch condicion
Avaleth, that his drinke arecche
He may nought. Lo now, whiche a wreche,
That mete and drinke is him ſo couth
And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
Lich to the peines of this flood
Stant avarice in worldes good,
He hath inough and yet him nedeth,
For his ſcarceneſſe it him forbedeth
And ever his hunger after more
Travaileth him aliche ſore,
So is he peined overall.
Forthy thy goodes forth withal,
My ſone, loke thou deſpende,
Wherof thou might thy ſelf amende
Both here and eke in other place.
And alſo if thou wolt purchace
To be beloved, thou muſt uſe
Largeſſe, for if thou refuſe

To yive for thy loves ſake,
It is no reſon that thou take
Of love, that thou woldeſt crave.
Forthy if thou wolt grace have,
Be gracious and do largeſſe,
Of avarice, and the ſikeneſſe
Eſcheue above all other thinge
And take enſample of Mide the kinge
And of the flood of helle alſo,
Where is inough of alle wo.
And though there were no matere
But onely that we finden here,
Men oughten avarice eſchue,
For what man thilke vice ſue,
He gete him ſelf but litel reſt.
For how ſo that the body reſt,
The hert upon the gold travaileth,
Whom many a nightes drede aſſaileth.
For though he ligge a bedde naked,
His herte is evermore awaked
And dremeth, as he lith to ſlepe,
How beſy that he is to kepe
His treſor, that no thefe it ſtele.
Thus hath he but a wofull wele,
And right ſo in the ſame wiſe,
If thou thy ſelf wolt wel aviſe,
There be lovers of ſuche inow,
That wolle unto reſon bowe,
If ſo be that they come above,
Whan they ben maiſters of her love

And that they ſhulden be moſt glad
With love, they ben moſt beſtad,
So fain they wolden it holden all.
Her herte, her eye is overall,
And wenen every man be a thefe
To ſtele awey that hem is lefe,
Thus through her owne fantaſy
They fallen into jelouſy.
Than hath the ſhip to-brok his cable
With every winde and is mevable.

Amans. My fader, for that ye now telle,
I have herd oftetime telle
Of jelouſy, but what it is
Yet underſtode I never er this,
Wherfore I wolde you beſeche,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche
What maner thing it mighte be.

Confeſſor. My ſone, that is hard to me,
But netheles as I have herd,
Now herken and thou ſhalt be anſwerd.

Nota de Jelouſia, cuius fantaſtica ſuſpicio amorem quemvis fideliſſimum multociens ſine cauſa corruptum ymaginatur.

Among the men lack of manhode
In mariage upon wif-hode
Maketh that a man him ſelf deceiveth,
Wherof it is, that he conceiveth
That ilke unſely malady,
The whiche is cleped jelouſy,
Of whiche if I the proprete
Shall telle after the nicete,
So as it worcheth on a man,
A fever it is cotidian,

Whiche every day wol come aboute,
Where ſo a man be in or oute,
At home if that a man wol wone,
This fever is than of comun wone
Moſt grevous in a mannes eye,
For than he maketh him tote and pry,
Where ſo as ever his love go,
She ſhall nought with her litel toe
Miſteppe, but he ſe it all.
His eye is walkend overall,
Where that ſhe ſinge or that ſhe daunce,
He ſeeth the leſt countenaunce,
If ſhe loke on a man aſide
Or with him rowne at any tide,
Or that ſhe laugh, or that ſhe loure,
His eye is there at every houre.
And whan it draweth to the night,
If ſhe than be withoute light,
Anone is all the game ſhent.
For than he ſet his parlement
To ſpeke it whan he cometh to bed
And ſaith: If I were now to wed,
I wolde never more have wiſe.
And ſo he torneth into ſtrife
The luſt of loves duete
And al upon diverſite.
If ſhe be fresſhe and well arraied,
He ſaith her banner is deſplaied
To clepe in geſtes by the way,
And if ſhe be nought wel beſey

And that her list nought to be glad,
He bereth on honde that she is mad
And loveth nought her husbonde.
He saith, he may wel understonde,
That if she wolde his compaignie,
She shulde than afore his eye
Shew all the plesure that she might,
So that by daie ne by night
She not what thing is for the best,
But liveth out of alle rest.
For what as ever him list to sain,
She dare nought speke o worde ayein,
But wepeth and holt her lippes close.
She may wel write: Sans repose,
The wife, which is to such one maried
Of alle women be he waried,
For with his fever of jelousy
His eche daies fantasy
Of sorwe is ever aliche grene,
So that there is no love sene,
While that him list at home abide.
And whan so is he woll out ride,
Than hath he redy his aspy
Abiding in her compaigny
A jangler, an evil mouthed one,
That she ne may no whider gone
Ne speke o word, ne ones loke,
But he ne wol it wende and croke
And torne after his owne entent,
Though she no thing but honour ment.

Whan that the lord cometh home ayein
The jangler muſt ſomwhat ſain.
So what withoute and what withinne
This fever is ever to beginne,
For where he cometh he can nought ende,
Til deth of him hath made an ende.
For though ſo be, that he ne here
Ne ſe ne wite in no manere
But all honoure and womanhede,
Therof the jelous taketh none hede,
But as a man to love unkinde
He caſt his ſtafe and as the blinde
And fint defaulte where is none,
As who ſo dremeth on a ſtone
How he is laid and groneth ofte,
Whan he lieth on his pilwes ſofte,
So is there nought but ſtrife and cheſt,
Whan love ſhulde make his feſt.
It is great thing if he her kiſſe.
Thus hath ſhe loſt the nightes bliſſe,
For at ſuch time he gruccheth ever
And bereth on honde, there is a lever,
And that ſhe wolde another were
In ſtede of him abedde there.
And with tho wordes and with mo
Of jelouſy he torneth fro
And lith upon his other ſide,
And ſhe with that draweth her aſide
And there ſhe wepeth all the night.
Ha, to what peine ſhe is dight

That in her youth hath so beset
The bond, which may nought ben unknet.
I wot the time is ofte cursed,
That ever was the gold unpursed,
The which was laid upon the boke,
Whan that all other she forsoke
For love of him, but all to late
She pleigneth, for as than algate
She mot forbere and to him bowe,
Though he ne wolde it allowe,
For man is lord of thilke faire,
So may the woman but empeire,
If she speke ought ayein his wille,
And thus she bereth her peine stille.
But if this fever a woman take
She shall be wel more harde shake,
For though she bothe se and here
And finde that there is no matere,
She dare but to her selve pleigne,
And thus she suffreth double peine.
Confessor. Lo thus, my sone, as I have write,
Thou might of jelousie wite
His fever and his condicion,
Which is full of suspicion.
But wherof that this fever groweth,
Who so these olde bokes troweth,
There may he finde how it is,
For they us teche and telle this,
How that this fever of jelousy
Somdele it groweth of soty

Of love and somdele of untrust.
For as a sikman lest his lust,
And whan he may no savour gete,
He hateth than his owne mete,
Right so this feverous malady,
Which caused is of fantasy,
Maketh the jelous in feble plite
To lese of love his appetite
Through feigned enformacion
Of his ymaginacion.
But finally to taken hede
Men may wel make a liklyhede
Betwene him, whiche is avarous
Of golde, and him that is jelous
Of love, for in o degre
They stonde both, as semeth me,
That one wold have his bagges still
And nought departen with his will
And dare nought for the theves slepe,
So faine he wolde his tresor kepe,
That other may nought well be glad,
For he is evermore adrad
Of these lovers, that gone aboute
In aunter, if they put him oute.
So have they bothe litel joy
As wel of love as of money.
  Now hast thou, sone, of my teching
Of jelousy a knouleching,
That thou might understonde this,
Fro whenne he cometh and what he is,

And eke to whom that he is like.
Beware forthy thou be nought ſike
Of thilke fever, as I have ſpoke,
For it woll in him ſelf be wroke.
For love hateth no thing more,
As men may finde by the lore
Of hem, that whilom were wiſe,
How that they ſpeke in many wiſe.

Amans.

My fader, ſoth is that ye ſain,
But for to loke there ayein
Before this time how it is falle,
Wherof there might enſample falle
To ſuche men as ben jelous
In what maner it is grevous,
Right fain I wolde enſample here.

Confeſſor.

My gode ſone, at thy praiere
Of ſuche enſamples as I finde,
So as they comen now to minde
Upon this point of time gone,
I thenke for to tellen one.

Hic ponit exemplum contra iſtos maritos, quos jelouſia maculavit, et narrat, qualiter Vulcanus, cuius uxor Venus extitit, ſuſpicionem inter ipſam et Martem concipiens eorum geſtus diligencius explorabat, unde contigit, quod cum ipſe quadam vice ambos inter ſe pariter amplexantes in lecto nudos invenit, exclamans omnem cetum deorum et dea-

Ovide wrote of many thinges,
Among the whiche in his writinges
He told a tale in poeſy,
Which toucheth unto jelouſy
Upon a certain cas of love.
Among the goddes al above
It felle at thilke time thus.
The god of fire, which Vulcanus
Is hote and hath a craft forth with
Aſſigned for to be the ſmith

Of Jupiter, and his figure
Both of visage and of stature
Is lothly and malgracious.
But yet he hath within his hous
As for the liking of his life
The faire Venus to his wife.
But Mars, which of batailles is
The god, an eye had unto this,
As he which was chivalerous.
It felle him to ben amorous,
And thought it was a great pite
To se so lusty one as she
Be coupled with so lourd a wight,
So that his peine day and night
He did, if he her winne might.
And she, that had a good insight
Toward so noble a knightly lord,
In love fel of his accord.
There lacketh nought but time and place,
That he nis siker of her grace.
But whan two hertes fallen in one,
So wise a wait was never none,
That at sometime they ne mete.
And thus this faire lusty swete
With Mars hath ofte compaigny.
But thilke unkinde jelousy,
Which evermore the herte opposeth,
Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
That it is nought wel overall,
And to him self he said, he shall

rum ad tantum spectaculum convocavit, super quo tamen derisum pocius quam remedium a tota cohorte consecutus est.

Aſpie better, if that he may.
And ſo it felle upon a day,
That he this thing ſo ſlightly ledde,
He founde hem bothe two abedde,
All warme, echone with other naked.
And he with crafte all redy maked
Of ſtronge cheines hath hem bounde,
As he to-gider hem had founde,
And lefte hem both ligge ſo
And gan to clepe and crie tho
Unto the goddes all aboute.
And they aſſembled in a route
Come all at ones for to ſe,
But none amendes hadde he,
But was rebuked here and there
Of hem, that loves frendes were,
And ſaiden that he was to blame,
For if there felle him any ſhame
It was through his miſgovernaunce,
And thus he loſte contenaunce
This god and let his cauſe falle.
And they to ſcorne him laughen alle
And loſen Mars out of his bondes.
Wherof theſe erthely huſbondes
For ever might enſample take,
If ſuche a chaunce hem overtake.
For Vulcanus his wife bewraide,
The blame upon him ſelf he laide,
Wherof his ſhame was the more,
Whiche oughte for to ben a lore.

For every man, that liveth here,
To reulen him in this matere,
Though ſuch an happe of love aſterte,
Yet ſhuld he nought apoint his herte
With jelouſy of that is wrought,
But feigne, as though he wiſt it nought.
For if he let it over paſſe,
The ſclaunder ſhall be wel the laſſe,
And he the more in eſe ſtonde.
For this thou might well underſtonde,
That where a man ſhall nedes leſe,
The leſte harme is for to cheſe.
But jelouſy of his untriſt
Maketh that ful many an harme ariſt,
Which elles ſhulde nought ariſe.
And if a man him wolde aviſe
Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
Him ought of reſon thenke thus,
That ſith a god was therof ſhamed,
Wel ſhuld an erthely man be blamed
To take upon him ſuche a vice.
  Forthy my ſone, in thine office — Confeſſor.
Beware, that thou be nought jelous,
Whiche ofte time hath ſhent the hous.
  My fader, this enſample is hard, — Amans.
How ſuch thing to the hevenward
Among the goddes mighte falle.
For there is but o god of alle,
Which is the lord of heven and helle.
But if it like you to telle

How ſuche goddes come aplace,
Ye mighten mochel thank purchace,
For I ſhall be wel taught withall.

Confeſſor. My ſone, it is thus overall
With hem, that ſtonden miſbeleved,
That ſuche goddes ben beleved
In ſondry place, ſondry wiſe
Amonges hem, which be unwiſe,
There is betaken of credence,
Wherof that I the difference
In the maner as it is write
Shall do the pleinly for to wite.

2. *Gentibus illuſis ſignantur templa deorum,*
Unde deos cecos nacio ceca colit.
Nulla creatori racio facit eſſe creatum
Equiparans, quoad huc jura pagana fovent.

Quia ſecundum poetarum fabulas in huiuſmodi libelli locis quampluribus nomina et geſtus deorum falſorum intitulantur, quorum infidelitas ut Criſtianis clarius innoteſcat, intendit de ipſorum origine ſecundum varias paganorum ſectas ſcribere, conſequenter et primo defecta Caldeorum tractare proponit.

Er Criſt was bore among us here
Of the beleves, that tho were,
In four formes thus it was.
They of Caldee, as in this cas,
Had a beleve by hem ſelve,
Which ſtood upon the ſignes twelve,
Forth eke with the planetes ſeven,
Whiche as they ſighen upon the heven
Of ſondry conſtellacion
In her ymaginacion
With ſondry kerfe and portreture
They made of goddes the figure.
In thelementes and eke alſo
They hadden a beleve tho.

And all was that unresonable,
For thelementes ben servicable
To man. And ofte of accidence,
As men may se thexperience,
They ben corrupt by sondry way,
So may no mannes reson say,
That they ben god in any wise.
And eke if men hem wel avise,
The sonne and mone eclipsen both,
That be hem lef or be hem loth
They suffre, and what thing is passible
To ben a god is inpossible.
These elements ben creatures,
So ben these hevenly figures,
Wherof may wel be justified,
That they may nought ben deified.
And who that taketh away thonour,
Which due is to the creatour,
And yiveth it to the creature,.
He doth to great a forfeiture.
But of Caldee netheles
Upon this feith though it be lesse
They holde affermed the creaunce,
So that of helle the penaunce
As folk, which stant out of beleve,
They shall receive, as we beleve.

Et nota, quod Nembroth quartus a Noe ignem tamquam deum in Caldea primus adorari decrevit.

Of the Caldeus so in this wise
Stant the beleve out of assise.
But in Egipte worst of alle
The feith is fals, how so it falle,

De secta Egipciorum.

For they diverſe beſtes there
Honour, as though they goddes were.
And netheleſſe yet forth withall
Thre goddes moſt in ſpeciall
They have forth with a goddeſſe,
In whome is all her ſikerneſſe.
Tho goddes be yet cleped thus
Orus, Tiphon and Iſirus.
They were brethren alle thre
And the goddeſſe in her degre
Her ſuſter was and Yſis hight,
Whom Iſirus forlay by night
And helde her after as his wife.
So it befell, that upon ſtrife
Tiphon hath Iſre his brother ſlain,
Which had a child to ſone Orain,
And he his faders deth to herte
So toke, that it may nought aſterte,
That he Tiphon after ne ſlough,
Whan he was ripe of age inough.
But yet thegipciens trowe
For all this errour, which they knowe,
That theſe brethern ben of might
To ſette and kepe Egipt upright
And overthrowe, if that hem like.
But Yſis, as ſaith the cronique,
Fro Grece into Egipte cam
And ſhe than upon honde nam
To teche hem for to ſowe and ere,
Which no man knew to-fore there.

And whanne thegipciens sigh
The feldes full afore her eye,
And that the lond began to greine,
Which whilom hadde be bareine,
For therthe bare after the kinde
His due charge, this I finde,
That she of berthe the goddesse
Is cleped, so that in distresse
The women therupon childing
To her clepe and her offring
They beren, whan that they ben light.
Lo, howe Egipt all out of sight
Fro reson stant in misbeleve
For lacke of lore as I beleve.

Among the Grekes out of the wey
As they that reson put awey
There was, as the cronique saith,
Of misbeleve an other feith,
That they her goddes and goddesses
As who saith token all to gesses
Of suche as weren full of vice,
To whom they made sacrifice.

De secta Grecorum.

The highe god, so as they saide,
To whom they moste worship laide,
Saturnus hight and king of Crete
He hadde be. But of his sete
He was put down as he, which stood
In frenesy and was so wode,
That fro his wife, which Rea hight,
His owne children he to plight

Nota, qualiter Saturnus deorum summus appellatur.

And ete hem of his comune wone.
But Jupiter, which was his ſone
And of full age, his fader bonde
And kut of with his owne honde
His genitals, whiche alſo faſte
Into the depe ſee he caſte,
Wherof the Grekes afferme and ſay
Thus, whan they were caſt awey,
Came Venus forth by wey of kinde.
And of Saturne alſo I finde,
Howe afterwarde into an ile
This Jupiter him didde exile,
Where that he ſtood in great miſchefe.
Lo, what a god they maden chefe.
And ſithen that ſuche one was he,
Which ſtood moſt high in his degre
Among the goddes, thou might know
Theſe other, that ben more low,
Ben litel worth, as it is founde.

Jupiter deus deliciarum.

For Jupiter was the ſecounde,
Whiche Juno had unto his wife.
And yet a lechour all his life
He was and in avouterie
He wrought many a trecherie.
And for he was ſo full of vices,
They cleped him god of delices,
Of whom if thou wolt more wite
Ovide the poete hath write.
But yet her ſterres bothe two
Saturne and Jupiter alſo

They have, although they ben to blame,
Attitled to her owne name.
Mars was an other in that lawe, Mars deus belli.
The which in Dace was forth drawe,
Of whom the clerk Vegecius
Wrote in his boke and tolde thus,
Howe he into Itaile came
And ſuch fortune there he nam,
That he a maiden hath oppreſſed,
Whiche in her ordre was profeſſed
As ſhe, which was the prioreſſe
In Veſtes temple the goddeſſe,
So was ſhe well the more to blame.
Dame Ylia this lady name
Men clepe, and eke ſhe was alſo
The kinges doughter, that was tho,
Which Minitor by name hight.
So that ayein the lawes right
Mars thilke time upon her that
Remus and Romulus begat,
Whiche after, whan they come in age,
Of knighthode and of vaſſellage
Itaile al hole they overcome
And foundeden the grete Rome.
In armes and of ſuche empriſe
They weren, that in thilke wiſe
Her fader Mars for the merveile
The god is cleped of bataile.
They were his children bothe two,
Through hem he toke his name ſo,

There was none other cauſe why.
And yet a ſterre upon the ſky
He hath unto his name applied,
In which that he is ſignified.

Apollo deus ſapiens.

An other god they hadden eke,
To whom for counſeil they beſeke,
The which was brother to Venus,
Apollo men him clepe thus.
He was an hunt upon the hilles,
There was with him no vertue elles,
Wherof that any bokes carpe,
But only that he couthe harpe,
Which whan he walked over londe
Full ofte time he toke on honde
To get him with his ſuſtenaunce
For lack of other purveaunce.
And otherwhile of his falſhede
He feigneth him to conne arede
Of thing, which afterward ſhuld falle,
Wherof among his ſleightes alle
He hath the leude folk deceived,
So that the better he was received.
Lo now, through what creacion
He hath deificacion
And cleped is the god of wit,
To ſuche as be the fooles yet.

Mercurius deus mercatorum et furtorum.

An other god, to whom they ſought,
Mercurie hight, and him ne rought
What thing he ſtale, ne whom he ſlough.
Of ſorcery he couthe inough,

That whan he wold him ſelf transforme,
Full ofte time he toke the forme
Of woman and his owne lefte.
So did he well the more thefte.
A great ſpeker in alle thinges
He was alſo and of leſinges
An autor, that men wiſte none
An other ſuche as he was one.
And yet they maden of this thefe
A god, which was unto hem lefe,
And cleped him in tho beleves
The god of marchants and of theves.
But yet a ſterre upon the heven
He hath of the planetes ſeven.
  But Vulcanus, of whom I ſpake,
He had a courbe upon the back,
And therto he was hippe-halt,
Of whom thou underſtonde ſhalt,
He was a ſhrewe in al his youth
And he none other vertue couth
Of craft to helpe him ſelve with
But only that he was a ſmith
With Jupiter, whiche in his forge
Diverſe thinges made him forge,
So wote I nought for what deſire
They clepen him the god of fire.
  King of Cicile Ypolitus
A ſone he had, and Eolus
He hight, and of his faders graunt
He held by way of covenaunt

Eolus deus ventorum.

The governaunce of every ile,
Which was longend unto Cicile
Of hem that fro the lond forein
Lay ope the winde alle pleine.
And fro thilke iles into the londe
Full ofte cam the wind to honde,
After the name of him forthy
The windes cleped Eoly
They were, and he the god of winde.
Lo now, how this beleve is blinde.

Neptunus deus maris.

The king of Crete Jupiter,
The ſame, whiche I ſpake of er,
Unto his brother, which Neptune
Was hote, it liſt him to comune
Parte of his good, ſo that by ſhip
He made him ſtronge of the lordſhip
Of all the ſee in tho parties,
Where that he wrought his tirannies,
And the ſtraunge iles aboute
He wan, that every man hath doubte
Upon his marche for to ſaile.
For he anone hem wolde aſſaile
And robbe what thing that they ladden,
His ſauf conduit but if they hadden.
Wherof the comun vois aros
In every lond, that ſuche a los
He caught, all nere it worth a ſtre,
That he was cleped of the ſee
The god by name, and yet he is
With hem, that ſo beleve amis.

This Neptune eke was thilke alſo,
Which was the firſte founder tho
Of noble Troy, and he forthy
Was well the more lette by.
The loreſman of the ſhepherdes — Pan deus nature.
And eke of hem, that ben netherdes,
Was of Archade and highte Pan,
Of whom hath ſpoke many a man.
For in the wode of Nonartigne
Encloſed with the trees of pigne
And on the mount of Paraſie
He had of beſtes the bailie,
And eke beneth in the valey,
Where thilke river, as men may ſay,
Which Ladon highte, made his cours,
He was the chefe of governours
Of hem, that kepten tame beſtes,
Wherof they maken yet the feſtes
In the citee of Stimfalides.
And forth withall yet netheles
He taughte men the forth drawing
Of beſtaile and eke the making
Of oxen and of hors the ſame,
How men hem ſhulde ride and tame,
Of foules eke, ſo as we finde,
Full many a ſubtil craft of kinde
He found, which no man knew to-fore.
Men did him worſhip eke therfore,
That he the firſt in thilke londe
Was, which the melodie fonde

Of reedes, whan they weren ripe,
With double pipes for to pipe.
Therof he yaf the firſte lore,
Till afterward men couthe more,
To every crafte of mannes helpe
He had a redy wit to helpe
Through natural experience.
And thus the nice reverence
Of fooles, whan that he was dede,
The foot was torned to the hede
And clepen him god of nature,
For ſo they maden his figure.

Bachus deus vini.

An other god, ſo as they fele,
Whiche Jupiter upon Semele
Begat in his avouterie,
Whom for to hide his lecherie
That none therof ſhall take kepe
In a mountaigne for to kepe,
Which Dion hight and was in Ynde,
He ſend, in bokes as I finde,
And he by name Bachus hight,
Which afterward, whan that he might,
A waſtor was and all his rent
In wine and bordel he deſpent.
But yet all were he wonder bad,
Among the Grekes a name he had,
They cleped him the god of wine,
And thus a gloton was divine.

Eſculapius deus medicine.

There was yet Eſculapius
A god in thilke time as thus.

His craft ſtood upon ſurgerie,
But for the luſte of lecherie,
That he to Daires doughter drough,
It fell, that Jupiter him ſlough.
And yet they made him nought forthy
A god and wiſt no cauſe why.
In Rome he was long time ſo
A god among the Romains tho,
For as he ſaide of his preſence
There was deſtruied a peſtilence,
Whan they to thile of Delphos went.
And that Apollo with him ſent
This Eſculapius his ſone
Among the Romains for to wone,
And there he dwelte for a while,
Till afterwarde into that ile,
Fro when he cam, ayeine he torneth,
Where all his life that he ſojorneth
Among the Grekes, till that he deiede.
And they upon him thanne leide
His name and god of medicine
He hatte after that ilke line.
An other god of Hercules
They made, which was netheles
A man, but that he was ſo ſtronge
In al this world that brode and longe
So mighty was no man as he.
Merveiles twelve in his degre,
As it was couth in ſondry londes,
He dide with his owne hondes

Hercules deus fortitudinis.

Ayein geaunts and monſtres both,
The whiche horrible were and loth.
But he with ſtrength hem overcam,
Wherof ſo great a price he nam,
That they him clepe amonges alle
The god of ſtrengthe and to him calle.
And yet there is no reſon inne,
For he a man was full of ſinne,
Which proved was upon his ende,
For in a rage him ſelf he brende.
And ſuche a cruell mannes dede
Accordeth nothing with godhede.

Pluto deus inferni.

They had of goddes yet an other,
Which Pluto hight, and was the brother
Of Jupiter, and he fro youth
With every word, which cam to mouth,
Of any thing, whan he was wroth,
He wolde ſwere his comun othe
By Lethen and by Flegeton,
By Cochitum and Acheron,
The whiche after the bokes telle
Ben the chefe floodes of the helle,
By Segne and Stige he ſwore alſo,
That ben the depe pittes two
Of helle, the moſt principall.
Pluto theſe othes over all
Swore of his comun cuſtumaunce,
Till it befelle upon a chaunce,
That he for Jupiters ſake
Unto the goddes let do make

A ſacrifice, and for that dede
One of the pittes for his mede
In hell, of whiche I ſpake of er,
Was graunted him, and thus he there
Upon the fortune of this thinge
The name toke of helle kinge.
  Lo, theſe goddes and well mo
Among the Grekes they had tho,
And of goddeſſes many one,
Whoſe names thou ſhalt here anone,
And in what wiſe they deceiven
The fooles, whiche her feith receiven.
  So as Saturne is ſoveraine
Of falſe goddes, as they ſaine,
So is Sibeles of goddeſſes
The moder, whom withoute geſſes
The folke prein honour and ſerve
As they, the whiche her lawe obſerve.
But for to knowen upon this,
Fro when ſhe cam and what ſhe is,
Bethincia the contre hight,
Where ſhe cam firſt to mannes ſight.
And after was Saturnes wife,
By whom thre children in her life
She bare, and they were cleped tho
Juno, Neptunus and Pluto,
The which of nice fantaſy
The people wolde deify.
And for her children weren ſo
Sibeles thanne was alſo

Nota, qualiter Sibeles dearum mater et origo nuncupatur.

Made a goddeſſe, and they her calle
The moder of the goddes alle.
So was that name bore forth,
And yet the cauſe is litel worth.

Juno dea regnorum et diviciarum.

A vois unto Saturne tolde,
How that his owne ſone him ſholde
Out of his regne put away,
And he becauſe of thilke wey,
That him was ſhape ſuche a fate,
Sibele his wife began to hate
And eke her progenie bothe.
And thus while that they were wrothe
By Philerem upon a day
In his avouterie he lay,
On whom he Jupiter begat.
And thilke child was after that,
Which wrought al that was prophecied,
As it to-fore is ſpecified.
So whan that Jupiter of Crete
Was king, a wife unto him mete
The doughter of Sibele he toke,
And that was Juno, ſaith the boke
Of his deification
After the fals opinion,
That have I tolde, ſo as they mene.
And for this Juno was the quene
Of Jupiter and ſuſter eke,
The fooles unto her ſeke
And ſain, that ſhe is the goddeſſe
Of regnes bothe and of richeſſe,

And eke ſhe, as they underſtonde,
The water nimphes hath in honde
To leden at her owne heſte.
And whan her liſt the ſky tempeſte,
The reinbowe is her meſſagere.
Lo, which a miſbeleve is here,
That ſhe goddeſſe is of the ſky,
I wot none other cauſe why.
An other goddeſſe is Minerve, Minerva dea ſapienciarum.
To whom the Grekes obey and ſerve.
And ſhe was nigh the greate lay
Of Triton founde, where ſhe lay
A child for-caſt, but what ſhe was
There knew no man the ſothe cas.
But in Aufrique ſhe was laide
In the maner as I have ſaide
And caried fro that ilke place
Into an ile fer in Trace,
The which Pallene thanne hight,
Where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for ſhe was ſo wiſe,
That ſhe found firſt in her aviſe
The cloth making of woll and line,
Men ſaiden, that ſhe was divine,
And the goddeſſe of ſapience
They clepen her in that credence.
Of the goddeſſe, which Pallas Pallas dea bellorum.
Is cleped, ſondry ſpeche was.
One ſaith her fader was Pallaunt,
Whiche in his time was a geaunt,

A cruell man, a batailous.
An other ſaith, how in his hous
She was the cauſe, why he deiede.
And of this Pallas ſome eke ſaide
That ſhe was Martes wife, and ſo
Among the men that weren tho
Of miſbeleve in the riot
The goddeſſe of batailes hote
She was, and yet ſhe bereth the name.
Now loke, how they be for to blame.

Ceres dea frugum.

Saturnus after his exile
Fro Crete cam in great perile
Into the londes of Itaile
And there he dide great merveile,
Wherof his name dwelleth yit.
For he founde of his owne wit
The firſte crafte of plough tilling,
Of ering and of corn ſowing,
And how men ſhulden ſette vines
And of the grapes make wines.
All this he taught. And it fell ſo
His wife, the which cam with him tho,
Was cleped Cereres by name,
And for ſhe taught alſo the ſame
And was his wife that ilke throwe,
As it was to the people knowe,
They made of Ceres a goddeſſe,
In whom her tilthe yet they bleſſe
And ſain that Tricolonius
Her ſone goth amonges us

And maketh the corn good chepe or dere,
Right as her lift from yere to yere,
So that this wife becaufe of this
Goddeffe of cornes cleped is.
King Jupiter, which his liking
Whilom fulfilled in alle thing,
So priveliche about he ladde
His luft, that he his wille hadde
Of Latona and on her that
Diane his doughter he begat
Unknowen of his wife Juno.
But afterward fhe knewe it fo,
That Latona for drede fled
Into an ile, where fhe hid
Her wombe, which of childe aros.
Thilke ile cleped was Delos,
In which Diana was forth brought
And kept fo, that her lacketh nought.
And after whan fhe was of age,
She toke none hede of mariage,
But out of mannes compaigny
She toke her all to venery
In foreft and in wilderneffe,
For there was all her befineffe
By day and eke by nightes tide
With arwes brode under the fide
And bow in honde, of which fhe flough
And toke all that her lift inough
Of beftes, which ben chaceable,
Wherof the cronique of this fable

Diana dea monci-
um et filvarum.

Saith that the gentils moſt of alle
Worſhippen her, and to her calle
And the goddeſſe of high hilles,
Of grene trees, of freſhe welles
They clepen her in that beleve,
Which that no reſon may acheve.

Proſerpina dea infernorum.

Proſerpina, which doughter was
Of Cereres, befell this cas,
While ſhe was dwelling in Cicile,
Her moder in that ilke while
Upon her bleſſing and her heſt
Bad, that ſhe ſhulde ben honeſt
And lerne for to weve and ſpinne
And dwelle at home and kepe her inne.
But ſhe caſt all that lore awey,
And as ſhe went her out to pley
To gader floures in a pleine,
And that was under the mountaigne
Of Ethna, fell the ſame tide
That Pluto cam that waie ride.
And ſodeinly, er ſhe was ware,
He toke her up into his chare,
And as they riden in the felde,
Her grete beaute he beheld e,
Which was ſo pleſaunt in his eye,
That for to holde in compaignie
He wedded her and helde her ſo
To ben his wife for evermo.
And as thou haſt to-fore herd telle,
How he was cleped god of helle,

So is ſhe cleped the goddeſſe
Becauſe of him ne more ne leſſe.
Lo thus, my ſone, as I the tolde
The Grekes whilom by daies olde
Her goddes had in ſondry wiſe,
And through the lore of her appriſe
The Romains helden eke the ſame
And in worſhippe of her name
To every god in ſpeciall
They made a temple forth withall
And eche of hem his yeres day
Attitled hadde. And of array
The temples weren than ordeigned
And eke the people was conſtreigned
To come and done her ſacrifice.
The preſtes eke in her office
Solempne maden thilke feſtes.
And thus the Grekes lich to beſtes
The men in ſtede of god honour,
Which mighten nought hem ſelf ſoccour,
While that they were alive here.
And over this as thou ſhalt here
The Grekes fulfilled of fantaſy
Sain eke, that of the hilles high
The goddes ben in ſpeciall,
But of her name in generall
They hoten alle Satiry.
There ben of nimphes proprely
In the beleve of hem alſo,
Oreades they ſaiden tho

Confeſſor.

Nota, quod dii moncium Satiri vocantur.

Oreades nimphe moncium.

Attitled ben to the montaignes.
And for the wodes in demeines
Driades silvarum. To kepe tho ben Driades,
Naiades foncium. Of fresshe welles Naiades,
Nereides marium. And of the nimphes of the see
I finde a tale in proprete,
How Dorus whilom king of Grece,
Whiche had of infortune a piece,
His wife forth with his doughter alle
So as the happes shulden falle
With many a gentilwoman there
Dreint in the salte see they were,
Wherof the Grekes that time saiden
And such a name upon hem laiden,
Nereides that they ben hote,
The nimphes whiche that they note
To regne upon the stremes salte.
Lo now, if this beleve halte.
But of the nimphes as they telle,
In every place where they dwelle
They ben all redy obeisaunt
As damiselles attendaunt
To the goddesses, whose servise
They mote obey in alle wise,
Wherof the Grekes to hem beseke
With tho, that ben goddesses eke,
And have in hem a great credence.
And yet without experience
Saufe onely of illusion,
Which was to hem dampnacion.

For men alſo that were dede
They hadden goddes as I rede,
And tho by name Manes highten,
To whom ful great honour they dighten,
So as the Grekes lawe ſaith,
Which was ayein the righte feith.

Manes dii mortuorum.

Thus have I tolde a great partie,
But all the hole progenie
Of goddes in that ilke time
To longe it were for to rime.
But yet of that, which thou haſt herde,
Of miſbeleve, howe it hath ferde,
There is a great diverſite.

Amans.

My fader, right ſo thenketh me.
But yet o thinge I you beſeche,
Which ſtant in alle mennes ſpeche,
The god and the goddeſſe of love,
Of whom ye nothing here above
Have told ne ſpoken of her fare,
That ye me wolde now declare,
How they firſt come to that name.

Qualiter Cupido et Venus deus et dea amoris nuncupantur.

My ſone, I have it left for ſhame,
Becauſe I am her owne preſt.
But for they ſtonde nigh thy breſt
Upon the ſhrifte of thy matere,
Thou ſhalt of hem the ſothe here
And underſtond now well the cas.
Venus Saturnes doughter was,
Which alle daunger put awey
Of love and found to luſt a wey,

So that of her in ſondry place
Diverſe men fell into grace,
And ſuch a luſty life ſhe ladde,
That ſhe diverſe children hadde,
Now one by this, now one by that.
Of her it was that Mars begat
A child, which cleped was Armene,
Of her cam alſo Andragene,
To whom Mercurie father was.
Anchiſes begat Eneas
Of her alſo, and Ericon
Biten begatte, and therupon
Whan that ſhe ſigh ther was none other
By Jupiter her owne brother
She lay, and he begat Cupide.
And thilke ſone upon a tide,
Whan he was come unto his age,
He had a wonder fair viſage
And founde his mother amorous,
And he was alſo lecherous.
So whan they weren bothe alone,
As he whiche eyen hadde none
To ſe reſon, his mother kiſt,
And ſhe alſo that nothing wiſt
But that, whiche unto his luſt belongeth,
To bene her love him underfongeth.
Thus was he blinde, and ſhe unwis.
But netheles this cauſe it is,
Which Cupide is the god of love,
For he his mother derſte love,

And ſhe, which thought her luſtes fonde,
Diverſe loves toke on honde
Wel mo than I the telle here.
And for ſhe wolde her ſelve ſkere,
She made comun that diſporte
And ſet a lawe of ſuch a porte,
That every woman mighte take
What man her liſt and nought forſake
To ben as comun as ſhe wolde.
She was the firſt alſo, which tolde,
That women ſhulde her body ſelle.
Semiramis ſo as men telle
Of Venus kepte thilke appriſe.
And ſo did in the ſame wiſe
Of Rome faire Neabolie,
Which liſt her body to Regolie.
She was to every man felawe
And held the luſt of thilke lawe,
Which Venus of her ſelf beganne,
Wherof that ſhe the name wanne,
Why men her clepen the goddeſſe
Of love and eke of gentileſſe,
Of worldes luſt and of pleſaunce.
Se now the foule miſcreaunce
Of Grekes in thilke time tho,
Whan Venus toke her name ſo.
There was no cauſe under the mone
Of which they hadden tho to done,
Of wel or wo where ſo it was,
That they ne token in that cas

A god to helpe or a goddeſſe,
Wherof to take my witneſſe,

Nota de epiſtola Dindimi regis Bragmannorum Alexandro magno directa, ubi dicit, quod Greci tunc ad corporis conſervacionem pro ſingulis membris ſingulos deos ſpecialiter appropriari credunt.

The king of Bragman Dindimus
Wrote unto Aliſaundre thus
In blaminge of the Grekes feith
And of the miſbeleve he ſaith,
How they for every membre hadden
A ſondry god, to whom they ſpradden
Her armes and of help beſoughten.
Minerve for the hede they ſoughten,
For ſhe was wiſe, and of a man
The wit and reſon which he can
Is in the celles of the brain,
Wherof they made her ſoverain.
Mercurie, which was in his dawes
A great ſpeker of falſe lawes,
On him the keping of the tunge
They laiden, whan they ſpeke or ſunge.
For Bachus was a gloton eke
Him for the throte they beſeke,
That he it wolde waſhen ofte
With ſuote drinkes and with ſofte.
The god of ſhulders and of armes
Was Hercules, for he in armes
The mightieſt was to fight,
To him tho limmes they behight.
The god whom that they clepen Mart
The breſt to kepe hath for his part,
For with the herte in his ymage
That he addreſſe to his corage.

And of the galle the goddeſſe,
For ſhe was ful of haſtineſſe,
Of wrath and light to greve alſo,
They made and ſaid, it was Juno.
  Cupide, which the brond of fire
Bare in his hond, he was the ſire
Of the ſtomack, which boileth ever,
Wherof the luſtes ben the lever.
  To the goddeſſe Cereres,
Whiche of the corn yaf her encres,
Upon the feith that tho was take
The wombes cure was betake.
  And Venus through the lechery,
For whiche they her deify,
She kepte all down the remenaunt
To thilke office appertenaunt.
  Thus was diſpers in ſondry wiſe
The miſbeleve as I deviſe
With many an ymage of entaile,
Of ſuche as might hem nought availe,
Forthy withoute lives chere
Unmighty ben to ſe or here
Or ſpeke or do or elles fele,
And yet the fooles to hem knele,
Whiche is her owne handes werke.
Ha lord, how this beleve is derke
And fer fro reſonable wit,
And netheles they don it yit.
That was o day a ragged tre
To morwe upon his mageſte

Nota de prima ydolorum cultura, que ex tribus precipue ſtatuis exorta eſt, quarum prima fuit illa, quam in filii ſui memoriam quidam princeps nomine Cirophanes a ſculptore Prometheo fabricari conſtituit.

Stant in the temple wel befein,
How might a mannes refon fain,
That fuch a ftock may helpe or greve?
But they, that ben of fuch beleve
And unto fuche goddes calle,
It fhall to hem right fo befalle
And failen ate mofte nede.
But if the lift to taken hede
And of the firft ymage wite,
Petronius therof hath write
And eke Nigargorus alfo,
And they afferme and write fo,
That Prometheus was to-fore
And founde the firft craft therfore,
And Cirophanes, as they telle,
Through counfeil, which was take in helle,
In remembraunce of his lignage
Let fetten up the firft ymage.
Of Cirophanes faith the boke,
That he for forwe, which he toke,
Of that he figh his fone dede,
Of comfort knew none other rede
But let do make in remembraunce
A faire ymage of his femblaunce
And fet it in the market place,
Which openly to-fore his face
Stood every day to done him efe.
And they that thanne wolde plefe
The fader, fhulden it obey,
Whan that they comen thilke wey.

And of Ninus king of Affire
I rede, how that in his empire
He was next after the fecound
Of hem, that firft ymages found.
For he right in femblable cas
Of Belus, which his fader was
Fro Nembroth in the righte line,
Let make of gold and ftones fine
A precious ymage riche
After his fader evenliche,
And therupon a law he fette,
That every man of pure dette
With facrifice and with truage
Honoure fhulde thilk ymage,
So that withinne time it felle
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belzebub and fo
The mifbeleve wente tho.

Secunda ftatua fuit illa, quam ad fui patris Beli culturam rex Ninus fieri et adorari decrevit, et fic de nomine Beli poftea Bel et Belzebub ydolum accrevit.

The thrid ymage next to this
Was, whan the king of Grece Apis
Was dede, they maden a figure
In refemblaunce of his ftature.
Of this king Apis faith the boke,
That Serapis his name toke,
In whom through long continuaunce
Of mifbeleve a great creaunce
They hadden and the reverence
Of facrifice and of encence
To him they made. And as they telle
Among the wonders that befelle,

Tercia ftatua fuit illa, que ad honorem Apis regis Grecorum fculpta fuit, cui poftea nomen Serapis imponentes ipfum quafi deum pagani coluerunt.

Whan Alisaundre fro Candace
Cam ridend in a wilde place
Under an hille a cave he fond,
And Candalus, whiche in that lond
Was bore and was Candaces sone,
Him told, how that of comun wone
The goddes were in thilke cave.
And he that wolde assay and have
A knoulechinge, if it be soth,
Light of his hors and in he goth
And fond therinne that he sought.
For through the fendes sleight him thought
Amonges other goddes mo,
That Serapis spake to him tho,
Whom he sigh there in great array.
And thus the fend fro day to day
The worship of ydolatrie
Drough forth upon the fantasy
Of hem, that weren thanne blinde
And couthen nought the trouthe finde.
Thus hast thou herd in what degre
Of Grece, Egipte and Caldee
The misbeleves whilom stood,
And how so that they be nought good
Ne trewe, yet they sprongen oute,
Wherof the wide worlde aboute
His parte of misbeleve toke.
Til so befelle, as saith the boke,
That god a people for him selve
Hath chose of the lignages twelve,

Wherof the ſothe redely,
As it is write in Geneſy,
I thenke telle in ſuche a wiſe,
That it ſhall be to thin appriſe.
After the flood, fro which Noe
Was ſauf, the worlde in his degre
Was made as who ſaith new ayein
Of flour, of fruit, of gras, of grein,
Of beeſt, of brid and of mankinde,
Whiche ever hath be to god unkinde.
For nought withſtonding all the fare
Of that this world was made ſo bare,
And afterward it was reſtored,
Among the men was nothing mored
Towardes god of good living,
But all was torned to liking
After the fleſh, ſo that foryete
Was he, which yaf hem life and mete,
Of heven and erthe creatour.
And thus cam forth the great errour,
That they the highe god ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou haſt herd me ſaid to-fore.
There was no man that time bore,
That he ne had after his chois
A god, to whom he yaf his vois,
Wherof the miſbeleve cam
Into the time of Abraham.
But he found out the righte wey,
Howe only men ſhuld obey

De Hebreorum ſeu Judeorum ſecta, quorum ſinagoga, eccleſia Chriſti ſuperveniente, defecit.

The highe god, which weldeth all
And ever hath done and ever ſhall
In heven, in erth and eke in helle.
There is no tunge his might may telle.
This patriarch to his lignage
Forbad, that they to none ymage
Encline ſholden in no wiſe,
But her offrende and ſacrifiſe
With all the hole hertes love
Unto the mighty god above
They ſhulde yive and to no mo.
And thus in thilke time tho
Began that ſect upon this erthe,
Whiche of beleves was the ferthe,
Of rightwiſneſſe it was conceived,
So muſt it nedes be received
Of him, that alle right is inne,
The highe god, which wolde winne
A people unto his owne feith.
On Abraham the ground he laith
And made him for to multiply
Into ſo great a progeny,
That they Egipte all over ſpradde.
But Pharao with wrong hem ladde
In ſervitude ayein the pees,
Til god let ſende Moiſes
To make the deliveraunce.
And for his people great vengeaunce
He toke, which is to here a wonder.
The king was ſlain, the lond put under,

God bad the redde see devide,
Which stood upright on every side
And yaf unto his people a wey,
That they on foot it passed drey
And gone so forth into desert,
Where for to kepe hem in covert
The daies whan the sonne brent
A large cloude hem over went,
And for to wissen hem by night
A firy piller hem alight.
And whan that they for hunger pleigne,
The mighty god began to reine
Manna fro heven down to grounde,
Wherof that eche of hem hath founde
His food, such right as him list.
And for they shuld upon him trist
Right as who set a tonne abroche,
He percede the harde roche
And spronge out water all at wille,
That man and beste hath dronk his fille.
And afterward he yaf the lawe
To Moises, that hem withdrawe
They shulde nought fro that he bad.
And in this wise they be lad,
Til they toke in possession
The londes of promission,
Where that Caleph and Josue
The marches upon such degre
Departen after the lignage,
That eche of hem as heritage

His purparty hath underfonge.
And thus ſtood this beleve longe,
Whiche of prophetes was governed.
And they had eke the people lerned
Of great honour, that ſhuld hem falle,
But ate moſte nede of alle
They faileden, whan Criſt was bore.
But how that they her feith have lore,
It nedeth nought to tellen all,
The matere is ſo generall.
  Whan Lucifer was beſt in heven
And ought moſt have ſtonde in even,
Towardes god he toke debate,
And for that he was obſtinate
And wolde nought to trouth encline
He fel for ever into ruine.
  And Adam eke in paradis,
Whan he ſtood moſt in all his pris
After the ſtate of innocence,
Ayein the god brake his defence
And fell out of his place awey.
And right by ſuch a maner wey
The Jewes in her beſte plite,
Whan that they ſholden moſt parfite
Have ſtonde upon the prophecy,
Tho fellen they to moſt foly
And him, which was fro heven come
And of a maid his fleſh hath nome
And was among hem bore and fed,
As men that wolden nought be ſped

Of goddes ſone with o vois
They heng and ſlough upon the crois,
Wherof the parfite of her lawe
Fro thenne forth hem was withdrawe,
So that they ſtonde of no merit,
But in a truage as folk ſubgit
Withoute proprete of place
They liven oute of goddes grace,
Diſpers in alle londes oute.
And thus the feith is come aboute,
That whilome in the Jewes ſtood,
Whiche is nought parfitliche good.
To ſpeke as it is now befalle
There is a feith aboven alle,
In which the trouthe is comprehended,
Wherof that we ben all amended.

The high almighty mageſte
Of rightwiſneſſe and of pite
The ſinne, which that Adam wrought,
Whan he ſigh time ayein he bought
And ſend his ſone fro the heven
To ſette mannes ſoule in even,
Which thanne was ſo ſore fall
Upon the point which was befall,
That he ne might him ſelf ariſe.

De fide Chriſtiana, in qua perfecte legis complementum, ſummi miſterii ſacramentum noſtreque ſalvacionis fundamentum infallibiliter conſiſtere creditur.

Gregoire ſaith in his appriſe:
It helpeth nought a man be bore,
If goddes ſone were unbore,
For thanne through the firſte ſinne,
Which Adam whilom brought us inne,

Gregorius. O neceſſarium Ade peccatum. O felix culpa, que talem ac tantum meruit habere redemptorem.

There ſhulden alle men be loſt,
But Criſt reſtoreth thilke loſt
And bought it with his fleſhe and blood.
And if we theñken, how it ſtood
Of thilke raunſon, which he paid,
As ſaint Gregoire it wrote and ſaid,
All was behovely to the man.
For that, wherof his wo began,
Was after cauſe of all his welth,
Whan he, which is the welle of helth,
The highe creatour of life
Upon the nede of ſuch a ſtrife
So wolde he for his creature
Take on him ſelf the forfeiture
And ſuffre for the mannes ſake.
Thus may no reſon wel forſake,
That ilke ſinne original
Ne was the cauſe in ſpeciall
Of mannes worſhip ate laſt,
Which ſhall withouten ende laſt.
For by that cauſe the godhede
Aſſembled was to the manhede
In the virgine, where he nome
Our fleſhe and verray man become
Of bodely fraternite,
Wherof the man in his degre
Stant more worth, as I have told,
Than he ſtood erſt by many fold,
Through baptiſme of the newe lawe,
Of which Criſt lord is and felawe.

And thus the highe goddes might,
Which was in the virgine alight,
The mannes ſoule has reconciled,
Which hadde longe ben exiled.
So ſtant the feith upon beleve,
Withoute which may non acheve.
But this beleve is ſo certain
To bigge mannes ſoule ayein,
So full of grace and of vertu,
That what man clepeth to Jeſu
In clene life forth with good dede,
He may nought faile of heven mede,
Which taken hath the righte feith.
For elles, as the goſpel ſaith,
Salvacion there may be none.
And for to preche therupon
Criſt bad to his apoſtles alle,
The whos power as now is falle
On us, that ben of holy chirche,
If we the gode dedes werche,
For feith only ſufficeth nought,
But if good dede alſo be wrought. Jacobus. Fides ſine operibus mortua eſt.

Confeſſor.

Now were it good, that thou forthy,
Which through baptiſme proprely
Art unto Criſtes feith profeſſed,
Beware that thou be nought oppreſſed
With anticriſtes lollardie.
For as the Jewes prophecie
Was ſet of god for avauntage,
Right ſo this newe tapinage Nota contra iſtos, qui jam Lollardi dicuntur.

Of lollardie goth aboute
To ſette Criſtes feith in doubte.
The ſaints, that weren us to-fore,
By whom the feith was firſt up bore,
That holy chirche ſtood releved,
That oughten better be beleved
Than theſe, whiche that men knowe
Nought holy, though they feigne and blowe
Her lollardy in mennes ere.
But if thou wolt live out of fere,
Such newe lore I rede eſcheue
And hold forth right the wey and ſue,
As thin aunceſtres did er this,
So ſhalt thou nought beleve amis.

Incipit Jeſus facere et docere.

Criſt wroughte firſt and after taught
So that the dede his word araught,
He yaf enſample in his perſone,
And we tho wordes have alone
Like to the tree with leves grene,
Upon the which no fruit is ſene.

Nota, quod cum Anthenor palladium Troie a templo Minerve abſtulit, Thoas ibidem ſummus ſacerdos auro corruptus oculos avertit et ſic malum quaſi non videns ſcienter fieri permiſit.

The preſt Thoas, which of Minerve
The temple hadde for to ſerve
And the palladion of Troy
Kept under keie, for monaie
Of Anthenor, whiche he hath nome,
Hath ſuffred Anthenor to come
And the palladion to ſtele,
Wherof the worſhip and the wele
Of the Troians was overthrowe.
But Thoas ate ſame throwe,

Whan Anthenor this jeuele toke,
Winkende caſt awey his loke
For a deceipte and for a while,
As he that ſhuld him ſelf beguile,
He hid his eyen fro the ſight
And wende wel, that he ſo might
Excuſe his falſe conſcience.
I wot nought if thilke evidence
Now at this time in her eſtates
Excuſe mighte the prelates,
Knowend how that the feith diſcreſeth
And alle moral vertu ceſeth,
Wherof that they the keies bere.
But yet hem liketh nought to ſtere
Her goſtlich eye for to ſe
The worlde in his adverſite,
They wol no laboure undertake
To kepe that hem is betake.
Criſt deide him ſelf for the feith,
But now our ferful prelate ſaith:
The life is ſwete, and that he kepeth
So that the feith unholpe ſlepeth,
And they unto her eſe entenden
And in her luſt her life deſpenden,
And every man doth what him liſt.
Thus ſtant this world fulfilled of miſt,
That no man ſeeth the righte wey.
The wardes of the chirche key
Through miſhandlinge ben miſwreint,
The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint

The ſhip, which Peter hath to ſtere,
The forme is kept, but the matere
Transformed is in other wiſe.
But if they weren goſtly wiſe
And that the prelats weren good,
As they by olde daies ſtood,
It were thanne litel nede
Among the men to taken hede
Of that they heren pſeudo telle,
Which now is come for to dwelle
To ſowe cockel with the corn,
So that the tilthe is nigh forlorn,
Which Criſt ſew firſt his owne hond.
Now ſtant the cockel in the lond,
Where ſtood whilom the gode greine,
For the prelats now, as men ſain,
Forſlouthen that they ſholden tille.
And that I trowe be the ſkille,
Whan there is lacke in hem above,
The people is ſtraunged to the love
Of trouth in cauſe of ignoraunce.
For where there is no purveaunce
Of light, men erren in the derke.
But if the prelats wolden werke
Upon the feith, which they us teche,
Men ſholden nought her waie ſeche
Withoute light as now is uſed,
Men ſe the charge all day refuſed,
Whiche holy chirche hath undertake.
Gregorius. Quando Petrus cum Ju- But who that wolde enſample take,

Gregoire upon his Omelie
Ayein the ſlouthe of preclacie
Compleigneth him and thus he ſaith:
Whan Peter, fader of the feith,
At domeſday ſhall with him bring
Judeam, which through his preching
He wan, and Andrew with Achay
Shall come his dette for to pay,
And Thomas eke with his beyete
Of Ynde, and Paul the routes grete
Of ſondry londes to preſent,
And we fulfilled of londe and rent,
Whiche of this worlde we holden here,
With voide hondes ſhall appere,
Touchend our cure ſpirituall,
Whiche is our charge in ſpeciall,
I not what thing it may amounte
Upon thilke ende of our accompte,
Which Criſt him ſelf is auditour,
Which taketh none hede of vein honour,
Thoffice of the chauncellerie
Or of the kinges treſorie
Ne for ne write ne for ne taile
To warrant may nought than availe.
The world, which now ſo wel we trow,
Shall make us thanne but a mowe,
So paſſe we withoute mede,
That we none otherwiſe ſpede,
But as we rede, that he ſpedde,
The whiche his lordes beſant hadde

dea, Andreas cum Achaia, Thomas cum Yndia, et Paulus cum gente venient, quid dicemus nos moderni, quorum foſſum talentum pro nichilo computabitur.

And therupon gat none encres.
But at his time netheles,
What other man his thank deſerve,
The world ſo luſty is to ſerve,
That we with him ben all accorded,
And that is wiſt and well recorded
Through out this erthe in alle londes,
Let knightes winne with her hondes,
For oure tunge ſhall be ſtill
And ſtande upon the fleſhes will,
It were a travail for to preche
The feith of Criſt, as for to teche
The folke painim, it woll nought be.
But every prelate holde his ſee
With alle ſuch as he may gete
Of luſty drinke and luſty mete,
Wherof the body fat and full
Is unto goſtly labour dull
And ſlough to handle thilke plough.
But elles we ben ſwifte inough
Toward the worldes avarice.
And that is as a ſacrifice,
Which after that thapoſtle ſaith
Is openly ayein the feith
Unto the ydols yove and graunted,
But netheles as it is now haunted
And vertue chaunged into vice,
So that largeſſe is avarice,
In whoſe chapitre now we trete.

Amans. My fader, this matere is bete

So far, that ever while I live
I ſhall the better hede yive
Unto my ſelf by many wey.
But over this now wolde I prey
To wite, what the braunches are
Of avarice, and how they fare
Als well in love as otherwiſe.
My ſone, and I the ſhall deviſe — Confeſſor.
In ſuche a maner as they ſtonde,
So that thou ſhalt hem underſtonde.

Agros jungit agris cupidus domibuſque domoſque 3.
Poſſideat totam ſic quaſi ſolus humum.
Solus et innumeros mulierum ſpirat amores,
Ut ſacra millenis ſit ſibi culta Venus.

Hic tractat confeſſor ſuper illa ſpecie avaricie, que cupiditas dicitur, quam in amoris cauſa pertractans amanti ſuper hoc opponit.

Dame avarice is nought ſoleine,
Which is of gold the capiteine.
But of her courte in ſondry wiſe
After the ſcole of her appriſe
She hath of ſervaunts many one,
Wherof that covetiſe is one,
Which goth the large worlde about
To ſeche thavauntages out,
Where that he may the profit winne
To avarice and bringeth it inne.
That one halt and that other draweth,
There is no day which hem bedaweth
No more the ſonne than the mone,
Whan there is any thing to done,
And namely with covetiſe,
For he ſtant out of all aſſiſe

Of resonable mannes fare,
Where he purposeth him to fare
Upon his lucre and his beyete.
The smalle path, the large strete,
The furlonge and the longe mile,
All is but one for thilke while.
And for that he is such one holde,
Dame avarice him hath witholde,
As he which is the principall
Outward, for he is over all
A purveiour and an espy.
For right as of an hungry py
The storve bestes ben awaited,
Right so is covetise affaited
To loke where he may purchace,
For by his will he wolde embrace
All that this wide world beclippeth.
But ever he somwhat overhippeth,
That he ne may nought all fulfille
The lustes of his gredy wille.
But where it falleth in a londe,
That covetise in mighty honde
Is set, it is full hard to fede.
For than he taketh none other hede,
But that he may purchace and gete,
His conscience hath all foryete
And nought what thing it may amounte,
That he shall afterwarde accompte.
But as the luce in his degre
Of tho, that lasse ben than he,

The fisshes gredily devoureth,
So that no water hem soccoureth,
Right so no lawe may rescowe
Fro him, that woll no right allowe.
For where that such one is of might,
His will shall stonde in stede of right.
Thus be the men destruied full ofte,
Till that the grete god alofte
Ayein so great a covetise
Redresse it in his owne wise.
And in ensample of all tho
I finde a tale write so,
The which for it is good to lere
Herafterward thou shalt it here.
  Whan Rome stood in noble plite,
Virgile, which was tho parfite,
A mirrour made of his clergie
And sette it in the townes eye
Of marbre on a piller without,
That they by thritty mile about
By day and eke also by night
In that mirrour beholde might
Her ennemies, if any were,
With all her ordenaunce there,
Which they ayein the citee cast.
So that while thilke mirrour last,
Ther was no lond, which might acheve
With werre Rome for to greve,
Wherof was great envie tho.
And fell that ilke time so,

Hic ponit exemplum contra magnates cupidos et narrat de Crasso Romanorum imperatore, qui turrim, in qua speculum Virgilii Rome fixum extiterat, dolosa circumventus cupiditate evertit, unde non solum sui ipsius perdicionem, sed tocius civitatis intollerabile dampnum contingere causavit.

That Rome hadde werres ſtronge
Ayein Cartage, and ſtoden longe
The two citees upon debate.
Cartage ſigh the ſtrong eſtate
Of Rome in thilke mirrour ſtonde
And thought all prively to fonde
To overthrowe it by ſome wile.
And Hanibal was thilke while
The prince and leader of Cartage,
Which hadde ſet all his corage
Upon knighthode in ſuch a wiſe,
That he by worthy and by wiſe
And by none other was counſeiled,
Wherof the world is yet merveiled
Of the maiſtries that he wrought
Upon the marches, which he ſought.
And fell in thilke time alſo,
The kinge of Puile, which was tho,
Thought ayein Rome to rebelle,
And thus was take the quarelle,
How to deſtruie the mirrour.
Of Rome tho was emperour
Craſſus, which was ſo covetous,
That he was ever deſirous
Of gold to gete the pilage,
Wherof that Puile and eke Cartage
With philoſophres wiſe and great
Beginne of this matere to treat.
And ate laſt in this degre
There weren philoſophres thre

To do this thing whiche undertoke,
And therupon they with hem toke
A great tresure of gold in cofres
To Rome, and thus these philosophres
To-gider in compaignie went,
But no man wiste what they ment.
Whan they to Rome come were,
So prively they dwelte there,
As they that thoughten to deceive.
Was none, that might of hem perceive,
Till they in sondry stedes have
Her gold under the erth begrave
In two tresors that to beholde
They sholden seme as they were olde.
And so forth than upon a day
All openly in good array
To themperour they hem present
And tolden, it was her entent
To dwellen under his servise.
And he hem axeth in what wise.
And they him told in such a plite,
That eche of hem had a spirite,
The which slepend anight appereth
And hem by sondry dremes lereth
After the world that hath betid,
Under the grounde if ought be hid
Of olde tresor at any throwe,
They shall it in her swevenes knowe.
And upon this condition
They sain, what gold under the town

Of Rome is hid, they woll it finde,
There ſhulde nought be left behinde,
Be ſo that he the halve dele
Hem graunt and he aſſenteth wele.
And thus cam ſleighte for to dwelle
With covetiſe as I the telle.
This emperour bad redely,
That they be logged faſte by,
Where he his owne body lay.
And whan it was at morwe day,
That one of hem ſaith, that he mette,
Where he a gold hord ſhulde fette,
Wherof this emperour was glad.
And therupon anone he bad
His minours for to go and mine,
And he him ſelf of that covine
Goth forth withall and at his honde
The treſor redy there he fonde,
Where as they ſaid it ſhulde be.
And who was thanne glad but he?
  Upon that other day ſecounde
They have an other gold hord founde,
Which the ſeconde maiſter toke
Upon his ſweven and undertoke.
And thus the ſoth experience
To themperour yaf ſuch credence,
That all his truſt and all his feith
So ſikerliche on hem he laith,
Of that he found him ſo releved,
That they ben parfitly beleved,

As though they were goddes thre.
Now herken the ſubtilite
The thridde maiſter ſhulde mete,
Whiche as they ſaiden was unmete
Above hem all, and couthe moſt,
And he withoute noiſe or boſt
All privelich, ſo as he wolde,
Upon the morwe his ſwevenes tolde
To themperour right in his ere
And ſaid him, that he wiſte where
A treſor was ſo plenteous
Of golde and eke ſo precious
Of jeuelles and of rich ſtones,
That unto all his hors at ones
It were a charge ſuffiſaunt.
This lord upon this covenaunt
Was glad and axeth where it was.
The maiſter ſaid, under the glas,
He tolde him eke as for the mine
He wolde ordeigne ſuch engine,
That they the werk ſhulde underſette
With timber, and withoute lette
Men may the treſor ſaufly delve,
So that the mirrour by him ſelve
Without empeirement ſhal ſtonde.
All this the maiſter upon honde
Hath undertake in alle wey.
This lord, whiche had his wit awey
And was with covetiſe blent,
Anone therto yaf his aſſent.

And thus they mine forth withall,
The timber ſet up over all,
Wherof the piller ſtood upright,
Till it befell upon a night
Theſe clerkes, whan they were ware,
How that the timber only bare
The piller, where the mirrour ſtood,
Her ſleighte no man underſtood,
They go by night unto the mine
With pitch, with ſulphre and roſine,
And whan the citee was aſlepe,
A wilde fire into the depe
They caſt among the timber werke
And ſo forth while the night was derke
Deſguiſed in a pouer array
They paſſeden the towne er day.
And whan they come upon an hille,
They ſighen how the mirrour felle,
Wherof they made joy inough,
And eche of hem with other lough
And ſaiden : Lo, what covetiſe
May do with hem that be nought wiſe ?
And that was proved afterwarde,
For every lond to Rome warde,
Whiche hadde be ſubgit to-fore,
Whan this mirrour was ſo forlore
And they the wonder herde ſay,
Anone begunne diſobey
With werres upon every ſide.
And thus hath Rome loſt his pride

And was defouled over all.
For this I finde of Hanibal,
That he of Romains in a day,
Whan he hem found out of array,
So great a multitude ſlough,
That of gold ringes, which he drough
Of gentil hondes, that ben dede,
Busſhelles fulle thre, I rede,
He filled and made a brigge alſo,
That he might over Tiber go
Upon the corps that dede were
Of the Romains, whiche he ſlough there.
  But now to ſpeke of the juiſe,
The which after the covetiſe
Was take upon this emperour,
For he deſtruied the mirrour,
It is a wonder for to here
The Romains maden a chaiere
And ſet her emperour therinne
And ſaiden, for he wolde winne
Of gold the ſuperfluite,
Of golde he ſhulde ſuch plente
Receive, till he ſaide ho.
And with gold, which they hadde tho
Boilende hot within a panne,
Into his mouth they poure thanne.
And thus the thurſt of gold was queint
With gold, whiche hadde ben atteint.
  Wherof, my ſone, thou might here,
Whan covetiſe hath loſt the ſtere

Of resonable governaunce,
There falleth ofte great grevaunce.
For there may be no worse thing
Than covetise about a king,
If it in his persone be,
It doth the more adversite,
And if it in his counseil stonde,
It bringeth all day mischefe to honde
Of comun harme, and if it growe
Within his court, it woll be knowe,
For thanne shall the king be piled.
The man, whiche hath his londe tilled,
Awaiteth nought more redely
The hervest, than they gredily
Ne maken thanne warde and wacche,
Where they the profit mighten cacche.
And yet full oft it falleth so,
As men may sene among hem tho,
That he, which most coveiteth fast,
Hath leest avauntage ate last.
For whan fortune is there ayein,
Though he coveite, it is in veine,
The happes ben nought alle liche,
One is made pouer, an other riche,
The court to some it doth profite,
And some ben ever in o plite.
And yet they both aliche sore
Coveite, but fortune is more
Unto that o part favourable,
And though it be nought resonable,

This thing a man may ſene al day,
Wherof that I the telle may
After enſample in remembraunce,
How every man may take his chaunce
Or of richeſſe or of pouerte,
How ſo it ſtonde of the deſerte.
Here is nought every thing acquit,
For oft a man may ſe this yit,
That who beſt doth, leſt thank ſhal have,
It helpeth nought the world to crave,
Whiche out of reule and of meſure
Hath ever ſtonde in aventure
Als well in court, as elles where,
And how in olde daies there
It ſtood ſo as the thinges felle,
I thenke a tale for to telle.
In a cronique this I rede
About a kinge, as muſt nede,
There was of knightes and ſquiers
Great route and eke of officers.
Some of long time him hadden ſerved
And thoughten, that they have deſerved
Avauncement and gone withoute,
And ſome alſo ben of the route,
That comen but a while agone,
And they avaunced were anone.
Theſe olde men upon this thing,
So as they durſt ayein the king
Among hem ſelf compleignen ofte.
But there is nothing ſaid ſo ſofte,

Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus regum ſervientes pro eo, quod ipſi ſecundum eorum cupiditatem promoti non exiſtunt, de regio ſervicio quamvis in eorum defectu indiſcrete murmurant.

That it ne cometh out at laſt.
The king it wiſt anone als faſt
As he, which was of high prudence.
He ſhope therfore an evidence
Of hem that pleignen in that cas,
To knowe in whoſe default it was.
And all within his owne entent,
That no man wiſte what it ment
Anone he let two cofres make
Of one ſemblaunce and of o make
So lich, that no life thilke throwe
That one may fro that other knowe.
They were into his chambre brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought.
And netheles the king hath bede,
That they be ſet in prive ſtede,
As he that was of wiſdom ſligh.
Whan he therto his time ſigh
All privelich, that none it wiſt,
His owne hondes that o kiſt
Of fine golde and of fine perrie,
The which out of his treſorie
Was take, anone he filde full,
That other cofre of ſtrawe and mull
With ſtones meind he filde alſo.
Thus be they fulle bothe two.
So that erliche upon a day
He bad withinne where he lay,
There ſhulde be to-fore his bedde
A borde up ſet and faire ſpredde.

And than he let the cofres fet
Upon the borde and did hem ſet.
He knew the names well of tho,
The whiche ayein him grucche ſo
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and ſende for hem alle
And ſaide to hem in this wiſe:
  There ſhall no man his hap deſpiſe,
I wot well ye have longe ſerved,
And god wot what ye have deſerved.
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavaunced be
Or elles it belonge on you,
The ſothe ſhall be proved now
To ſtoppe with your evil worde.
Lo here two cofres on the borde,
Cheſe whiche you liſt of bothe two
And witeth well, that one of tho
Is with treſor ſo full begon,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye ſhal be riche men for ever.
Now cheſe and take whiche you is lever.
But be well ware, er that ye take,
For of that one I undertake,
There is no maner good therinne,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth to-gider of one aſſent
And taketh your adviſement,
For but I you this day avaunce,
It ſtant upon your owne chaunce.

All only in default of grace
So ſhall be ſhewed in this place
Upon you alle well and fine,
That no defaulte ſhall be mine.
They knelen all and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois.
And after that they up ariſe
And gon aſide and hem aviſe
And ate laſte they accorde,
Wherof her tale to recorde
To what iſſue they be falle
A knight ſhall ſpeke for hem alle.
He kneleth down unto the king
And ſaith, that they upon this thing
Or for to winne or for to leſe
Ben all aviſed for to cheſe.
Tho toke this knight a yerd on hond
And goth there as the cofres ſtond
And with thaſſent of everychone
He laith his yerde upon one
And ſaith the king, how thilke ſame
They cheſe in reguerdon by name
And preith him, that they might it have.
The king, which wold his honour ſave,
Whan he hath herd the comun vois,
Hath graunted hem her owne chois
And toke hem therupon the key.
But for he wolde it were ſay
What good they have, as they ſuppoſe,
He bad anone the cofre uncloſe,

Which was fulfilled with ſtraw and ſtones,
Thus be they ſerved all at ones.
This king than in the ſame ſtede
Anone that other cofre undede,
Where as they ſighen great richeſſe
Wel more than they couthen geſſe.
Lo, ſaith the king, now may ye ſe,
That there is no defaulte in me,
Forthy my ſelf I woll acquit
And bereth ye your owne wit
Of that fortune hath you refuſed.
Thus was this wiſe king excuſed,
And they lefte of her evil ſpeche
And mercy of her king beſeche.

Somdele to this matere like
I finde a tale, how Frederike,
Of Rome that time emperour,
Herde, as he went, a great clamour
Of two beggers upon the way,
That one of hem began to ſay:
Ha lord, wel may the man be riche,
Whom that a king liſt for to riche.
That other ſaid no thinge ſo:
But he is riche and wel bego,
To whom that god wol ſende wele.
And thus they maden wordes fele,
Wherof this lord hath hede nome
And did hem bothe for to come
To the paleis, where he ſhall ete,
And bad ordeigne for her mete

Nota hic de diviciarum accidencia, ubi narrat, qualiter Fredericus Romanorum imperator duos pauperes audivit litigantes, quorum unus dixit: bene poteſt ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius dixit: quem deus vult ditare dives erit, que res cum ad experimentum poſtea probata fuiſſet, ille qui deum invocabat paſtellum auro plenum ſortitus eſt, alius vero caponis paſtellum ſorte preelegit.

Two paſtees which he let do make,
A capon in that one was bake,
And in that other for to winne
Of floreins all that may withinne
He let do put a great richeſſe,
And even aliche as man may geſſe
Outward they were bothe two.
This begger was commaunded tho,
He that which held him to the king,
That he firſt cheſe upon this thing.
He ſigh hem, but he felt hem nought,
So that upon his owne thought
He cheſe the capon and forſoke
That other, which his felaw toke.
But whan he wiſt, how that it ferde,
He ſaid aloud, that men it herde:
Now have I certainly conceived,
That he may lightly be deceived,
That triſteth unto mannes helpe.
But wel is him, that god wol helpe,
For he ſtant on the ſiker ſide,
Whiche elles ſhulde go beſide.
I ſe my felaw wel recouer,
And I mot dwelle ſtill pouer.
Thus ſpake the begger his entent,
And pouer he cam, and pouer he went,
Of that he hath richeſſe ſought,
His infortune it wolde nought.
So may it ſhewe in ſondry wiſe
Betwene fortune and covetiſe

The chaunce is caſt upon a dee,
But yet full oft a man may ſee
Inough of ſuche netheles,
Which ever put hem ſelf in pres
To get hem good, and yet they faile.
  And for to ſpeke of this entaile
Touchend of love in thy matere,
My gode ſone, as thou might here,
That right as it with tho men ſtood
Of infortune of worldes good,
As thou haſt herd me tell above,
Right ſo full ofte it ſtant by love,
Though thou coveite it evermore,
Thou ſhalt nought have o dele the more,
But only that, which the is ſhape,
The remenaunt is but a jape.
And netheles inough of tho
There ben, that now coveiten ſo,
That where as they a woman ſe,
Ye ten or twelve though there be,
The love is now ſo unaviſed,
That where the beaute ſtant aſſiſed,
The mannes herte anone is there
And rouneth tales in her ere
And ſaith, how that he loveth ſtreite.
And thus he ſet him to coveite,
An hundred though he ſigh a day,
So wolde he more than he may.
So for the grete covetiſe
Of ſoty and of fool empriſe

In eche of hem he fint ſomwhat,
That pleſeth him, or this or that.
Some one, for ſhe is white of ſkinne,
Some one, for ſhe is noble of kinne,
Some one, for ſhe hath a rody cheke,
Some one, for that ſhe ſemeth meke,
Some one, for ſhe hath eyen grey,
Some one, for ſhe can laugh and pley,
Some one, for ſhe is longe and ſmall,
Some one, for ſhe is lite and tall,
Some one, for ſhe is pale and bleche,
Some one, for ſhe is ſofte of ſpeche,
Some one, for that ſhe is camuſed,
Some one, for ſhe hath nought ben uſed,
Some one, for ſhe can daunce and ſing,
So that ſome thing of his liking
He fint, and though no more he fele,
But that ſhe hath a litel hele,
It is inough, that he therfore
Her love, and thus an hundred ſcore,
While they be new, he wolde he had,
Whom he forſaketh, ſhe ſhall be bad.
Cecus non judicat de coloribus.
The blinde man no colour demeth,
But all is one right as him ſemeth,
So hath his luſt no jugement,
Whom covetiſe of love blent.
Him thenketh, that to his covetiſe,
How all the world ne may ſuffiſe,
For by his will he wolde have all,
If that it mighte ſo befall.

So is he comun as the ſtrete,
I ſette nought of his beyete.
My ſone, haſt thou ſuch covetiſe? Confeſſor.
Nay fader, ſuch love I deſpiſe, Amans.
And while I live ſhal don ever,
For in good feith yet had I lever
Than to coveite in ſuche a wey
To ben for ever till I deie
As pouer as Job and loveles
Out taken one, for haveles
His thonkes is no man alive,
For that a man ſhulde all unthrive,
There ought no wiſe man coveite,
The lawe was nought ſet ſo ſtreite.
Forthy my ſelf with all to ſave
Suche one there is I wolde have
And none of all this other mo.
My ſone, of that thou woldeſt ſo, Confeſſor.
I am nought wroth, but over this
I woll the tellen, howe it is.
For there be men, which other wiſe
Right only for the covetiſe
Of that they ſeen a woman riche,
There wol they all her love affiche.
Nought for the beaute of her face
Ne yet for vertu ne for grace,
Which ſhe hath elles right inough,
But for the parke and for the plough
And other thing, which therto longeth,
For in none other wiſe hem longeth

To love, but they profit finde.
And if the profit be behinde,
Her love is ever leſſe and leſſe,
For after that ſhe hath richeſſe,
Her love is of proportion.
If thou haſt ſuch condition,
My ſone, tell right as it is.

Confeſſio amantis.

Min holy fader, nay iwis,
Condicion ſuch have I none.
For truly fader, I love one
So well, with all min hertes thought,
That certes though ſhe hadde nought
And were as pouer as Medea,
Which was exiled for Creuſa,
I wolde her nought the laſſe love,
Ne though ſhe were at her above,
As was the riche quene Candace,
Which to deſerve love and grace
To Aliſaundre, that was king,
Yaf many a worthy riche thing,
Or elles as Pantaſilee,
Which was the quene of Feminee
And great richeſſe with her nam,
Whan ſhe for love of Hector cam
To Troy, in reſcouſſe of the town,
I am of ſuch condicion,
That though my lady of her ſelve
Were alſo riche, as ſuche twelve,
I couthe nought, though it were ſo,
No better love her, than I do.

For I love in ſo pleine a wiſe,
That for to ſpeke of covetiſe
As for pouerte or for richeſſe,
My love is nouther more ne leſſe.
For in good feith I trowe this,
So covetous no man there is,
For why and he my lady ſigh,
That he through loking of his eye
Ne ſhuld have ſuch a ſtroke withinne,
That for no gold he mighte winne
He ſhulde nought her love aſterte,
But if he lefte there his herte
Be ſo it were ſuch a man,
That couthe ſkille of a woman.
For there ben men ſo rude ſome,
Whan they among the women come,
They gon under protection,
That love and his affection
Ne ſhal nought take hem by the ſleve,
For they ben out of that beleve,
Hem luſteth of no lady chere,
But ever thenken there and here,
Where that her golde is in the cofre
And wol none other love profer.
But who ſo wot what love amounteth
And by reſon truliche accompteth,
Than may he knowe and taken hede,
That all the luſt of womanhede,
Which may ben in a ladies face,
My lady hath and eke of grace,

If men ſhuld yiven her appriſe,
They may wel ſay, how ſhe is wiſe
And ſober and ſimple of countenaunce
And all that to good governaunce
Belongeth of a worthy wight
She hath pleinly. For thilke night
That ſhe was bore as for the nones
Nature ſet in her at ones
Beaute with bounte ſo beſein,
That I may well afferme and ſain,
I ſigh yet never creature
Of comly hede and of feture
In any kinges region
Be liche her in compariſon.
And therto, as I have you tolde,
Yet hath ſhe more a thouſand folde
Of bounte, and ſhortly to telle
She is pure hede and welle
And mirrour and enſample of good,
Who ſo her vertues underſtood
Me thenketh it ought inough ſuffiſe
Withouten other covetiſe
To love ſuche one and to ſerve,
Which with her chere can deſerve
To be beloved better iwis,
Than ſhe par cas that richeſt is
And hath of golde a million.
Suche hath be min opinion
And ever ſhall. But netheles
I ſay ſhe is nought haveles,

That ſhe nis riche and well at eſe
And hath inough, wherwith to pleſe
Of worldes good, whom that her liſt.
But o thing wold I wel ye wiſt,
That never for no worldes good
Min hert unto ward her ſtood,
But only right for pure love,
That wot the highe god above.
Now fader, what ſay ye therto?
My ſone, I ſay it is wel do. Confeſſor.
For take of this right good beleve,
What man that wol him ſelf releve
To love, in any other wiſe
He ſhall wel finde his covetiſe,
Shall ſore greve him ate laſte,
For ſuch a love may nought laſte.
But now men ſain in oure daies,
Men maken but a few aſſaies,
But if the cauſe be richeſſe
Forthy the love is well the leſſe.
And who that wold enſamples telle
By olde daies as they felle,
Than might a man wel underſtonde
Such love may nought longe ſtonde.
Now herken, ſone, and thou ſhalt here
A great enſample of this matere.
To trete upon the cas of love,
So as we tolden here above,
I finde write a wonder thing.
Of Puile whilom was a king,

Hic ponit exemplum contra iſtos, qui non propter amorem ſed propter divicias ſponſalia ſumunt. Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie ſeneſ-

calo, qui non ſolum propter pecuniam uxorem duxit, ſed eciam pecunie commercio uxorem ſibi deſponſatam vendidit.

A man of high complexion
And yong, but his affection
After the nature of his age
Was yet not falle in his corage
The luſt of women for to knowe.
So it betid upon a throwe,
This lord fell into great ſikeneſſe.
Phiſique hath done the beſineſſe
Of ſondry cures many one
To make him hole and therupon
A worthy maiſter, which there was,
Yaf him counſeil upon this cas,
That if he wolde have parfite hele,
He ſhulde with a woman dele,
A freſhe, a yonge, a luſty wight
To don him compaigny a night.
For than he ſaid him redely,
That he ſhal be al hole therby,
And other wiſe he knew no cure.
The king, which ſtood in aventure
Of life and deth for medicine,
Aſſented was and of covine
His ſteward, whom he truſteth well,
He toke and told him every dele,
How that this maiſter hadde ſaid.
And therupon he hath him praid
And charged upon his legeaunce,
That he do make purveaunce
Of ſuch one as be covenable
For his pleſaunce and delitable

And badde him, how that ever it ſtood,
That he ſhall ſpare for no good,
For his will is right well to pay.
The ſteward ſaid, he wolde aſſay.
  But now here after thou ſhalt wite,
As I finde in the bokes write,
What covetiſe in love doth.
This ſteward, for to telle ſoth,
Amonges all the men alive
A luſty lady hath to wive,
Which netheles for gold he toke
And nought for love, as ſaith the boke.
A riche marchaunt of the londe
Her fader was, and he her fonde
So worthely and ſuch richeſſe
Of worldes good and ſuch largeſſe
With her he yaf in mariage,
That only for thilke avauntage
Of good the ſteward hath her take
For lucre and nought for loves ſake.
And that was afterward wel ſene.
Nowe herken, what it wolde mene.
This ſteward in his owne hert
Sigh, that his lord may nought aſtert
His maladie, but he have
A luſty woman him to ſave,
And though he wolde yive inough
Of his treſor, wherof he drough
Great covetiſe into his minde
And ſet his honour fer behinde.

Thus he, whom gold hath overſette,
Was trapped in his owne nette.
The gold hath made his wittes lame,
So that ſechend his owne ſhame
He rouneth in the kinges ere
And ſaid him, that he wiſte where
A gentil and a luſty one
Tho was, and thider wold he gone,
But he mote yive yeftes great,
For but it be through great beyete
Of gold, he ſaid, he ſhuld nought ſpede.
The king him bad upon the nede,
That take an hundred pound he ſholde
And yive it, where that he wolde,
Be ſo it were in worthy place.
And thus to ſtonde in loves grace
This king his gold hath abandoned.
And whan this tale was full rouned,
The ſteward toke the gold and went
Within his herte and many a went
Of covetiſe than he caſte,
Wherof a purpos ate laſte
Ayein love and ayein his right
He toke and ſaide, how thilke night
His wife ſhall ligge by the king.
And goth thenkend upon this thing
Toward his inn till he cam home
Into the chambre and than he nome
His wife and tolde her al the cas.
And ſhe, which red for ſhame was,

With bothe her hondes hath him praid
Knelend and in this wiſe ſaid,
That ſhe to reſon and to ſkill
In what thing that he bidde will
Is redy for to done his heſte,
But this thing that were nought honeſte,
That he for gold her ſhulde ſelle.
And he tho with his wordes felle
Forth with his gaſtly countenaunce
Saith, that ſhe ſhall done obeiſaunce
And folwe his wille in every place.
And thus through ſtrength of his manace
Her innocence is overladde,
Wherof ſhe was ſo ſore adradde,
That ſhe his will mot nede obey.
And therupon was ſhape a wey,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of alle mennes ſight
So prively that none it wiſt
Brought to the king, which as him liſt
May do with her what he wolde.
For whan ſhe was there as ſhe ſholde
With him abedde under the cloth,
The ſteward toke his leve and goth
Into the chambre faſte by.
But how he ſlept that wot nought I,
For he ſigh cauſe of jelouſy.
  But he, which hath the compaigny
Of ſuch a luſty one as ſhe,
Him thoughte that of his degre

There was no man ſo wel at eſe.
She doth all that ſhe may to pleſe,
So that his hert all hole ſhe had
And thus this kinge his joie lad,
Till it was nigh upon the day
The ſteward thanne where ſhe lay
Cam to the bed and in this wiſe
Hath bidde ſhe ſhulde ariſe.
The king ſaith : Nay, ſhe ſhall nought go.
The ſteward ſaid ayein : Nought ſo,
For ſhe mot gone er it be knowe,
And ſo I ſwore at thilke throwe,
Whan I her fette to you here.
The king his tale wol nought here
And ſaith, how that he hath her bought,
Forthy ſhe ſhall departe nought,
Till he the brighte day beholde.
And caught her in her armes folde,
As he which liſte for to pley
And bad his ſteward gone awey.
And ſo he did ayein his will,
And thus his wife abedde ſtill
Lay with the king the longe night,
Till that it was high ſonne light.
But who ſhe was he knew nothing.
Tho cam the ſteward to the king
And praid him that withoute ſhame
In ſaving of her gode name
He mighte leaden home ayeine
This lady, and hath told him pleine,

How that it was his owne wife.
The king his ere unto this ſtrife
Hath leid, and whan that he it herde,
Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And ſaid: Ha, caitif moſt of alle,
Where was it ever er this befalle,
That any cokard in this wiſe
Betoke his wife for covetiſe.
Thou haſt bothe her and me beguiled
And eke thin own eſtate reviled,
Wherof that buxom unto the
Here after ſhall ſhe never be.
For this avow to god I make
After this day, if I the take,
Thou ſhalt be honged and to-drawe.
Now loke anone thou be withdrawe,
So that I ſe the never more.
This ſteward thanne drad him ſore
With all the haſte that he may
And fled awey the ſame day
And was exiled out of lond.
  Lo, there a nice huſbond,
Which thus hath loſte his wife for ever.
But netheles ſhe hadde a lever,
The king her weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof her name ſhe ſoccoureth,
Which erſt was loſt through covetiſe
Of him, that lad her other wiſe
And hath him ſelf alſo forlore.
  My ſone, be thou ware therfore, Confeſſor.

Where thou ſhalt love in any place,
That thou no covetiſe embrace,
The which is nought of loves kinde.
But for all that a man may finde
Now in this time of thilke rage
Full great diſeſe in mariage,
Whan venim medleth with the ſucre
And mariage is made for lucre
Or for the luſt or for the hele,
What man that ſhall with other dele,
He may nought faile to repent.
Amans. My fader, ſuch is min entent.
But netheles good is to have,
For good may ofte time ſave
The love, which ſhulde elles ſpille.
But god, which wot min hertes wille,
I dar wel take to witneſſe,
Yet was I never for richeſſe
Beſet with mariage none,
For all min herte is upon one
So frely, that in the perſone
Stant all my worldes joy alone.
I axe nouther park ne plough,
If I her hadde, it were inough,
Her love ſhulde me ſuffiſe
Withouten other covetiſe.
Lo now, my fader, as of this
Touchend of me right as it is
My ſhrifte I am beknowe plein,
And if ye wol ought elles ſain

Of covetiſe if there be more
In love, agropeth out the ſore.

Fallere cum nequeat, propria vir fraude ſubornat 4.
Teſtes, ſitque eis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dum querit amans mulieres,
Vult teſtes falſos falſus habere ſuos.
Non ſine vindicta perjurus abibit in eis,
Viſu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere perjuro non eſt laudanda puellam
Gloria, ſed falſe condicionis opus.

Hic tractat ſuper illis avaricie ſpeciebus, que falſum teſtimonium et perjurium nuncupantur, quorum fraudulenta circumvencio tam in cupiditatis quam in amoris cauſa ſui deſiderii propoſitum quam ſepe fallaciter attingit.

My ſone, thou ſhalt underſtonde,
How covetiſe hath yet on honde
In ſpeciall two counſeilors,
That ben alſo his procurors.
The firſt of hem is fals witneſſe,
Which ever is redy to witneſſe
What thing his maiſter woll him hote.
Perjurie is the ſecond hote,
Which ſpareth nought to ſwere an othe,
Though it be fals and god be wrothe,
That one ſhall fals witneſſe bere,
That other ſhall the thing forſwere,
Whan he is charged on the boke.
So what with hepe, and what with croke
They make her maiſter ofte winne
And woll nought knowe, what is ſinne
For covetiſe, and thus men ſain,
They maken many a fals bargein.
There may no trewe quarel ariſe
In thilke queſte of thilke aſſiſe,
Where as they two the people enforme.
For they kepe ever o maner forme,

That upon golde her confcience
They founde and take her evidence.
And thus with fals witneffe and othes
They winne hem mete, drink and clothes.
Right fo there be, who that hem knewe,
Of thefe lovers ful many untrewe.
Now may a woman finde inow,
That eche of hem, whan he fhall wowe,
Anone he woll his hand down lain
Upon a boke and fwere and fain,
That he woll feith and trouthe bere.
And thus he profreth him to fwere
To ferven ever till he deie,
And all is verray trechery.
For whan the foth him felven trieth,
The more he fwereth, the more he lieth,
Whan he his feith maketh allthermeft,
Than may a woman truft him left,
For till he may his will acheve,
He is no lenger for to leve.
Thus is the trouth of love exiled,
And many a good woman beguiled.

Confeffor. And eke to fpeke of fals witneffe
There be now many fuch I geffe,
That lich unto the provifours
They make her prive procurors
To tell how there is fuch a man,
Which is worthy to love and can
All that a good man fhulde conne,
So that with lefing is begonne

The caufe, in which they woll procede.
And alfo fiker as the crede
They make of that they knowen fals,
And thus full oft about the hals
Love is of falfe men embraced.
But love, which is fo purchaced,
Cometh afterward to litel prife.
Forthy, my fone, if thou be wife,
Now thou haft herd this evidence,
Thou might thin owne confcience
Oppofe, if thou haft be fuch one.
Nay god wot, fader, I am none Amans.
Ne never was, for as men faith,
Whan that a man fhall make his feith,
His hert and tunge muft accorde.
For if fo be that they difcorde,
Than is he fals and elles nought,
And I dare fay, as of my thought
In love it is nought difcordable
Unto my word, but accordable.
And in this wife, fader, I
May right well fwere and faufly,
That I my lady love well,
For that accordeth every dele,
It nedeth nought to my foth fawe,
That I witneffe fhulde drawe
Into this day, for ever yit
Ne might it finke into my wit,
That I my counfeil fhulde fay
To any wight or me bewrey

To ſechen helpe in ſuch manere,
But onely for my lady dere.
And though a thouſand men it wiſte,
That I her love, and than hem liſte
With me to ſwere and to witneſſe,
Yet were that no fals witneſſe.
For I dare unto this trouth dwelle,
I love her more, than I can telle.
Thus am I, fader, gilteles,
As ye have herde, and netheles
In your dome I put it all.

Confeſſor. My ſone, wite in ſpeciall
It ſhall nought comunliche faile,
All though it for a time availe,
That fals witneſſe his cauſe ſpede
Upon the point of his falſhede,
It ſhall well afterward be kid,
Wherof ſo as it is betid
Enſample of ſuch thinges blinde
In a cronique write I finde.

Hic ponit exemplum de illis, qui falſum teſtificantes, amoris innocenciam circumveniunt, et narrat, qualiter Thetis Achillem filium ſuum aduleſcentem muliebri veſtitum apparatu afferens eſſe puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias ad educandum produxit, et ſic Achilles decepto rege filie ſue Deidamie ſocia et cubicularia effectus ſuper ipſam

The goddeſſe of the ſee Thetis,
She had a ſone, and his name is
Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
While he was yonge, and into warde
She thought him ſaufly to betake
As ſhe, which dradde for his ſake
Of that was ſaid of prophecie,
That he at Troie ſholde deie,
Whan that the citee was belein.
Forthy ſo as the bokes ſain,

She caſt her wit in ſondry wiſe,
How ſhe him mighte ſo deſguiſe,
That no man ſhuld his body knowe.
And ſo befell that ilke throwe,
While that ſhe thought upon this dede,
There was a king, which Lichomede
Was hote, and he was well begone
With faire doughters many one
And dwelte fer out in an ile.
Now ſhalt thou here a wonder wile.
This quene, which the mother was
Of Achilles, upon this cas
Her ſone, as he a maiden were,
Let clothen in the ſame gere,
Which longeth unto womanhede.
And he was yonge and toke none hede,
But ſuffreth all that ſhe him dede,
Wherof ſhe hath her women bede
And chargeth by her othes alle,
How ſo it afterward befalle,
That they diſcover nought this thing,
But feigne and make a knouleching
Upon the counſeil, which was nome,
In every place where they come
To telle and to witneſſe this,
Howe he her ladies doughter is.
And right in ſuch a maner wiſe
She bad they ſhuld her don ſerviſe,
So that Achilles underfongeth
As to a yong lady belongeth

Pirrum genuit, qui poſtea mire probitatis miliciam aſſecutus mortem patris ſui apud Trojam in Polixenem tirannice vindicavit.

Honour, ſervice and reverence.
For Thetis with great diligence
Him hath ſo taught and ſo affaited,
That how ſo that he were awaited
With ſobre and goodly contenaunce
He ſhuld his womanhede avaunce,
That none the ſothe knowe might,
But that in every mannes ſight
He ſhulde ſeme a pure maide.
And in ſuch wiſe, as ſhe him ſaid,
Achilles, which that ilke while
Was yonge, upon him ſelfe to ſmile
Began, whan he was ſo beſein.
And thus after the bokes ſain
With frette of perle upon his hede
All fresſhe betwene the white and red
As he, which tho was tender of age,
Stood the colour in his viſage,
That for to loke upon his cheke
And ſeen his childly maner eke
He was a woman to beholde.
And than his moder to him tolde,
That ſhe him hadde ſo begone
By cauſe that ſhe thoughte gone
To Lichomede at thilke tide,
Where that ſhe ſaid, he ſhulde abide
Amonge his doughters for to dwelle.
Achilles herd his moder telle
And wiſte nought the cauſe why.
And netheles full buxomly

He was redy to that ſhe bad,
Wherof his moder was right glad.
To Lichomede and forth they went,
And whan the king knewe her entent
And ſigh this yonge doughter there,
And that it came unto his ere
Of ſuch record, of ſuch witneſſe,
He hadde right a great gladneſſe
Of that he bothe ſigh and herde
As he, that wot nought how it ferde
Upon the counſeil of the nede.
But for all that king Lichomede
Hath toward him his doughter take
And for Thetis his moder ſake,
He put her into compaigny
To dwelle with Deidamy,
His owne doughter the eldeſt,
The faireſt and the comlieſt
Of al his doughters, which he had.
Lo, thus Thetis the cauſe lad
And lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he, which hath him ſelf reſtreigned
In all that ever he may and can
Out of the maner of a man
And toke his womaniſhe chere,
Wherof unto his bedfere
Deidamy he hath by night,
Where kinde will him ſelve right
After the philoſophres ſain,
There may no wight be there ayein.

And that was thilke time ſene,
The longe nightes hem betwene
Nature, which may nought forbere,
Hath made hem bothe for to ſtere,
They kiſſen firſt and overmore
The highe wey of loves lore
They gone, and all was done in dede,
Wherof loſt is the maidenhede.
And that was afterward well knowe.
For it befell that ilke throwe
At Troie, where the ſiege lay
Upon the cauſe of Menelay
And of his quene dame Heleine,
The Gregois hadden mochel peine
All day to fight and to aſſaile.
But for they mighten nought availe
So noble a citee for to winne
A prive counſeil they beginne
In ſondry wiſe where they treat
And ate laſt among the great
They fellen unto his accorde,
That Protheus of his recorde,
Which was an aſtronomien
And eke a great magicien,
Shulde of his calculation
Seche of conſtellation,
How they the citee mighten gette.
And he, which hadde nought foryete
Of that belongeth to a clerke,
His ſtudy ſet upon this werke,

So longe his wit about he caſte,
Till that he founde out at laſte,
But if they hadden Achilles
Her werre ſhall ben endeles.
And over that he tolde hem pleine,
In what maner he was beſeine
And in what place he ſhall be founde,
So that within a litel ſtounde
Ulixes forth with Diomede
Upon this point to Lichomede
Agamenon to-gider ſente.
But Ulixes, er he forth wente,
Which was one of the moſt wiſe
Ordeined hath in ſuch a wiſe,
That he the moſt riche array,
Wherof a woman may be gay,
With him he toke manifolde
And overmore, as it is tolde,
An harneis for a luſty knight,
Which burned was as ſilver bright,
Of ſwerde, of plate and eke of maile,
As though he ſhulde do bataile,
He toke alſo with him by ſhip.
And thus to-gider in felaſhip
Forth gone this Diomede and he
In hope till they mighten ſe
The place, where Achilles is.
The wind ſtood thanne nought amis,
But every topſailecole it blewe,
Till Ulixes the marches knewe,

Where Lichomede his regne had.
The ſtireſman ſo well him lad,
That they ben comen ſauf to londe,
Where they gone out upon the ſtronde
Into the burgh, where that they founde
The king, and he which hath facounde
Ulixes dide the meſſage.
But the counſeile of his corage,
Why that he came, he tolde nought,
But underneth he was bethought,
In what maner he might aſpie
Achilles fro Deidamy
And fro theſe other, that there were,
Full many a luſty lady there.
They plaide hem there a day or two,
And as it was fortuned ſo,
It fell that time in ſuche a wiſe
To Bachus that a ſacrifice
Theſe yonge ladies ſhulden make.
And for the ſtraunge mennes ſake,
That comen fro the ſiege of Troy,
They maden well the more joy.
There was revell, there was dauncing,
And every life, which couthe ſing
Of luſty women in the route
A freſh caroll hath ſong aboute.
But for all this yet netheles
The Grekes unknowe of Achilles
So weren, that in no degre
They couthen wite, which was he

Ne by his vois, ne by his pas.
Ulixes than upon the cas
A thing of high prudence hath wrought.
For thilk array, which he hath brought,
To yive among the women there
He let do fetten all the gere
Forth with a knightes harneis eke.
In all the contre for to ſeke
Men ſholden nought a fairer ſe.
And every thing in his degre
Endelong upon a bourde he laide.
To Lichomede and than he preide,
That every lady cheſe ſholde
What thing of alle that ſhe wolde
And take it as by way of yift,
For they hem ſelf it ſhulde ſhift
He ſaide after her owne wille.
Achilles thanne ſtood nought ſtille,
Whan he the brighte helm behelde,
The ſwerd, the hauberk and the ſhelde,
His herte fell therto anone,
Of all that other wold he none,
The knightes gere he underfongeth
And thilke array, which that belongeth
Unto the women he forſoke.
And in this wiſe, as ſaith the boke,
They knowen thanne whiche he was,
For he goth forth the grete pas
Into the chambre, where he lay,
Anone and made no delay,

He armeth him in knightly wiſe,
That better can no man deviſe.
And as fortune ſhulde falle,
He came ſo forth to-fore hem alle
As he, which tho was glad inough.
But Lichomede nothing lough,
Whan that he ſigh, how that it ferde.
For than he wiſte well and herde,
His doughter hadde be forlain.
But that he was ſo overſein,
The wonder overgoth his wit.
For in cronique is write yit
Thing, which ſhall never be foryete,
How that Achilles hath begete
Pirrus upon Deidamy,
Wherof came out the trechery
Of fals witneſſe when he ſaide,
How that Achilles was a maide.
But that was nothing ſene tho,
For he is to the ſiege go
Forth with Ulixes and Diomede.
Confeſſor. Lo, thus was proved in the dede
And fully ſpoke at thilke while,
If o woman an other beguile,
Where is there any ſikerneſſe,
Whan Thetis which was than the goddeſſe
Deidamy hath ſo bejaped,
I not how it ſhall bene eſcaped
With tho women, whoſe innocence
Is now al day through ſuch credence

Deceived ofte, as it is ſene
With men, that ſuch untrouthe mene.
For they ben ſligh in ſuche a wiſe,
That they by ſleight and by queintiſe
Of fals witneſſe bringen inne
That doth hem ofte for to winne,
Where they ben nought worthy therto.
Forthy, my ſone, do nought ſo.
  My fader, as of fals witneſſe Amans.
The trouth and the matere expreſſe
Touchend of love, howe it hath ferde,
As ye have tolde, I have well herde.
But for ye ſaiden other wiſe,
How thilke vice of covetiſe
Hath yet perjurie of his accorde,
If that you liſt of ſome recorde
To tellen an other tale alſo
In loves cauſe of time ago,
What thing it is to be forſwore,
I wolde preie you therfore,
Wherof I might enſample take.
  My gode ſone, and for thy ſake Confeſſor.
Touchend of this I ſhall fulfill
Thin axing at thin owne will
And the matere I ſhall declare,
How the women deceived are,
Whan they ſo tendre hertes bere,
Of that they heren men ſo ſwere.
But whan it cometh unto thaſſay,
They finde it fals another day,

As Jaſon did unto Medee,
Which ſtant yet of auctorite
In token and in memoriall,
Wherof the tale in ſpeciall
Is in the boke of Troie write,
Which I ſhall do the for to wite.

Hic in amoris cauſa ponit exemplum contra perjuros et narrat, qualiter Jaſon, priuſquam ad inſulam Colchos pro aureo vellere ibidem conqueſtando tranſmearet, in amorem et conjugium Medee regis Othonis filie juramento firmius ſe aſtrinxit, ſed ſuo poſtea completo negocio cum ipſam ſecum navigio in Greciam perduxiſſet, ubi illa ſenectam patris ſui Eſonis in floridam juventutem mirabili ſciencia reformavit, ipſe Jaſon fidei ſue ligamento aliiſque beneficiis poſtpoſitis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creuſa regis Creontis filia perjurus dereliquit.

In Grece whilom was a king,
Of whom the fame and knouleching
Beleveth yet, and Peleus
He highte, but it fell him thus,
That his fortune her whele ſo lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To regnen after his deceſs.
He had a brother netheles,
Whoſe righte name was Eſon,
And he the worthy knight Jaſon
Begat, the which in every londe
All other paſſed of his honde
In armes, ſo that he the beſt
Was named and the worthieſt.
He ſoughte worſhip over all.
Now herken, and I telle ſhall
An adventure that he ſought,
Which afterward full dere he bought.

There was an ile, which Colchos
Was cleped, and therof aros
Great ſpeche in every londe aboute,
That ſuch merveile was none oute
In all the wide world no where,
As tho was in that ile there.

There was a ſhepe, as it was tolde,
The which his flees bare all of golde,
And ſo the goddes had it ſette,
That it ne might away be fette
By power of no worldes wight.
And yet full many a worthy knight
It had aſſaied, as they dorſte,
And ever it fell hem to the worſte.
But he that wolde it nought forſake,
But of his knighthode undertake
To do, what thing therto belongeth,
This worthy Jaſon ſore alongeth
To ſe the ſtraunge regions
And knowe the conditions
Of other marches, where he went.
And for that cauſe his hole entent
He ſette Colchos for to ſeche
And therupon he made a ſpeche
To Peleus his eme the king.
And he wel paid was of that thing
And ſhope anone for his paſſage
And ſuch as were of his lignage
With other knightes, whiche he chees,
With him he toke, and Hercules,
Which full was of chivalerie,
With Jaſon went in compaignie,
And that was in the month of may,
Whan colde ſtormes were away,
The wind was good, the ſhip was yare,
They toke her leve, and forth they fare

Toward Colchos. But on the way
What hem befelle is long to ſay,
How Lamedon the king of Troy,
Which ought well have made hem joy,
Whan they to reſt a while him preide,
Out of his lond he them congeide.
And ſo fell the diſſention,
Whiche after was deſtruction
Of that citee, as men may here.
But that is nought to my matere,
But thus the worthy folke Gregois
Fro that king, which was nought curtois,
And fro his londe with ſail updrawe
They went hem forth and many a ſawe
They made and many a great manace,
Till ate laſt into that place,
Which as they ſoughte, they arrive
And ſtriken ſail and forth as blive
They ſent unto the king and tolden,
Who weren there and what they wolden.
 Oetes, which was thanne king,
Whan that he herde this tiding
Of Jaſon, which was comen there,
And of theſe other, what they were,
He thoughte done hem great worſhip.
For they anone come out of ſhip
And ſtraught unto the king they wente
And by the honde Jaſon he hente,
And that was at the paleis gate,
So fer the king came on his gate

Toward Jaſon to done him chere.
And he, whom lacketh no manere,
Whan he the king ſigh in preſence,
Yaf him ayein ſuch reverence
As to a kinges ſtate belongeth.
And thus the king him underfongeth
And Jaſon in his arme he caught
And forth into the hall he ſtraught,
And there they ſit and ſpeke of thinges.
And Jaſon tolde him tho tidinges,
Why he was come, and faire him preide
To haſte his time, and the kinge ſaide:
  Jaſon, thou art a worthy knight,
But it lieth in no mannes might
To done, that thou art come fore.
There hath bene many a knight forlore
Of that they wolden it aſſaie.
But Jaſon wolde him nought eſmaie
And ſaide: Of every worldes cure
Fortune ſtant in aventure
Paraunter well, paraunter wo.
But how as ever that it go,
It ſhall be with min honde aſſaied.
The king tho helde him nought wel paied
For he the Grekes ſore dredde,
In aunter if Jaſon ne ſpedde,
He mighte therof bere a blame,
For tho was all the worldes fame
In Grece, as for to ſpeke of armes.
Forthy he drad him of his harmes

And gan to preche and to prey.
But Jaſon wolde nought obey,
But ſaid, he wolde his purpos holde
For ought that any man him tolde.
The king whan he theſe wordes herde
And ſigh how that this knight anſwerde,
Yet for he wolde make him glad,
After Medea gone he bad,
Which was his doughter, and ſhe cam
And Jaſon, which good hede nam,
Whan he her ſigh, ayein her goth.
And ſhe, which was him nothing loth,
Welcomed him into that londe
And ſofte toke him by the honde
And down they ſetten bothe ſame.
She had herd ſpoken of his name
And of his grete worthineſſe,
Forthy ſhe gan her eye impreſſe
Upon his face and his ſtature
And thought, how never creature
Was ſo welfarend, as was he.
And Jaſon right in ſuch degre
Ne mighte nought witholde his loke,
But ſo good hede on her he toke,
That him ne thought under the heven
Of beaute ſigh he never her even
With all that felle to womanhede.
Thus eche of other token hede,
Though there no word was of recorde,
Her hertes both of one accorde

Ben ſette to love, but as tho
There mighten ben no wordes mo.
The king made him great joy and feſt,
To all his men he yaf an heſt,
So as they wolde his thank deſerve,
That they ſhulde alle Jaſon ſerve,
While that he wolde there dwelle.
And thus the day, ſhortly to telle,
With many merthes they diſpent,
Till night was come, and tho they went,
Echone of other toke his leve,
Whan they no lenger mighten leve.
I not how Jaſon that night ſlepe,
But well I wot, that of the ſhepe,
For which he cam into that ile,
He thoughte but a litel while,
All was Medea that he thought,
So that in many wiſe he ſought
His wit wakend, er it was day,
Some time ye, ſome time nay,
Some time thus, ſome time ſo,
As he was ſtered to and fro
Of love and eke of his conqueſt,
As he was holde of his beheſt.
And thus he roſe up by the morwe
And toke him ſelf ſeint John to borwe
And ſaide, he wolde firſt beginne
At love, and after for to winne
The flees of gold, for which he come,
And thus to him good herte he nome.

Medea right the ſame wiſe
Till day cam, that ſhe muſt ariſe,
Lay and bethought her all the night,
How ſhe that noble worthy knight
By any waie mighte wedde.
And wel ſhe wiſt, if he ne ſpedde
Of thing, which he had undertake,
She might her ſelf no purpoſe take.
For if he deiede of his bataile,
She muſte than algate faile
To geten him, whan he were dede.
Thus ſhe began to ſette rede
And torne about her wittes all
To loke how that it mighte fall,
That ſhe with him had a leiſer
To ſpeke and telle of her deſir.
And ſo it fell the ſame day
That Jaſon with that ſwete may
To-gider ſet and hadden ſpace
To ſpeke, and he beſought her grace.
And ſhe his tale goodly herde
And afterward ſhe him anſwerde
And ſaide: Jaſon, as thou wilt
Thou might be ſauf, thou might be ſpilt,
For wite well, that never man,
But if he couthe that I can,
Ne mighte that fortune acheve,
For which thou comeſt. But as I leve,
If thou wolt holde covenaunt
To love of all the remenaunt,

I ſhall thy life and honour ſave,
That thou the flees of gold ſhalt have.
He ſaid: Al at your owne wille,
Madame, I ſhall truly fulfille
Your heſte, while my life may laſt.
Thus longe he praid and ate laſt
She graunteth and behight him this,
That whan night cometh and it time is,
She wolde him ſende certainly
Such one, that ſhulde him prively
Alone into her chambre bringe.
He thonketh her of that tidinge,
For of that grace is him begonne,
Him thenketh al other thinges wonne.
  The day made ende and loſt his ſight
And comen was the derke night,
The whiche all the daies eye blent.
  Jaſon toke leve and forth he went,
And whan he cam out of the prees,
He toke to counſeil Hercules
And tolde him, how it was betid,
And praide it ſhulde well ben hid,
And that he wolde loke about
The whiles that he ſhall be out.
Thus as he ſtood and hede name,
A maiden fro Medea came
And to her chambre Jaſon ledde,
Where that he found redy to bedde
The faireſt and the wiſeſt eke.
And ſhe with ſimple chere and meke,

Whan ſhe him ſigh, wax all asſhamed.
Tho was her tale newe entamed
For ſikerneſſe of mariage,
She fette forth a riche ymage,
Which was the figure of Jupiter,
And Jaſon ſwore and ſaide there,
That alſo wis god ſhuld him helpe,
That if Medea did him helpe,
That he his purpoſe mighte winne,
They ſhulde never part atwinne,
But ever while him laſteth life,
He wolde her holde for his wife.
And with that word they kiſten both.
And for they ſhulde hem uncloth
There come a maid and in her wiſe
She did hem bothe full ſerviſe,
Till that they were in bedde naked,
I wot that night was well bewaked.
They hadden bothe what they wolde.
And than at leiſer ſhe him tolde
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of this bataile and all the forme,
Whiche as he ſhulde finde there,
Whan he to thile come were.
She ſaide, at entre of the pas
How Mars, which god of armes was,
Hath ſet two oxen ſterne and ſtoute,
That caſten fire and flame aboute
Both ate mouth and at the naſe,
So that they ſetten all on blaſe

What thing that paſſeth hem betwene.
And furthermore upon the grene
There goth the flees of gold to kepe
A ſerpent, which may never ſlepe.
Thus who that ever it ſhulde winne,
The fire to ſtoppe he mot beginne
Which that the fierce beſtes caſte,
And daunt he mot hem ate laſte,
So that he may hem yoke and drive,
And there upon he mot as blive
The ſerpent with ſuch ſtrength aſſaile,
That he may ſleen him by bataile
Of which he mot the teeth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe.
And than he muſt the oxen yoke,
Til they have with a plough to-broke
A furgh of lond, in which a row
The teeth of thadder he muſt ſow.
And therof ſhull ariſe knightes
Well armed at alle rightes,
Of hem is nought to taken hede,
For eche of hem in haſtihede
Shall other ſlee with dethes wounde.
And thus whan they ben laid to grounde
Than mot he to the goddes pray
And go ſo forth and take his pray.
But if he faile in any wiſe
Of that ye here me deviſe,
There may be ſet non other wey,
That he ne muſt algates deie.

Now have I told the peril all,
I woll you tellen forth withall,
Quod Medea to Jaſon tho,
That ye ſhull knowen er ye go
Ayein the venim and the fire,
What ſhall be the recoverir.
But, ſire, for it is nigh day,
Ariſeth up, ſo that I may
Deliver you what thing I have,
That may your life and honour ſave.
They weren bothe loth to riſe,
But for they weren bothe wiſe
Up they ariſen ate laſt.
Jaſon his clothes on him caſt
And made him redy right anon,
And ſhe her ſherte did upon
And caſt on her a mantel cloſe
Withoute more, and than aroſe.
Tho toke ſhe forth a riche tie
Made all of gold and of perrie,
Out of the which ſhe nam a ring,
The ſtone was worth all other thing.
She ſaide, while he wold it were,
There mighte no peril him dere,
In water may it nought be dreint,
Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
It daunteth eke the cruel heſte,
There may none quad that man areſte,
Where ſo he be on ſee or londe,
That hath this ring upon his honde.

And over that ſhe gan to ſain,
That if a man will ben unſein,
Within his hond hold cloſe the ſtone
And he may inviſible gone.
The ring to Jaſon ſhe betaught
And ſo forth after ſhe him taught,
What ſacrifice he ſhulde make.
And gan out of her cofre take
Him thought an hevenly figure,
Which all by charme and by conjure
Was wrought, and eke it was through-writ
With names, which he ſhulde wite,
As ſhe him taughte tho to rede
And bad him as he wolde ſpede
Withoute reſt of any while,
Whan he were londed in that ile,
He ſhulde make his ſacrifice
And rede his careƈt in the wiſe,
As ſhe him taught on knees down bent
Thre ſithes toward orient.
For ſo ſhuld he the goddes pleſe
And win him ſelven mochel eſe.
And whan he had it thries radde
To open a buiſt ſhe him badde,
That ſhe there toke him in preſent,
And was full of ſuch oignement,
That there was fire ne venim none,
That ſhulde faſtne him upon,
Whan that he were anoint withall.
Forthy ſhe taught him how he ſhall

Anoint his armes all aboute,
And for he ſhulde nothing doubte
She toke him than a maner glue,
The which was of ſo great vertue,
That where a man it ſhulde caſt
It ſhulde binde anon ſo faſt,
That no man might it done away.
And that ſhe bad by alle way
He ſhulde into the mouthes throw
Of tho twein oxen that fire blow,
Therof to ſtoppen the malice
The glue ſhall ſerve of that office.
And over that her oignement
Her ring and her enchauntement
Ayein the ſerpent ſhulde him were,
Till he him ſlee with ſwerd or ſpere.
And than he may ſaufly inough
His oxen yoke into the plough
And the teeth ſowe in ſuch a wiſe,
Till he the knightes ſe ariſe
And eche of other down be laide,
In ſuche a maner as I have ſaide.
  Lo, thus Medea for Jaſon
Ordeineth and praieth therupon,
That he nothing foryete ſholde,
And eke ſhe praieth him that he wolde,
Whan he hath all his armes done,
To grounde knele and thonke anone
The goddes, and ſo forth by eſe
The flees of golde he ſhulde ſeſe.

And whan he had it ſeſed ſo,
That than he were ſone ago
Withouten any tarieng.
Whan this was ſaid into weping
She fel, as ſhe that was through-nome
With love, and ſo fer overcome,
That all her worlde on him ſhe ſette.
But whan ſhe ſigh there was no lette,
That he mot nedes part her fro,
She toke him in her armes two
An hunderd times and gan him kiſſe
And ſaid: O, all my worldes bliſſe,
My truſt, my luſt, my life, min hele,
To ben thin helpe in this quarele
I pray unto the goddes alle.
And with that word ſhe gan down falle
Of ſwoune, and he her uppe nam,
And forth with that the maiden cam,
And they to bed anone her brought,
And thanne Jaſon her beſought
And to her ſaide in this manere:
My worthy luſty lady dere,
Comforteth you, for by my trouth
It ſhall nought fallen in my ſlouth,
That I ne woll throughout fulfille
Your heſtes at your owne wille.
And yet I hope to you bringe
Within a while ſuch tidinge,
The which ſhall make us bothe game.
  But for he wolde kepe her name,

Whan that he wiſt it was nigh day,
He ſaide: Adewe my ſwete may.
And forth with him he nam his gere,
Which as ſhe hadde take him there,
And ſtraught unto his chambre went
And goth to bedde and ſlepe him hent
And lay, that no man him awoke,
For Hercules hede of him toke,
Till it was underne high and more.
And than he gan to ſighe ſore
And ſodeinlich he braide of ſlepe,
And they than token of him kepe,
His chamberleins ben ſone there
And maden redy all his gere,
And he aroſe and to the king
He went and ſaid, how to that thing,
For which he cam, he wolde go.
The king therof was wonder wo
And for he wolde him fain withdraw,
He told him many a dredefull ſawe.
But Jaſon wolde it nought recorde
And ate laſte they accorde,
Whan that he wolde nought abide,
A bote was redy ate tide,
In which this worthy knight of Grece
Full armed up at every piece
To his bataile which belongeth
Toke ore in hond and ſore him longeth,
Till he the water paſſed were.
    Whan he cam to that ile there,

He ſet him on his knees down ſtraught
And his carecte, as he was taught,
He rad and made his ſacrifice
And ſith anoint him in that wiſe,
As Medea him hadde bede,
And than aroſe up fro that ſtede
And with the glue the fire he queint
And anone after he atteint
The grete ſerpent and him ſlough.
But erſt he hadde ſorwe inough,
For that ſerpent made him travaile
So hard and ſore of his bataile,
That now he ſtood and nowe he fell,
For longe time it ſo befell,
That with his ſwerd and with his ſpere
He mighte nought that ſerpent dere,
He was ſo ſherded all aboute
It held all egge tole withoute,
He was ſo rude and hard of ſkin,
There might no thinge go therein.
Venim and fire to-gider he caſt,
That he Jaſon ſo ſore ablaſt,
That if ne were his oignement,
His ring and his enchauntement,
Which Medea toke him before,
He hadde with that worm be lore.
But of vertu, which therof cam,
Jaſon the dragon overcam
And he anone the teeth out drough
And ſet his oxen in his plough,

With which he brake a piece of lond
And ſewe hem with his owne hond.
Tho might he great merveile ſe,
Of every toth in his degre
Sprong up a knight with ſpere and ſheld,
Of which anone right in the feld
Echone ſlough other, and with that
Jaſon Medea not foryat,
On both his knees he gan down falle
And yaf thank to the goddes alle.
The flees he toke and goth to bote,
The ſonne ſhineth bright and hote,
The flees of gold ſhone forth with all,
The water gliſtred over all.
Medea wept and ſighed ofte
And ſtood upon a toure alofte
All prively within her ſelve,
There herd it nouther ten ne twelve.
She praid and ſaid: O, god him ſpede,
The knight, which hath my maidenhede.
And ay ſhe loketh toward thile,
But whan ſhe ſigh within a while
The flees gliſtrend ayein the ſonne,
She ſaid: Ha lord, now all is wonne,
My knight the feld hath overcome,
Now wolde god, he were come.
Ha lord, I wold he were a londe.
But I dare take this on honde,
If that ſhe hadde winges two,
She wold have flowe unto him tho

Straught there he was unto the bote.
The day was clere, the ſonne hote,
The Gregois weren in great doubt
The while that her lord was out,
They wiſten nought what ſhuld betide,
But waited ever upon the tide
To ſe what ende ſhulde falle.
There ſtoden eke the nobles alle
Forth with the comunes of the town,
And as they loken up and down,
They weren ware within a throwe,
Where cam the bote, which they wel knowe,
And ſigh, how Jaſon brought his prey.
And tho they gonnen alle ſay
And criden alle with o ſteven:
Ha, where was ever under the heven
So noble a knight, as Jaſon is?
And wel nigh alle ſaiden this,
That Jaſon was a faire knight,
For it was never of mannes might
The flees of gold ſo for to winne,
And thus tellen they beginne.
With that the king cam forth anone
And ſigh the flees, how that it ſhone.
And whan Jaſon cam to the londe,
The kinge him ſelve toke his honde
And kiſt him, and great joy him made.
The Gregois weren wonder glade
And of that thing right merry hem thought
And forth with hem the flees they brought,

And eche on other gan to ligh.
But wel was him that mighte nigh
To ſe there of the proprete,
And thus they paſſen the citee
And gone unto the paleis ſtraught.
Medea, which foryat her nought,
Was redy there and ſaid anon:
Welcome, O worthy knight Jaſon.
She wolde have kiſt him wonder fain,
But ſhame torned her ayein,
It was nought the maner as tho.
Forthy ſhe dorſte nought do ſo
She toke her leve, and Jaſon went
Into his chambre and ſhe him ſent
Her maiden to ſene how he ferde.
The which whan that he ſigh and herde,
How that he hadde faren out
And that it ſtood well all about,
She tolde her lady what ſhe wiſt,
And ſhe for joy her maiden kiſt.
The bathes weren than araied
With herbes tempred and aſſaied
And Jaſon was unarmed ſone
And dide, as it befell to done,
Into his bathe he went anone
And wisſhe him clene as any bone,
He toke a ſoppe and out he cam
And on his beſt array he nam
And kempt his hede, whan he was clad,
And goth him forth all merry and glad

Right ſtraught into the kinges halle.
The king cam with his knightes alle
And maden him glad welcoming.
And he hem tolde tho tiding
Of this and that, how it befell,
Whan that he wan the ſhepes fell.
Medea whan ſhe was aſent
Come ſone to that parlement,
And whan ſhe mighte Jaſon ſe,
Was none ſo glad of all as ſhe.
There was no joie for to ſeche,
Of him made every man a ſpeche,
Some man ſaid one, ſome ſaid other,
But though he were goddes brother
And mighte make fire and thonder,
There mighte be no more wonder
Than was of him in that citee.
Echone taught other this is he,
Whiche hath in his power withinne,
That all the world ne mighte winne,
Lo, here the beſt of alle good.
Thus ſaiden they, that there ſtood
And eke that walked up and down
Both of the court and of the town.
 The time of ſouper cam anon,
They wiſhen and therto they gon,
Medea was with Jaſon ſet,
Tho was there many a deinte fet
And ſet to-fore hem on the bord,
But none ſo liking as the word,

Which was there ſpoke among hem two,
So as they dorſte ſpeke tho.
But though they hadden litel ſpace,
Yet they accorden in that place,
How Jaſon ſhulde come at night,
Whan every torche and every light
Were out, and than of other thinges
They ſpeke aloud for ſuppoſinges
Of hem that ſtoden there aboute,
For love is evermore in doubte,
If that it be wiſly governed
Of hem that ben of love lerned.
Whan al was done, that diſh and cup
And cloth and bord and all was up,
They waken, while hem liſt to wake,
And after that they leve take
And gon to bedde for to reſte.
And whan him thoughte for the beſte,
That every man was faſt a ſlepe,
Jaſon, that wolde his time kepe,
Goth forth ſtalkend all prively
Unto the chambre and redely
There was a maide, which him kept,
Medea woke and no thing ſlept,
But netheles ſhe was a bedde,
And he with alle haſte him ſpedde
And made him naked and all warm.
Anone he toke her in his arm,
What nede is for to ſpeke of eſe,
Hem liſt eche other for to pleſe,

So that they hadden joy inow.
And tho they ſetten, whan and how,
That ſhe with him awey ſhal ſtele,
With wordes ſuch and other fele.
Whan all was treted to an ende,
Jaſon toke leve and gan forth wende
Unto his owne chambre in pees.
There wiſt it non but Hercules.
He ſlept and ros, whan it was time,
And whan it fel towardes prime,
He toke to him ſuch as he triſte
In ſecre, that none other wiſte,
And told hem of his counſeil there
And ſaide, that his wille were,
That they to ſhip had alle thing
So privelich in thevening,
That no man might her dede aſpie
But tho that were of compaignie,
For he woll go withoute leve
And lenger woll he nought beleve,
But he ne wolde at thilke throwe
The king or quene ſhulde it knowe.
They ſaid, all this ſhall well be do.
And Jaſon truſte well therto.
Medea in the mene while,
Which thought her fader to beguile,
The treſor, which her fader hadde,
With her all prively ſhe ladde
And with Jaſon at time ſet
Away ſhe ſtale and found no let

And ſtraught ſhe goth her into ſhip
Of Grece with that felaſhip.
And they anone drough up the ſaile,
And all that night this was counſeil,
But erly whan the ſonne ſhone,
Men ſigh, how that they were gone
And come unto the kinge and tolde.
And he the ſothe knowe wolde
And axeth, where his doughter was.
There was no word, but out alas,
She was ago, the moder wept,
The fader as a wodeman lept
And gan the time for to warie
And ſwore his othe he wold nought tarie,
That with caliphe and with galey
The ſame cours, the ſame wey,
Which Jaſon toke, he wolde take,
If that he might him overtake.
To this they ſaiden alle ye.
Anone as they were ate ſee
And all as who ſaith at one worde,
They gone withinne ſhippes borde,
The ſail goth up, and forth they ſtraught,
But none eſploit therof they caught,
And ſo they tornen home ayein,
For all that labour was in vein.
Jaſon to Grece with his pray
Goth through the ſee the righte way.
Whan he there come and men it tolde,
They maden joie yong and olde.

Eſon whan that he wiſt of this,
How that his ſone comen is
And hath acheved that he ſought
And home with him Medea brought,
In all the wide world was none
So glad a man as he was one.
To-gider ben theſe lovers tho,
Till that they hadden ſones two,
Wherof they weren bothe glade
And olde Eſon great joie made
To ſeen thencrees of his lignage,
For he was of ſo great an age,
That men awaiten every day,
Whan that he ſhulde gone away.
Jaſon, which ſigh his fader olde,
Upon Medea made him bolde
Of art magique, which ſhe couth,
And praieth her, that his faders youth
She wolde make ayeinward newe.
And ſhe that was toward him trewe,
Behight him, that ſhe wolde it do,
Whan that ſhe time ſigh therto.
But what ſhe did in that matere
It is a wonder thing to here,
But yet for the novelrie
I thenke tellen a great partie.

Thus it befell upon a night,
Whan there was nought but ſterre light,
She was vaniſhed right as her liſt,
That no wight but her ſelf it wiſt.

Nota, quibus medicamentis Eſonem ſenectute decrepitum ad ſue juventutis adoleſcenciam prudens Medea reduxit.

And that was ate midnight tide,
The world was ſtill on every ſide,
With open hede and foot all bare
Her hair to-ſprad ſhe gan to fare,
Upon her clothes gert ſhe was
All ſpecheles and on the gras
She glode forth as an adder doth.
None other wiſe ſhe ne goth,
Till ſhe came to the freſhe flood,
And there a while ſhe withſtood,
Thries ſhe torned her aboute
And thries eke ſhe gan down loute
And in the flood ſhe wete her hair,
And thries on the water there
She gaſpeth with a drecchinge onde
And tho ſhe toke her ſpeche on honde.
Firſt ſhe began to clepe and calle
Upwarde unto the ſterres alle,
To winde, to air, to ſee, to londe
She preide and eke helde up her honde
To Echates and gan to crie,
Whiche is goddeſſe of ſorcerie,
She ſaide: Helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to ſpede,
Whan Jaſon came the flees to ſeche,
So help me now, I you beſeche.
With that ſhe loketh and was ware,
Down fro the ſky there came a chare,
The which dragons aboute drowe.
And tho ſhe gan her hede down bowe

And up ſhe ſtighe and faire and well
She drove forth by chare and wheel
Above in thaire among the ſkies,
The londe of Crete in tho parties
She ſought, and faſte gan her hie,
And therupon the hulles high
Of Othrin and Olimpe alſo
And eke of other hulles mo
She founde and gadreth herbes ſuote,
She pulleth up ſome by the rote
And many with a knife ſhe ſhereth
And all into her char ſhe bereth.
Thus whan ſhe hath the hulles ſought,
The floodes there foryate ſhe nought
Eridian and Amphriſos,
Peneie and eke Spercheidos,
To hem ſhe went and there ſhe nome
Both of the water and of the fome,
The ſonde and eke the ſmalle ſtones,
Whiche as ſhe cheſe out for the nones,
And of the redde ſee a part,
That was behovelich to her art,
She toke, and after that about
She ſoughte ſondry ſedes out
In feldes and in many greves
And eke a part ſhe toke of leves.
But thing, which might her moſt availe,
She found in Crete and in Theſſaile
In daies and in nightes nine,
With great travaile and with peine

She was purveyed of every piece
And torneth homward into Grece.
Before the gates of Eson
Her chare she let away to gone
And toke out first that was therinne,
For tho she thoughte to beginne
Such thing, as semeth impossible
And made her selven invisible,
As she, that was with thaire enclosed
And might of no man be desclosed.
She toke up turves of the londe
Withoute helpe of mannes honde
And heled with the grene gras,
Of whiche an alter made there was
Unto Echates the goddesse
Of art magique and the maistresse.
And efte an other to invent,
As she, which did her hole intent,
Tho toke she feldwode and verveine,
Of herbes ben nought better tweine,
Of which anone withoute let
These alters ben aboute set.
Two sondry pittes faste by
She made and with that hastely
A wether, which was black, she slough,
And out therof the blood she drough
And did into the pittes two,
Warm milk she put also therto
With hony meind, and in such wise
She gan to make her sacrifice

And cried and praide forth withall
To Pluto the god infernal
And to the quene Proſerpine.
And ſo ſhe ſought out all the line
Of hem, that longen to that craft,
Behinde was no name laft,
And praid hem all, as ſhe well couth
To graunt Eſon his firſte youth.
This olde Eſon brought forth was tho,
Away ſhe bad all other go
Upon peril, that mighte falle,
And with that word they wenten alle
And left hem there two alone.
And tho ſhe gan to gaſpe and gone
And made ſignes many one
And ſaid her wordes therupon,
And with ſpellinge and her charmes
She toke Eſon in both her armes
And made him for to ſlepe faſt
And him upon her herbes caſt.
The blacke wether tho ſhe toke
And hew the fleſhe, as doth a coke,
On either alter part ſhe laide,
And with the charmes that ſhe ſaide
A fire down fro the ſky alight
And made it for to brenne light.
And whan Medea ſigh it brenne,
Anone ſhe gan to ſterte and renne
The firy alters all about.
There was no beſte, which goth out,

More wilde, than ſhe ſemeth there.
Aboute her ſhulders heng her hair,
As though ſhe were oute of her minde
And torned into another kinde.
Tho lay there certain wode cleft,
Of which the pieces now and eft
She made hem in the pittes wete
And put hem in the firy hete
And toke the bronde with all the blaſe
And thries ſhe began to raſe
About Eſon, there as he ſlept.
And eft with water, which ſhe kept,
She made a cercle about him thries
And eft with fire of ſulphre twies
Full many another thing ſhe dede,
Whiche is nought writen in the ſtede.
But tho ſhe ran ſo up and doune,
She made many a wonder ſoune,
Somtime lich unto the cock,
Somtime unto the laverock,
Somtime cacleth as an hen,
Somtime ſpeketh as don men.
And right ſo as her jargon ſtraungeth
In ſondry wiſe her forme chaungeth,
She ſemeth faire and no woman,
For with the craftes that ſhe can
She was as who ſaith a goddeſſe,
And what her liſte more or leſſe
She did, in bokes as we finde,
That paſſeth over mannes kinde.

But who that woll of wonders here,
What thing ſhe wrought in this matere
To make an ende of that ſhe gan
Such merveil herde never man.
  Apointed in the newe mone,
Whan it was time for to done,
She ſet a caldron on the fire,
In which was al the hole attire,
Whereon the medicine ſtood,
Of juſe, of water and of blood,
And let it boile in ſuche a plite,
Till that ſhe ſigh the ſpume white.
And tho ſhe caſt in rinde and rote
And ſede and floure, that was for bote
With many an herbe and many a ſtone,
Wherof ſhe hath there many one.
And eke Cimpheius, the ſerpent,
To her hath all her ſcales lent,
Chelidre her yaſe her adders ſkin,
And ſhe to boilen caſt hem in,
And parte eke of the horned oule,
The which men here on nightes houle,
And of a raven, which was tolde
Of nine hundred winter olde,
She toke the hede with all the bille.
And as the medicine it wille,
She toke her after the bowele
Of the ſeewolf, and for the hele
Of Eſon with a thouſand mo
Of thinges, that ſhe hadde tho,

In that caldron to-gider as blive
She put and toke than of olive
A drie braunche hem with to ſtere,
The which anon gan floure and bere
And waxe all freſhe and grene ayein.
Whan ſhe this vertue hadde ſene,
She let the leeſte droppe of alle
Upon the bare floure down falle.
Anon there ſprong up floure and gras,
Where as the droppe fallen was,
And waxe anone all medow grene,
So that it mighte well be ſene.
Medea thanne knewe and wiſt
Her medicine is for to triſt
And goth to Eſon there he lay
And toke a ſwerd was of aſſay,
With which a wounde upon his ſide
She made, that there out may ſlide
The blood withinne, which was olde
And ſike and trouble and feble and colde.
And tho ſhe toke unto his uſe
Of herbes of all the beſt juſe
And poured it into his wounde,
That made his veines full and ſounde.
And tho ſhe made his woundes cloſe
And toke his honde, and up he roſe.
And tho ſhe yaf him drinke a draught,
Of which his youth ayein he caught,
His hede, his herte and his viſage
Lich unto twenty winter age,

His hore haires were away
And lich unto the fresſhe may,
Whan paſſed ben the colde ſhoures,
Right ſo recovereth he his floures.
Lo, what might any man deviſe,
A woman ſhewe in any wiſe
More hertely love in any ſtede
Than Medea to Jaſon dede.
Firſt ſhe made him the flees to winne
And after that fro kith and kinne
With great treſor with him ſhe ſtale
And to his fader forth with all
His elde hath torned into youthe,
Which thing none other woman couthe.
But how it was to her aquit,
The remembraunce dwelleth yit.
King Peleus his eme was dede,
Jaſon bare croune on his hede,
Medea hath fulfilled his will,
But whan he ſhuld of right fulfill
The trouthe, which to her afore
He had in thile of Colchos ſwore,
Tho was Medea moſt deceived.
For he an other hath received,
Which doughter was to king Creon,
Creuſa ſhe hight, and thus Jaſon,
As he, that was to love untrewe,
Medea left and toke a newe.
But that was after ſone abought.
Medea with her art hath wrought

Of cloth of golde a mantel riche,
Which semeth worth a kinges riche,
And that was unto Creusa sent
In name of yeft and of present,
For susterhode hem was betwene.
And whan that yonge fresshe quene
That mantel lapped her aboute,
Anon therof the fire sprang oute
And brent her bothe fleshe and bon.
Tho cam Medea to Jason
With both his sones on her honde
And said: O thou of every londe
The most untrewe creature,
Lo, this shall be thy forfeiture.
With that she both his sones slough
Before his eye, and he out drough
His swerd and wold have slain her tho,
But farewell she was ago
Unto Pallas the court above,
Where as she pleigneth upon love,
As she, that was with that goddesse,
And he was lefte in great distresse.
Confessor. Thus might thou se, what sorwe it doth
To swere an oth, which is nought soth,
In loves cause namely.
My sone, be well ware forthy
And kepe, that thou be nought forswore.
For this, whiche I have told to-fore,
Ovide telleth every dele.
Amans. My fader, I may leve it wele,

For I have herde it ofte ſay,
How Jaſon toke the flees awey
Fro Colchos, but yet herde I nought,
By whom it was firſt thider brought.
And for it were good to here,
If that you liſt at my praiere
To telle I wold you beſeche.
My ſone, who that woll it ſeche,
In bokes he may finde it write.
And netheles, if thou wolt wite
In the maner as thou haſt preide,
I ſhall the tell, how it is ſaide.
The fame of thilke ſhepes felle,
Whiche in Colchos, as it befelle,
Was all of gold, ſhal never deie,
Wherof I thenke for to ſay,
Howe it cam firſt into that ile.
There was a king in thilke while
Towardes Grece, and Athemas
The cronique of his name was.
And had a wif, which Philen hight,
By whom, ſo as fortune it dight,
He had of children yonge two.
Frixus the firſte was of tho,
A knave child, right faire with all.
A doughter eke, the which men call
Hellen, he hadde by his wife.
But for there may no mannes life
Endure upon this erthe here,
This worthy quene, as thou might here,

Confeſſor.

Nota, qualiter aureum vellus in partes inſule Colchos primo devenit. Athemas rex Philen habuit conjugem, ex qua Frixum et Hellen genuit, mortua autem Philen Athemas Ynonem regis Cadmi filiam poſtea in uxorem duxit, que more noverce dictos infantes in tantum recollegit odium, quod ambos in mari proici penes regem procuravit, unde Juno compaciens quendam arietem grandem aureo veſtitum vellere ad litus natantem deſtinavit, ſuper cuius dorſum pueros apponi juſſit, quo facto aries ſuper undas regreſſus cum ſolo Frixo ſibi adherente in Colchos applicuit, ubi Juno dictum arietem cum ſuo vellere, prout in aliis canitur cronicis, ſub arcta cuſtodia collocavit.

Er that the children were of age,
Toke of her ende the paſſage
With great worſhip and was begrave.
What thing it liketh god to have
It is great reſon to ben his.
Forthy this king, ſo as it is,
With great ſuffrance it underfongeth.
And afterward, as him belongeth,
Whan it was time for to wedde,
A newe wife he toke to bedde,
Whiche Yno hight and was a maide
And eke the doughter, as men ſaide,
Of Cadme, whiche a king alſo
Was holde in thilke daies tho.
  Whan Yno was the kinges make,
She caſt, how that ſhe mighte make
Theſe children to her fader loth
And ſhope a wile ayein hem both,
Which to the king was all unknowe.
A yere or two ſhe let do ſowe
The lond with ſode whete aboute,
Wherof no corn may ſpringen oute.
And thus by ſleight and by covine
Aros the derth and the famine
Through out the londe in ſuch a wiſe,
So that the king a ſacrifice
Upon the point of this diſtreſſe
To Ceres, which is the goddeſſe
Of corne, hath ſhape him for to yive
To loke, if it may be foryive

The mischefe, which was in his londe.
But she, which knewe to-fore the honde,
The circumstance of all this thing,
Ayein the coming of the king
Into the temple hath shape so
Of her accord, that alle tho,
Which of the temple prestes were,
Have said and full declared there
Unto the king, but if so be,
That he deliver the contre
Of Frixus and of Hellen bothe,
With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
That while tho children ben withinne,
Such tilthe shall no man beginne,
Wherof to get him any corne.
Thus was it said, thus was it sworne
Of all the prestes, that there are.
And she, which causeth all this fare,
Said eke therto, what that she wolde.
And every man than after tolde
So as the quene had hem preide.
  The king, which hath his ere leide
And leveth all, that ever he herde,
Unto her tales thus answerde
And saith, that lever him is to chese
His children bothe for to lese
Than him and all the remenaunt
Of hem, which are appertenaunt
Unto the lond, whiche he shall kepe.
And bade his wife to take kepe

In what manere is beſt to done,
That they delivered were ſone
Out of this worlde. And ſhe anone
Two men ordeineth for to gone,
But firſt ſhe made hem for to ſwere,
That they the children ſhulde bere
Unto the ſee, that none it knowe,
And hem therinne bothe throwe.
The children to the ſee ben lad,
Where in the wiſe, as Yno bad,
Theſe men be redy for to do.
But the goddeſſe, which Juno
Is hote, appereth in the ſtede
And hath unto the men forbede,
That they the children nought ne ſlee,
But bad hem loke into the ſee
And taken hede of that they ſighen.
There ſwam a ſhepe to-fore her eyen,
Whoſe flees of burned gold was all.
And this goddeſſe forth with all
Commaundeth, that withoute let
They ſhulde anon the children ſet
Above upon the ſhepes back.
And all was do, right as ſhe ſpak,
Wherof the men gone home ayein.
  And fell ſo, as the bokes ſain,
Hellen the yonge maiden tho,
Whiche of the ſee was wo bego,
For pure drede her hert hath lore,
That fro the ſhepe, which hath her bore,

As ſhe, that was ſwounende feint,
She fell and hath her ſelf adreint.
With Frixus and this ſhepe forth ſwam,
Till he to thile of Colchos cam,
Where Juno the goddeſſe he fonde,
Which toke the ſhepe unto the londe
And ſet it there in ſuch a wiſe,
As thou to-fore haſt herd deviſe,
Wherof cam after all the wo,
Why Jaſon was forſwore ſo
Unto Medee, as it is ſpoke.

My fader, who that hath to-broke — Amans.
His trouth, as ye have tolde above,
He is nought worthy for to love
Ne be beloved, as me ſemeth.
But every newe love quemeth
To him, that newe fangel is.
And netheles now after this,
If that you liſt to taken hede
Upon my ſhrifte to procede
In loves cauſe ayein the vice
Of covetiſe and avarice,
What there is more I wolde wite.

My ſone, this I finde write, — Confeſſor.
There is yet one of thilke brood,
Which only for the worldes good
To make a treſor of money
Put alle conſcience awey.
Wherof in thy confeſſion
The name and the condition

I ſhall here afterward declare,
Which maketh one riche, an other bare.

5. *Plus capit uſura ſibi, quam debetur, et illud*
Fraude collocata ſepe latenter agit.
Sic amor exceſſus quam ſepe ſuos ut avarus
Spirat et unius tres capit ipſe loco.

Hic tractat de illa ſpecie avaricie, que uſura dicitur, cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata plus quam ſibi de jure debetur incrementum lucri adauget.

Upon the bench ſittend on high
With avarice uſure I ſigh,
Ful clothed of his owne ſuite,
Which after gold maketh chaſe and ſuite
With his brocours, that renne aboute,
Liche unto racches in a route.
Such lucre is none above grounde,
Which is nought of tho racches founde.
For where they ſe beyete ſterte,
That ſhall hem in no wiſe aſterte,
But they it drive into the net
Of lucre, whiche uſure hath ſet.
Uſure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that ever he bieth and ſelleth,
He hath ordeined of his ſleight
Meſure double and double weight.
Outward he ſelleth by the laſſe
And with the more he maketh his taſſe,
Wherof his hous is full withinne.
He recheth nought be ſo he winne,
Though that there leſe ten or twelve.
His love is all toward him ſelve
And to none other but he ſe,
That he may winne ſuche thre.

For where he ſhall ought yive or lene,
He woll ayeinward take a bene,
There he hath lent the ſmalle peſe.
And right ſo there ben many of theſe
Lovers, that though they love a lite,
That ſcarſly wolde it weie a mite,
Yet wol they have a pound ayein,
As doth uſure in his bargain.
But certes ſuch uſure unliche
It falleth more unto the riche
Als well of love as of beyete,
Than unto hem, that ben nought grete.
And as who ſaith ben ſimple and pouer,
For ſelden is, whan they recouer,
But if it be through great deſerte
And netheles men ſe pouerte
With purſuit of contenaunce
Full ofte make a great chevaunce
And take of love his avauntage
Forth with the helpe of his brocage,
That maken ſeme where it is nought.
And thus full ofte is love bought
For litel what and mochel take
With falſe weightes that thy make.
Now ſone, of that I ſaide above Confeſſor.
Thou woſt what uſure is of love.
Tell me forthy what ſo thou wilt,
If thou therof haſt any gilt?
My fader nay, for ought I here. Amans.
For of tho points ye tolden here

I will you by my trouth affure,
My weight of love and my mefure
Hath be more large and more certeine
Than ever I toke of love ayeine.
For fo yet couthe I never of fleighte
To take ayein by double weighte
Of love more than I have yive.
For alfo wis mote I be fhrive
And have remiffion of finne,
As fo yet couth I never winne
Ne yet fo mochel foth to fain,
That ever I might have half ayein
Of fo full love, as I have lent.
And if mine hap were fo well went,
That for the hole I might have half,
Me thenketh I were a goddes half.
For where ufure wold have double,
My confcience is nought fo trouble,
I bidde never as to my dele
But of the hole an halven dele.
That is none excefs as me thenketh,
But netheles it me forthenketh.
For well I wot, that wol nought be,
For every day the better I fe,
That how fo ever I yive or lene
My love in place that I mene,
For ought that ever I axe or crave
I can nothing ayeinwarde have.
But yet for that I wol nought lete
What fo befall of my beyete,

That I ne ſhall her yive and lene
My love and all my thought ſo clene,
That toward me ſhall nought beleve.
And if ſhe of her gode leve
Rewarde wol me nought ayein,
I wot the laſt of my bargein
Shall ſtonde upon ſo great a loſt,
That I may never more the coſt
Recouer in this world till I deie,
So that touchend of this partie
I may me well excuſe and ſhall
And for to ſpeke forth withall,
If any brocour for me went,
That point come never in min entent,
So that the more me merveileth
What thing it is, my lady eileth,
That all min herte and all my time
She hath and do no better byme.
　I have herd ſaid, that thought is free
And netheles in privete
To you, my fader, that bene here
Min hole ſhrifte for to here,
I dare min herte well diſcloſe
Touchend uſurie, as I ſuppoſe,
Whiche, as ye telle, in love is uſed.
My lady may nought ben excuſed,
That for o loking of her eye
Min hole herte till I deie
With all that ever I may and can
She hath me wonne to her man,

Wherof me thenketh, good reſon wolde,
That ſhe ſomdele rewarde ſholde
And yive a part, there ſhe hath all,
I not what falle herafter ſhall.
But into now yet dare I ſain,
Her liſte never yive ayein
A goodly word in ſuch a wiſe,
Wherof min hope might ariſe
My grete love to recompenſe,
I not how ſhe her conſcience
Excuſe wol of this uſure
By large weight and great meſure.
She hath my love and I have nought
Of that, which I have dere abought
And with min herte I have it paide,
But all this is aſide laide,
And I go loveles aboute.
Her oughte ſtonde in full great doubte,
Till ſhe redreſſe ſuche a ſinne,
That ſhe wol al my love winne
And yiveth me nought to live by.
Nought al ſo moch as graunt mercy
Her liſt to ſay, of which I might
Some of my grete peine alight.
But of this point, lo, thus I fare,
As he, that paieth for his chaffare
And bieth it dere and yet hath none,
So mote he nedes pouer gone.
Thus bie I dere and have no love,
That I ne may nought come above

To winne of love none encrefe,
But I me wille nethelefe
Touchend ufure of love aquite,
And if my lady be to wite,
I pray to god fuch grace her fende,
That fhe by time it mot amende.
My fone, of that thou haft anfwerde Confeffor.
Touchend ufure I have al herde,
How thou of love haft wonne fmale.
But that thou telleft in thy tale
And thy lady therof accufeft,
Me thenketh tho wordes thou mifufeft.
For by thin owne knouleching
Thou faift, how fhe for one loking
Thy hole hert fro the fhe toke,
She may be fuch, that her o loke
Is worth thine herte many folde,
So haft thou well thin herte folde,
Whan thou haft that is more worthe.
And eke of that thou telleft forthe,
How that her weight of love uneven
Is unto thine, under the heven
Stood never in even that balaunce,
Which ftont in loves governaunce.
Such is the ftatute of his lawe,
That though thy love more drawe
And peife in the balaunce more,
Thou might nought axe ayein therfore
Of duete, but all of grace.
For love is lorde in every place,

There may no lawe him juſtify
By reddour ne by compaigny,
That he ne wol after his wille,
Whom that him liketh ſpede or ſpille.
To love a man may well beginne,
But whether he ſhall leſe or winne,
That wot no man, til ate laſt.
Forthy coveite nought to faſt,
My ſone, but abide thin ende,
Parcas all may to good wende.
But that thou haſt me tolde and ſaide
Of o thing I am right well paide,
That thou by ſleighte, ne by guile
Of no brocour haſt otherwhile
Engined love, for ſuche dede
Is ſore venged as I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum contra iſtos maritos, qui ultra id quod proprias habent uxores ad nove voluptatis incrementum alias mulieres ſuperflue lucrari non verentur. Et narrat, qualiter Juno vindictam ſuam in Eccho in huiuſmodi mulierum lucris adquirendis de conſilio mariti ſui Jovis mediatrix exſtiterat.

Brocours of love, that deceiven,
No wonder is though they receiven
After the wrong, that they deſerven
For whom as ever that they ſerven
And do pleſaunce for a while.
Yet ate laſt her owne guile
Upon her owne hede deſcendeth,
Which god of his vengeaunce ſendeth.
As by enſample of time ago
A man may finde it hath be ſo.
It fell ſome time, as it was ſene,
The high goddeſſe and the quene
Juno tho had in compaigny
A maiden full of trechery.

For ſhe was ever in accorde
With Jupiter, that was her lorde,
To get him other loves newe
Through ſuch brocage and was untrewe,
All other wiſe than him nedeth.
But ſhe, the which no ſhame dredeth,
With queinte wordes and with ſlie
Blent in ſuch wiſe her ladies eye
As ſhe, to whom that Juno triſt,
So that therof ſhe nothing wiſt.
But ſo prive may be nothing,
That it ne cometh to knouleching,
Thing done upon the derke night
Is after knowe on daies light.
So it befell, that ate laſt
All that this ſlighe maiden caſt
Was overcaſt and overthrowe.
For as the ſothe mot be knowe,
To Juno it was done underſtonde,
In what manere her huſbonde
With fals brocage hath take uſure
Of love more than his meſure,
Whan he toke other than his wife,
Wherof this maiden was giltiſe,
Whiche hadde ben of his aſſent.
And thus was all the game ſhent.
She ſuffred him, as ſhe mot nede,
But the brocour of his miſdede,
She, which her counſeil yaf therto,
On her is the vengeaunce do,

For Juno with her wordes hote,
This maiden, which Eccho was hote,
Reproveth and ſaith in this wiſe:
O traitereſſe, of which ſervice
Haſt thou thin owne lady ſerved,
Thou haſt great peine well deſerved,
That thou canſt maken it ſo queint.
Thy ſlighe wordes for to peint
Towardes me, that am thy quene,
Wherof thou madeſt me to wene,
That my huſbonde trewe were,
Whan that he loveth elles where,
All be it ſo him nedeth nought.
But upon the it ſhall be bought
Whiche art prive to tho doinges,
And me full ofte of thy leſinges
Deceived haſt. Nowe is the day,
That I thy wile quite may,
And for thou haſt to me conceled,
That my lorde hath with other deled,
I ſhall the ſette in ſuche a kinde,
That ever unto the worldes ende
All that thou hereſt thou ſhalt telle
And clappe it out as doth a belle.
And with that word ſhe was forſhape,
There may no vois her mouthe eſcape,
What man that in the wodes crieth,
Withouten faile Eccho replieth.
And what word, that him luſt to ſain,
The ſame word ſhe ſaith ayein.

Thus ſhe, which whilome hadde leve
To dwelle in chambre, mot beleve
In wodes and on hilles both.
For ſuch brocage as wives loth,
Which doth her lordes hertes chaunge
And love in other places ſtraunge.
Forthy if ever it ſo befalle, Confeſſor.
That thou, my ſone, amonges alle
Be wedded man, hold that thou haſt.
For than all other love is waſte,
O wife ſhal wel to the ſuffiſe,
And than if thou for covetiſe
Of love woldeſt axe more,
Thou ſhuldeſt don ayein the lore
Of alle hem that trewe be.
My fader, as in this degre Amans.
My conſcience is nought accuſed,
For I no ſuch brocage have uſed,
Wherof that luſt of love is wonne.
Forthy ſpeke forth, as ye begonne,
Of avarice upon my ſhrifte.
My ſone, I ſhall the braunches ſhifte Confeſſor.
By order ſo as they ben ſet,
On whom no good is wel beſet.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi 6.
Convenit, ut pondus equa ſtatera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat ſua dona Cupido.
Nam qui nulla ſerit, gramina nulla metet.

Blind avarice of his lignage
For counſeil and for couſinage

Hic tractat ſuper illa ſpecie avaricie, que parcimonia di-

citur, cuius natura tenax aliqualem ſue ſubſtancie porcionem aut deo aut hominibus participare nullatenus conſentit.

To be witholde ayein largeſſe
Hath one, whoſe name is ſaid ſcarſneſſe,
The which is keper of his hous
And is ſo throughout avarous,
That he no good let out of honde,
Though god him ſelf it wolde fonde,
Of yifte ſhuld he no thing have.
And if a man it wolde crave,
He muſte thanne faile nede,
Where god him ſelve may nought ſpede.
And thus ſcarſneſſe in every place
By reſon may no thank purchace.
And netheles in his degre
Above all other moſt prive
With avarice ſtant he this.
For he governeth that there is
In eche eſtate of his office,
After the reule of thilke vice
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he bint,
That lighter is to fle the flint
Than gete of him in hard or neisſhe
Only the value of a reisſhe
Of good in helping of an other
Nought, though it were his owne brother.
For in the cas of yift and lone
Stant every man for him alone.
Him thenketh of his unkindſhip,
That him nedeth no felaſhip
Be ſo the bagge and he accorden,
Him reccheth nought, what men recorden

Of him or be it evil or good.
For all his trufte is on his good,
So that alone he falleth ofte,
Whan he beft weneth ftonde alofte
Als well in love as other wife.
For love is ever of fome reprife
To him that woll his love holde.
Forthy my fone, as thou art holde
Touchend of this tell me thy fhrifte,
Haft thou be fcarfe or large of yifte
Unto thy love, whom thou ferveft.
For after that thou well deferveft
Of yifte, thou might be the bet.
For that good holde I well be fet,
For which thou might the better fare,
Than is no wifdom for to fpare.
For thus men fain in every nede,
He was wife, that firft made mede.
For where as mede may nought fpede,
I not what helpeth other dede.
Full ofte he faileth of his game,
That will with idel hond reclame
His hawke, as many a nice doth.
Forthy my fone, tell me foth
And fay the trouth, if thou haft be
Unto thy love or fcarfe or fre?
My fader, it hath ftonde thus, Amans.
That if the trefor of Crefus
And all the golde of Octavien,
Forth with the richeffe of Yndien

Of perles and of riche ſtones
Were all to-gider min at ones,
I ſet it at no more accompt
Than wolde a bare ſtraw amount
To yive it her all in a day,
Be ſo that to that ſwete may
It mighte like or more or leſſe.
And thus becauſe of my ſcarſneſſe
Ye may well underſtond and leve,
That I ſhall nought the worſe acheve
The purpos, which is in my thought,
But yet I yaf her never nought
Ne therto durſt a profre make.
For well I wot, ſhe woll nought take
And yive woll ſhe nought alſo,
She is eſcheue of bothe two.
And this I trowe be the ſkill
Towardes me, for ſhe ne will,
That I have any cauſe of hope,
Nought alſo mochel as a drope.
But toward other as I may ſe,
She taketh and yiveth in ſuch degre,
That as by wey of frendelyhede
She can ſo kepe her womanhede,
That every man ſpeketh of her wele.
But ſhe wol take of me no dele,
And yet ſhe wot wel, that I wolde
Yive and do bothe what I ſholde
To pleſen her in all my might,
By reſon this wote every wight.

For that may by no wey afterte,
There ſhe is maiſter of the herte,
She mot be maiſter of the good.
For god wot wel, that all my mood
And all min herte and all my thought
And all my good, while I have ought,
Als frely as god hath it yive,
It ſhall be hers, while I live,
Right as her liſt her ſelf commaunde.
So that it nedeth no demaunde
To axe me, if I have be ſcarſe
To love, for as to tho parſe
I will anſwere and ſay no.
  My ſone, that is right well do. Confeſſor.
For often time of ſcarſneſſe
It hath ben ſeen, that for the leſſe
Is loſt the more, as thou ſhalt here
A tale, lich to this matere.

Hic loquitur contra iſtos, qui avaricia ſtricti largitatis beneficium in amoris cauſa confundunt. Et ponit exemplum, qualiter Croceus largus et hillaris Babionem avarum et tenacem de amore Viole, que pulcherrima fuit, donis largiſſimis circumvenit.

  Scarſneſſe and love accorden never,
For every thing is wel the lever,
Whan that a man hath bought it dere.
And for to ſpeke in this matere
For ſparing of a litel coſt
Full ofte time a man hath loſt
The large cote for the hood.
What man that ſcarſe is of his good
And wol nought yive, he ſhall nought take,
With yift a man may undertake
The highe god to pleſe and queme,
With yift a man the world may deme.

For every creature bore,
If thou him yive, is glad therfore,
And every gladſhip, as I finde,
Is comfort unto loves kinde
And cauſeth ofte a man to ſpede.
So was he wiſe, that firſt yaf mede.
For mede kepeth love in hous,
But where the men ben coveitous
And ſparen for to yive a parte,
They knowen nought Cupides arte.
For his fortune and his appriſe
Diſdeigneth alle covetiſe
And hateth alle nigardie.
And for to loke of this partie
A ſothe enſample, howe it is ſo,
 I finde write of Babio,
Which had a love at his menage,
There was no fairer of her age,
And highte Viola by name,
Which full of youth and full of game
Was of her ſelfe and large and free.
But ſuch an other chinche as he
Men wiſten nought in all the londe,
And had affaited to his honde
His ſervant, the which Spodius
Was hote. And in this wiſe thus
The worldes good of ſuffiſaunce
Was had, but liking and pleſaunce
Of that belongeth to richeſſe
Of love ſtode in great diſtreſſe,

So that this yonge lusty wight
Of thing, which fell to loves right,
Was evil served over all,
That she was wo bego withall.
Til that Cupide and Venus eke
A medicine for the seke
Ordeine wolden in this cas,
So as fortune thanne was
Of love upon the destine
It fell right, as it shulde be.
A freshe, a free, a frendly man,
That nought of avarice can,
Which Croceus by name hight,
Toward this swete cast his sight
And there she was cam in presence,
She sigh him large of his despense,
And amorous and glad of chere,
So that her liketh well to here
The goodly wordes, which he saide,
And therupon of love he praide.
Of love was all that he ment,
To love and for she shulde assent,
He yaf her yiftes ever among.
But for men sain, that mede is strong,
It was well sene at thilke tide
For as it shulde of right betide,
This Viola largesse hath take
And the nigard she hath forsake.
Of Babio she will no more,
For he was grucchend evermore,

There was with him none other fare,
But for to pinche and for to ſpare,
Of worldes muck to get encres.
So goth the wrecche loveles
Bejaped for his ſcarſite.
And he that large was and fre
And ſet his herte to deſpende,
This Croceus his bowe bende,
Which Venus toke him for to holde,
And ſhot as ofte as ever he wolde.
Lo, thus departeth love his lawe,
That what man woll nought be felawe
To yive and ſpende, as I the telle,
He is nought worthy for to dwelle
In loves court to be relieved.
Forthy my ſone, if I be leved,
Thou ſhalt be large of thy deſpenſe.
Amans. My fader, in my conſcience
If there be any thinge amis,
I wolde amende it after this
Toward my love namely.
Confeſſor. My ſone, well and redely
Thou ſaiſt, ſo that well paid withall
I am, and further if I ſhall
Unto thy ſhrifte ſpecifie
Of avarice the progenie,
What vice ſueth after this,
Thou ſhalt have wonder how it is
Among the folke in any regne,
That ſuch a vice mighte regne,

Whiche is comune at all affaies,
As men may finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura, deus et qui cuncta creavit,
Damnant ingrati dictaque facta viri.
Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
Traxit, et in fine deserit esse suam. 7.

The vice like unto the fende,
Which never yet was mannes frende,
And cleped is unkindeship,
Of covine and of felaship
With avarice he is witholde.
Him thenketh he shuld nought ben holde
Unto the moder, which him bare.
Of him may never man beware,
He wol nought knowe the merite,
For that he wolde it nought aquite,
Which in this worlde is mochel used,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To tell of him is endeles,
But thus I saie netheles,
Where as this vice cometh to londe,
There taketh no man his thanke on honde,
Though he with all his mightes serve,
He shall of him no thank deserve,
He taketh what any man will yive,
But while he hath o day to live,
He wol nothing rewarde ayein,
He gruccheth for to yive o grein,
Where he hath take a berne full.
That maketh a kinde herte dull,

Hic loquitur supra illa aborta specie avaricie, que ingratitudo dicta est, cuius condicionem non solum creator, sed eciam cuncte creature abhominabilem detestantur.

To ſet his truſt in ſuch frendſhip,
There as he fint no kindeſhip.
And for to ſpeke wordes pleine,
Thus here I many a man compleigne,
That howe on daies thou ſhalt finde
At nede fewe frendes kinde.
What thou haſt done for hem to-fore,
It is foryeten, as it were lore.
The bokes ſpeken of this vice
And telle how god of his juſtice
By way of kinde and eke nature
And every liflich creature,
The lawe alſo, who that it can,
They dampnen an unkinde man.
  It is all one, to ſay unkinde
As thing, which done is ayein kinde,
For it with kinde never ſtood
A man to yielden evil for good.
For who that wolde taken hede,
A beſte is glad of a good dede
And loveth thilke creature
After the lawe of his nature
And doth him eſe. And for to ſe
Of this matere auctorite,
Full ofte time it hath befalle,
Wherof a tale amonges alle,
Which is of olde enſamplarie,
I thenke for to ſpecifie.

Hic dicit, qualiter beſtie in ſuis beneficiis hominem ingra-

  To ſpeke of an unkinde man
I finde, how whilome Adrian

Of Rome, which a great lorde was,
Upon a day as he par cas
To wode in his hunting went,
It hapneth at a ſodein went,
After the chaſe as he purſueth,
Through happe, which no man eſcheueth,
He felle unware into a pit,
Where that it mighte nought be let.
The pit was depe, and he fell lowe,
That of his men none mighte knowe,
Where he became, for none was nigh,
Which of his fall the miſchefe ſigh.
And thus alone there he lay
Clepende and criend all the day
For ſocoure and deliverance,
Till ayein eve it fell per chance,
A while er it began to night,
A pouer man, which Bardus hight,
Cam forth walkend with his aſſe
And hadde gadered him a taſſe
Of grene ſtickes and of drie
To ſelle, whom that wolde hem bie,
As he, which had no livelode,
But whan he mighte ſuche a lode
To towne with his aſſe carie.
And as it fel him for to tarie,
That ilke time nigh the pit
And hath the truſſe faſte knit,
He herde a vois, which cried dimme,
And he his ere to the brimme

tum naturaliter precellunt. Et ponit exemplum de Adriano Romano ſenatore, qui in quadam foreſta venacionibus inſiſtens, dum predam perſequeretur, in ciſternam profundam neſcia familia corruit, ubi ſuperperveniens quidam pauper, nomine Bardus, immiſſa cordula putans hominem extraxiſſe, primo ſimeam extraxit, ſecundo ſerpentem, tercio Adrianum, qui pauperem deſpiciens aliquid ei pro benefacto reddere recuſabat. Sed tam ſerpens quam ſimea gratuita benevolencia ipſum ſingulis donis ſufficienter remuneraverunt.

Hath leide and herde it was a man,
Which ſaide: O helpe here Adrian,
And I will yive half my good.
The pouer man this underſtood,
As he that wolde gladly win,
And to this lord, which was within,
He ſpake and said: If I the ſave,
What ſikerneſſe ſhall I have
Of covenant, that afterwarde
Thou wolt me yive ſuch rewarde,
As thou behighteſt now before?
That other hath his othes ſwore
By heven and by the goddes alle,
If that it mighte ſo befalle,
That he out of the pit him brought,
Of all the goodes, which he ought,
He ſhall have even halven dele.

This Bardus ſaid, he wolde wele.
And with this worde his aſſe anon
He let untruſſe and therupon
Down goth the corde into the pit,
To whiche he hath at ende knit
A ſtaff, wherby, he ſaide, he wolde,
That Adrian him ſhulde holde.
But it was tho per chaunce falle,
Into that pit was alſo falle
An ape, which at thilke throwe,
Whan that the corde cam down lowe,
All ſodeinly therto he ſkipte
And it in both his armes clipte.

And Bardus with his asse anone
Him hath up draw, and he is gon.
But whan he sigh it was an ape,
He wend all hadde ben a jape
Of faierie and sore him dradde.
And Adrian eft sone gradde
For helpe and cride and preide faste.
And he eftsone his corde caste.
But whan it came unto the grounde,
A great serpent it hath bewounde,
The which Bardus anone up drough.
And than him thoughte wel inough,
It was fantasme that he herde
The vois, and he therto answerde:
What wight art thou in goddes name?
I am, quod Adrian, the same,
Whose good thou shalt have even halfe.
Quod Bardus than a goddes halfe,
The thridde time assaie I shall.
And cast his corde forth withall
Into the pit, and whan it came
To him, this lord of Rome it name
And therupon him hath adressed
And with his hond ful ofte blessed.
And than he bad to Bardus hale.
And he, which understood his tale,
Betwene him and his asse all softe
Hath drawe and set him up a lofte
Withouten harm all esely.
He saith not ones graunt mercy,

But ſtraught him forth to the citee
And let this pouer Bardus be.
And netheles this ſimple man
His covenaunt, ſo as he can,
Hath axed. And that other ſaide,
If ſo be that he him upbraide
Of ought, that hath be ſpoke or do,
It ſhall be venged of him ſo,
That him were better to be dede.
And he can tho no other rede,
But on his aſſe ayein he caſt
His truſſe and hieth homward faſt.
And whan that he came home to bed,
He tolde his wife, how that he ſped.
But finally to ſpeke ought more
Unto this lorde, he drad him ſore,
So that a word ne durſt he ſain.
And thus upon the morwe ayein
In the maner, as I recorde,
Forth with his aſſe and with his corde,
To gader wode, as he did er,
He goth, and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place, where he wolde,
He gan his ape anone beholde,
Which had gadered al aboute
Of ſtickes here and there a route
And leide hem redy to his honde,
Wherof he made his truſſe and bonde.
Fro daie to daie and in this wiſe
This ape profreth his ſerviſe,

So that he had of wode inough.
Upon a time and as he drough
Toward the wode, he ſigh beſide
The greate gaſtly ſerpent glide,
Till that ſhe cam in his preſence
And in her kinde a reverence
She hath him do and forth withall
A ſtone more bright than a criſtall
Out of her mouth to-fore his way
She let down fall and went away,
For that he ſhall nought ben adrad.
  Tho was this pouer Bardus glad,
Thonkende god and to the ſtone
He goth and taketh it up anone
And hath great wonder in his witte,
How that the beſte him hath aquitte,
Where that the mannes ſone hath failed,
For whom he hadde moſt travailed.
But all he put in goddes honde
And torneth home and what he fonde
Unto his wife he hath it ſhewed
And they, that weren bothe lewed,
Accorden, that he ſhulde it ſelle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anone upon the tale
The ſtone he profreth to the ſale,
And right as he him ſelfe it ſette,
The jueller anone forth fette
The golde and made his paiement,
Therof was no delaiement.

Thus whan this ſtone was bought and ſold,
Homward with joie many fold
This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
Hom to his hous and that he nam
His gold out of his purs withinne,
He fonde his ſtone alſo therinne,
Wherof for joy his herte plaide,
Unto his wife and thus he ſaide:
Lo, here my golde, lo, here my ſtone.
His wife hath wonder therupon,
And axeth him how that may be.
Now by my trouth, I not, quod he,
But I dare ſwere upon a boke,
That to my marchant I it toke,
And he it hadde whan I went.
So know I nought to what entent
It is now here, but it be grace.
Forthy to morwe in other place
I will it founde for to ſelle,
And if it woll nought with him dwelle,
But crepe into my purſe ayein,
Than dare I ſaufly ſwere and ſain,
It is the vertue of the ſtone.
The morwe came, and he is gone
To ſeche about in other ſtede
His ſtone to ſelle and ſo he dede
And lefte it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came elles where,
In preſence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome

His golde, he founde his ſtone withal.
And thus it felle him overal,
Where he it ſolde in ſondrie place,
Such was the fortune and the grace.
But ſo well may nothing be hid,
That it nis ate laſte kid.
This fame goth aboute Rome
So ferforth, that the wordes come
To themperour Juſtinian,
And he let ſende for the man
And axed him, how that it was.
And Bardus tolde all the cas,
How that the worme and eke the beſte,
Al though they made no beheſte,
His travaile hadden well aquit.
But he, which had a mannes wit
And made his covenant by mouth
And ſwore therto all that he couth
To parte and yive half his good,
Hath now foryete how that it ſtood,
As he, which wol no trouthe holde.
This emperour al that he tolde
Hath herde and thilke unkindeneſſe,
He ſaid, he wolde him ſelf redreſſe.
And thus in court of jugement
This Adrian was than aſſent,
And the quarell in audience
Declared was in the preſence
Of themperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel ſpeche tho

And great wondring among the preſs.
But ate laſte netheleſs,
For the partie, which hath pleigned,
The law hath demed and ordeigned
By hem, that were aviſed wele,
That he ſhal have the halven dele
Throughout of Adrianes good.
And thus of thilke unkinde blood
Stant the memoire unto this day,
Where that every wiſe man may
Enſamplen him and take in minde,
What ſhame it is to ben unkinde,
Ayein the which reſon debateth
And every creature it hateth.
Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, in thy office
I rede flee that ilke vice.
For right as the cronique ſaith
Of Adrian, how he his feith
Foryat for worldes covetiſe,
Ful oft in ſuche a maner wiſe
Of lovers now a man may ſe
Ful many, that unkinde be,
For wel behote and evil laſt
That is her life, for ate laſt,
Whan that they have her wille do,
Her love is ſone after ago.
What ſaiſt thou, ſone, to this cas?
Amans. My fader, I wil ſay helas,
That ever ſuch a man was bore,
Which whan he hath his trouthe ſwore

And hath of love what he wolde,
That he at any time ſholde
Ever after in his herte finde
To falſen and to ben unkinde.
But, fader, as touchend of me,
I may nought ſtond in that degre.
For I toke never of love why,
That I ne may wel go therby
And do my profite elles where.
For any ſpede I finde there,
I dare wel thenken all about.
But I ne dare nought ſpeke it out,
And if I dorſt, I wolde pleigne,
That ſhe, for whom I ſuffre peine
And love her ever aliche hote,
That nouther yive ne behote
In rewarding of my ſervice
It liſt her in no maner wiſe.
I wol nought ſay, that ſhe is kinde,
And for to ſay ſhe is unkinde,
That dare I nought by god above,
Which demeth every herte of love,
He wot, that on min owne ſide
Shall none unkindeſhip abide,
If it ſhall with my lady dwelle,
Therof dare I no more telle.
Now, gode fader, as it is
Tell me, what thenketh you of this?
My ſone, of that unkindſhip, Confeſſor.
The which toward thy ladisſhip,

Thou pleigneſt, for ſhe woll the nought,
Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
For it may be, that thy deſire,
Though it brenne ever as doth the fire,
Parcas to her honour miſſet,
Or elles time come nought yet,
Which ſtant upon thy deſtine.
Forthy my ſone, I rede the,
Thenk well, what ever the befalle.
For no man hath his luſtes alle,
But as thou toldeſt me before,
That thou to love art nought forſwore
And haſt done non unkindeneſſe,
Thou might therof thy grace bleſſe
And leve nought that continuance,
For there may be no ſuch grevance
To love, as is unkindeſhip,
Wherof to kepe thy worſhip,
So as theſe olde bokes tale,
I ſhall the telle a redy tale.
Now herken and be ware therby,
For I will telle it openly.

Hic ponit exemplum contra viros amori ingratos. Et narrat, qualiter Theſeus Cadmi filius conſilio ſuffultus Adriagne regis Minos filie in domo, que Labyrinthus dicitur, Minotaurum vicit, unde Theſeus Adriagne ſponſalia certiſſime promittens ipſam una cum Fedra ſorore ſua a Creta

Minos, as telleth the poete,
The which whilom was king of Crete,
A ſone had and Androchee
He hight. And ſo befell that he
Unto Athenes for to lere
Was ſent and ſo he bare him there,
For that he was of high lignage,
Such pride he toke in his corage,

That he foryeten hath the ſcoles
And in riot among the fooles
He didde many thinges wronge
And uſed thilke life ſo longe,
Til ate laſt of that he wrought
He found the miſchefe, which he ſought,
Wherof it fell, that he was ſlain.
His fader, which it herde ſain,
Was wroth, and all that ever he might,
Of men of armes he him dight
A ſtronge power and forth he went
Unto Athenes, where he brent
The pleine contre al aboute.
The cites ſtood of him in doubte,
As they, that no defence had
Ayein the power, which he lad.
Egeus, which was there king,
His counſeil toke upon this thing,
For he was than in the citee,
So that of pees into tretee
Betwene Minos and Egeus
They fell and bene accorded thus,
That king Minos fro yere to yere
Receive ſhal as thou ſhalt here
Out of Athenes for truage
Of men, that were of mighty age,
Perſones nine, of which he ſhall
His wille don in ſpeciall
For vengeaunce of his ſones deth,
None other grace there ne geth,

ſecum navigio duxit. Sed ſtatim poſtea oblito gratitudinis beneficio Adriagnam ipſum ſalvantem in inſula Chio ſpretam poſt tergum reliquit et Fedram Athenis ſibi ſponſatam ingratus coronavit.

But for to take the juiſe,
And that was don in ſuche a wiſe,
Upon which ſtood a wonder cas.
For thilke time ſo it was,
Wherof that men yet rede and ſing,
King Minos had in his keping
A cruel monſter, as ſaith the geſt.
For he was half man and half beſte,
And Minotaurus he was hote,
Which was begotten in a riot
Upon Paſiphe, his owne wife,
Whil he was out upon the ſtrife
Of thilke greate ſiege at Troie.
But ſhe, which loſt hath alle joie,
Whan that ſhe ſigh this monſter bore,
Bad men ordeigne anon therfore,
And fell that ilke time thus,
There was a clerke one Dedalus,
Which hadde ben of her aſſent,
Of that her world was ſo miſwent,
And he made of his owne wit,
Wherof the remembraunce is yit,
For Minotaure ſuche a hous,
That was ſo ſtronge and merveilous,
That what man that withinne went,
There was ſo many a ſondry went,
That he ne ſhulde nought come out,
But gone amaſed all about.
And in this hous to locke and warde
Was Minotaurus put in warde,

That what life, that therinne cam,
Or man or beſte, he overcam
And ſlough and fed him therupon.
And in this wiſe many one
Out of Athenes for truage
Devoured weren in that rage.
For every yere they ſhopen hem ſo,
They of Athenes er they go
Toward that ilke wofull chaunce,
As it was ſet in ordenaunce,
Upon fortune her lot they caſt,
Till that Theſeus ate laſte,
Which was the kinges ſone there,
Amonges other that there were,
In thilke yere, as it befell,
The lot upon his chaunce fell.
He was a worthy knight withall.
And whan he ſigh his chaunce fall,
He ferde, as though he toke none hede,
But all that ever he might ſpede
With him and with his felaſhip
Forth into Crete he goth by ſhip,
Where that the king Minos he ſought
And profreth all that he him ought
Upon the point of her accorde.
This ſterne king, this cruel lorde
Toke every day one of the nine
And put him into the diſcipline
Of Minotaure to be devoured.
But Theſeus was ſo favoured,

That he was kept till ate laſt,
And in the meane while he caſt,
What thing him were beſt to do.
And fell, that Adriagne tho,
Which was the doughter of Minos,
And hadde herd the worthy los
Of Theſeus and of his might
And ſigh he was a luſty knight,
Her hole herte on him ſhe laide.
And he alſo of love her praide
So ferforth, that they were alone,
And ſhe ordeineth than anone,
In what maner ſhe ſhuld him ſave.
And ſhope ſo, that ſhe did him have
A clue of threde, of which withinne
Firſt ate dore he ſhall beginne
With him to take that one ende,
That whan he wold ayeinward wende
He mighte go the ſame wey.
And over this ſo as I ſay,
Of pitch ſhe toke him a pelote,
The which he ſhulde into the throte
Of Minotaure caſte right.
Such wepon alſo for him ſhe dight,
That he by reſon may nought faile
To make an ende of his bataile.
For ſhe him taught in ſondry wiſe,
Till he was knowe of thilke empriſe,
How he this beſte ſhulde quelle.
And thus ſhort tale for to telle,

So as this maiden him had taught,
Thefeus with this monfter faught
And fmote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
And by the thred, fo as he cam,
He goth ayein, til he were out.
So was great wonder all about.
Minos the tribute hath relefed,
And fo was all the werre cefed
Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.
But now to fpeke of thilke fwete,
Whofe beaute was withoute wan,
This faire maiden Adriane,
Whan that fhe figh Thefeus founde,
Was never yet upon this grounde
A gladder wight than fhe was tho.
Thefeus dwelt a day or two,
Where that Minos great chere him ded.
Thefeus in a prive fted
Hath with this maiden fpoke and rouned,
That fhe to him was abandouned
In al that ever that fhe couth,
So that of thilke lufty youth
All prively betwene hem twey
The firfte floure he toke awey.
For he fo faire tho behight,
That ever while he live might
He fhuld her take for his wife
And as his owne hertes life
He wolde her love and trouthe bere.
And fhe, which mighte nought forbere,

So ſore loveth him ayein,
That what as ever he wold ſain
With all her herte ſhe beleveth.
And thus his purpos he acheveth,
So that aſſured of his trouthe
With him ſhe went, and that was routhe.
Fedra her yonge ſuſter eke,
A luſty maide, a ſobre, a meke,
Fulfilled of all curteſie,
For ſuſterhode and compaignie
Of love, which was hem betwene,
To ſen her ſuſter made a quene
Her fader lefte and forth ſhe went
With him, which all his firſt entent
Foryat within a litel throwe,
So that it was all over throwe,
Whan ſhe beſt wend it ſhulde ſtonde.
The ſhip was blowe fro the londe,
Wherinne that they ſailend were.
This Adriagne had mochel fere,
Of that the wind ſo loude blewe,
As ſhe, which of the ſee ne knewe,
And praide for to reſte a while.
And ſo fell, that upon an ile,
Which Chio highte, they ben drive,
Where he to her leve hath yive,
That ſhe ſhall lond and take her reſt,
But that was nothing for her beſt.
For whan ſhe was to londe brought,
She, which that time thoughte nought

But alle trouth and toke no kepe,
Hath laid her ſofte for to ſlepe,
As ſhe, which longe hath ben forwacched.
But certes ſhe was evil macched
And fer from alle loves kinde.
For more than the beſte unkinde
Theſeus, which no trouthe kept,
While that this yonge lady ſlept,
Fulfilled of all unkindeſhip
Hath all foryeten the godeſhip,
Whiche Adriagne him hadde do,
And bad unto the ſhipmen tho
Hale up the ſaile and nought abide,
And forth he goth the ſame tide
Towarde Athenes, and her on londe
He lefte, which lay nigh the ſtronde
Slepend, til that ſhe awoke.
But whan that ſhe caſt up her loke
Toward the ſtronde and ſigh no wight,
Her herte was ſo ſore aflight,
That ſhe ne wiſte what to thinke,
But drough her to the water brinke,
Where ſhe beheld the ſee at large.
She ſigh no ſhip, ſhe ſigh no barge
Als ferforth as ſhe mighte kenne.
Ha lord, ſhe ſaide, which a ſenne,
As all the world ſhall after here,
Upon this wofull woman here
This worthy knight hath done and wrought,
I wend I had his love bought,

And ſo deſerved ate nede,
Whan that he ſtood upon his drede,
And eke the love he me behight.
It is great wonder, how he might
Towardes me now ben unkinde,
And ſo to let out of his minde
Thing, which he ſaid his owne mouth.
But after this, whan it is couth
And drawe into the worldes fame,
It ſhall ben hindring of his name.
For well he wote and ſo wote I,
He yafe his trouthe bodily,
That he min honour ſhulde kepe.
And with that word ſhe gan to wepe
And ſorweth more than inough.
Her faire treſſes ſhe to-drough
And with her ſelf toke ſuch a ſtrife,
That ſhe betwene the deth and life
Swounende lay full oft amonge.
And all was this on him alonge,
Which was to love unkinde ſo,
Wherof the wrong ſhall evermo
Stond in cronique of remembraunce,
And eke it axeth a vengeaunce
To ben unkinde in loves cas,
So as Theſeus thanne was,
All though he were a noble knight.
For he the lawe of loves right
Forfeited hath in alle way,
That Adriagne he put away,

Which was a great unkinde dede.
And after this, ſo as I rede,
Fedra, the which her ſuſter is,
He toke in ſtede of her, and this
Fell afterward to mochel tene,
For thilke vice, of whiche I mene,
Unkindeſhip where it falleth,
The trouthe of mannes hert it palleth,
That he can no good dede acquite,
So may he ſtonde of no merite
Towardes god and eke alſo
Men clepen him the worldes fo.
For he no more than the fende
Unto none other man is frende,
But all toward him ſelf alone.
  Forthy my ſone, in thy perſone
This vice above all other fle.
  My fader, as ye techen me, Amans.
I thenke don in this matere.
But over this now wold I here,
Wherof I ſhall me ſhrive more.
  My gode ſone, as for thy lore, Confeſſor.
After the reule of covetiſe,
I ſhall the proprete deviſe
Of every vice by and by.
Now herken and be wel ware therby.

Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina,
  Floris et in vita virgini mella capit. 8.

  In the lignage of avarice,
My ſone, yet there is a vice,

Hic tractat ſuper illa ſpecie cupida, que rapina nuncu-

patur, cuius mater extorcio ipſam ad deſerviendum magnatum curiis ſpecialius commendavit.

His righte name it is ravine,
Which hath a route of his covine.
Ravine among the maiſters dwelleth,
And with his ſervants as men telleth
Extorcion is now witholde.
Ravine of other mennes folde
Maketh his larder and paieth nought.
For where as ever it may be ſought,
In his hous there ſhall no thing lacke,
And that ful ofte abieth the packe
Of pouer men, that dwelle aboute.
Thus ſtant the comune people in doubte,
Which can do none amendement.
For whan him faileth paiement,
Ravine maketh non other ſkille,
But taketh by ſtrength al that he wille.
So ben there in the ſame wiſe
Lovers, as I the ſhall deviſe,
That whan nought elles may availe,
Anone with ſtrengthe they aſſaile
And get of love the ſeſine,
Whan they ſe time by ravine.

Confeſſor.

Forthy my ſone, ſhrive the here,
If thou haſt ben a ravinere

Amans.

Of love. Certes fader no,
For I my lady love ſo.
For though I were as was Pompey,
That all the world me wolde obey,
Or elles ſuch as Aliſaundre,
I wolde nought do ſuche a ſclaunder.

It is no good man, which ſo doth.
In gode feith, ſone, thou ſaiſt ſoth. Confeſſor.
For he that woll of purveance
By ſuch a wey his luſt avance
He ſhall it after ſore abie,
But if theſe olde enſamples lie.
Now, gode fader, tell me one, Amans.
So as ye connen many one,
Touchend of love in this matere.
Now liſt, my ſone, and thou ſhalt here, Confeſſor.
So as it hath befall er this
In loves cauſe how that it is
A man to take by ravine
The preie, which is feminine.
There was a roial noble kinge,
A riche of alle worldes thinge,
Which of his propre enheritaunce
Athenes had in governaunce,
And who ſo thenke therupon,
His name was king Pandion.
Two doughters had he by his wife,
The which he loved as his life.
The firſt doughter Progne hight,
And the ſeconde, as ſhe well might,
Was cleped faire Philomene,
To whom fell after mochel tene.
The fader of his purveance
His doughter Progne wolde avance,
And yafe her unto mariage
A worthy king of high lignage,

Hic ponit exemplum contra iſtos in amoris cauſa raptores et narrat, qualiter Pandion rex Athenarum duas filias, videlicet Prognem et Philomenam habuit. Progne autem Tereo regi Tracie deſponſata contigit, quod cum Tereus, ad inſtanciam uxoris ſue Philomenam de Athenis in Traciam ſororie viſitacionis cauſa ſecum quadam vice perduceret, in concupiſcenciam Philomene tanta ſeveritate in itinere dilapſus eſt, quod ipſe non ſolum ſue violencia rapine virginitatem eius oppreſſit, ſed et ipſius linguam, ne factum detegeret, forcipe mutulavit, unde in perpetue memorie croni-

cam tanti raptoris austeritatem miro ordine dii postea vindicarunt.

A noble knight eke of his honde,
So was he kid in every londe.
Of Trace he hight Tereus,
The clerke Ovide telleth thus.
This Tereus his wife home lad,
A lusty life with her he had,
Till it befell upon a tide,
This Progne, as she lay him beside,
Bethought her, how it mighte be,
That she her suster mighte se,
And to her lorde her will she saide
With goodly wordes and him praide,
That she to her mighte go.
And if it liked him nought so,
That than he wolde him selve wende
Or elles by some other sende,
Which might her dere suster grete
And shape, how that they mighten mete.
Her lorde anone to that he herde
Yaf his accorde and thus answerde:
I woll, he saide, for thy sake,
The wey after thy suster take
My self and bring her, if I may.
And she with that, there as she lay,
Began him in her armes clippe
And kist him with her softe lippe
And saide: Sire, graunt mercy.
And he sone after was redy
And toke his leve for to go.
In sory time did he so.

This Tereus goth forth to ſhippe
With him and his felaſhippe.
By ſea the righte cours he nam
Unto the contre till he cam,
Where Philomene was dwelling,
And of her ſuſter the tiding
He tolde, and tho they weren glad
And mochel joie of him they made.
The fader and the moder bothe
To leve her doughter were lothe,
But if they were in preſence,
And netheles at reverence
Of him that wolde him ſelf travaile,
They wolde nought he ſhulde faile,
And that they praide yive her leve.
And ſhe that wolde nought beleve
In alle haſte made her yare
Toward her ſuſter for to fare
With Tereus, and forth ſhe went.
And he with al his hole entent,
Whan ſhe was fro her frendes go,
Aſſoteth of her love ſo,
That his eye might he nought witholde,
That he ne muſt on her beholde,
And with the ſight he gan deſire
And ſet his owne hert a fire.
And fire, whan it to tow approcheth,
To him anon the ſtrength accrocheth,
Till with his hete it be devoured,
The tow ne may nought be ſoccoured.

And ſo the tirann raviner,
Whan that ſhe was in his power,
And he therto ſigh time and place,
As he, that loſt hath all his grace,
Foryate, he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on her he ran
Right as a wolf, that taketh his pray.
And ſhe began to crie and pray:
O fader, o moder dere,
Now help, but they ne might it here,
And ſhe was of to litel might
Defence ayein ſo rude a knight
To make, whan he was ſo wode,
That he no reſon underſtode,
But helde her under in ſuch wiſe,
That ſhe ne mighte nought ariſe,
But lay oppreſſed and diſeſed,
As if a goſhawk hadde ſeiſed
A brid, which durſte nought for fere
Remue. And thus this tirant there
Beraft her ſuch thing, as men ſain,
May never more be yolde ayein,
And that was the virginite,
Of ſuch ravine it was pite.
But whan ſhe to her ſelve come
And of her miſchefe hede nome
And knewe, how that ſhe was no maide,
With wofull herte thus ſhe ſaide:
O thou of alle men the worſt,
Where was there ever man that dorſt

Do ſuch a dede, as thou haſt do?
That day ſhall falle, I hope ſo,
That I ſhall tell out all my fille
And with my ſpeche I ſhall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou haſt do to me by ſtrength,
If I among the people dwelle,
Unto the people I ſhall it telle.
And if I be withinne wall
Of ſtones cloſed, than I ſhall
Unto the ſtones clepe and crie,
And tellen hem thy felonie.
And if I to the wodes wende,
There ſhall I telle tale and ende,
And crie it to the briddes out,
That they ſhall here it all about.
For I ſo loude it ſhall reherce,
That my vois ſhall the heven perce,
That it ſhall ſoune in goddes ere.
Ha falſe man, where is thy fere?
O more cruel than any beſte,
How haſt thou holden thy beheſt,
Which thou unto my ſuſter madeſt?
O thou, which alle love ungladeſt
And art enſample of all untrewe,
Now wolde god my ſuſter knewe
Of thin untrouthe, how that it ſtood.
And he than as a leon wode
With his unhappy hondes ſtrong
He caught her by the treſſes long,

With whiche he bonde both her armes,
That was a feble dede of armes,
And to the grounde anone her caſt,
And out he clippeth alſo faſt
Her tunge with a paire of ſheres.
So what with blode, and what with teres
Out of her eyen and of her mouth
He made her faire face uncouth,
She lay ſwounend unto the dethe,
There was unnethes any brethe.
But yet whan he her tunge refte,
A litel part therof he lefte.
But ſhe withall no word may ſoune
But chitre and as a brid jargoune.
And netheles that wode hounde
Her body hent up fro the grounde
And ſent her there, as by his will
She ſhulde abide in priſon ſtill
For ever mo. But now take hede,
What after fell of this miſdede.
Whan all this miſchefe was befalle,
This Tereus, that foule him falle,
Unto his contre home he tigh.
And whan he cam his paleis nigh,
His wife alredy there him kept.
Whan he her ſigh, anon he wept,
And that he dide for deceipt,
For ſhe began to axe him ſtreit:
Where is my ſuſter? And he ſaide,
That ſhe was dede, and Progne abraide,

As ſhe, that was a wofull wife,
And ſtood betwene her deth and life,
Becauſe ſhe herde ſuch tiding.
But for ſhe ſigh her lord weping,
She wende nought but alle trouth
And hadde wel the more routh.
The perles were tho forſake
To her and blacke clothes take,
As ſhe that was gentil and kinde,
In worſhip of her ſuſters minde
She made a riche enterement,
For ſhe found none amendement
To ſighen or to ſobbe more,
So was there guile under the gore.
Now leve we this king and quene,
And torne ayein to Philomene.
As I began to tellen erſt,
Whan ſhe cam into priſon ferſt,
It thought a kinges doughter ſtraunge
To make ſo ſodein a chaunge
Fro welth unto ſo great a wo.
And ſhe began to thenke tho,
Though ſhe by mouthe nothing praide,
Within her herte thus ſhe ſaide:
  O thou, almighty Jupiter,
That highe ſitteſt and lokeſt fer,
Thou ſuffreſt many a wrong doing,
And yet it is nought thy willing.
To the there may nothing ben hid,
Thou woſt, how it is me betid.

I wolde I hadde nought be bore.
For than I hadde nought forlore
My ſpeche and my virginite.
But gode lord, all is in the,
Whan thou therof wolt do vengeaunce
And ſhape my deliveraunce.
And ever among this lady wepte
And thought that ſhe never kepte
To be a worldes woman more,
And that ſhe wisſheth evermore.
But ofte unto her ſuſter dere
Her herte ſpeketh in this manere
And ſaide: Ha ſuſter, if ye knewe
Of min eſtate, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliveraunce
Ye wolde ſhape and do vengeaunce
On him, that is ſo fals a man.
And netheles, ſo as I can,
I woll you ſend ſome tokening,
Wherof ye ſhall have knouleching
Of thing I wot that ſhall you loth,
The which you toucheth and me both.
And tho within a while als tite
She waſe a cloth of ſilke all white
With letters and ymagery,
In which was all the felony,
Which Tereus to her hath do,
And lapped it to-gider tho
And ſet her ſignet therupon
And ſent it unto Progne anon.

The meſſager, which forth it bare,
What it amounteth is nought ware,
And netheles to Progne he goth
And prively taketh her the cloth
And went ayein right as he cam,
The court of him none hede name.
  Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
She wolde knowe how that it ferde
And openeth that the man hath brought
And wot therby, what hath be wrought
And what miſchefe there is befalle.
In ſwoune tho ſhe gan down falle
And efte aroſe and gan to ſtonde
And eft ſhe taketh the clothe on honde,
Beheld the letters and thymages,
But ate laſt of ſuche oultrages
She ſaid: Weping is nought the bote,
And ſwereth, if that ſhe live mote,
It ſhall be venged other wiſe.
And with that ſhe gan her aviſe,
How firſt ſhe might unto her winne
Her ſuſter, that no man withinne
But only they, that were ſwore,
It ſhulde knowe, and ſhope therfore,
That Tereus nothing it wiſt,
And yet right as her ſelven liſt,
Her ſuſter was delivered ſone
Out of priſon, and by the mone
To Progne ſhe was brought by night.
Whan eche of other had a ſight

In chambre there they were alone,
They maden many a pitous mone.
But Progne most of sorwe made,
Which sigh her suster pale and fade
And specheles and deshonoured
Of that she hadde be defloured,
And eke upon her lord she thought
Of that he so untruely wrought
And had his espousaile broke,
She maketh a vow it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth down
Weping in great devocion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
She praid and saide thanne thus:
O ye, to whom no thing asterte
Of love may, for every herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben above
The god and the goddesse of love,
Ye witen well, that ever yit
With al min herte and all my wit
Sith first ye shopen me to wedde,
That I lay with my lord a-bedde,
I have ben trewe in my degre
And ever thoughte for to be
And never love in other place,
But all only the king of Trace,
Whiche is my lord and I his wife.
But now alas this wofull strife,
That I him thus ayeinward finde
The most untrewe and most unkinde,

That ever in ladies armes lay,
And wel I wot that he ne may
Amend his wronge, it is ſo great,
For he to litel of me lete,
Whan he min owne ſuſter toke
And me that am his wife forſoke.
  Lo, thus to Venus and Cupide
She praid, and furthermore ſhe cride
Unto Apollo the higheſt
And ſaid: O mighty god of reſt,
Thou do vengeaunce of this debate,
My ſuſter and all her eſtate
Thou woſt, and how ſhe hath forlore
Her maidenhede, and I therfore
In all the world ſhall bere a blame
Of that my ſuſter hath a ſhame,
That Tereus to her I ſent.
And well thou woſt, that min entent
Was all for worſhip and for good.
O lord, that yiveſt the lives food
To every wight, I pray the here
Theſe wofull ſuſters, that ben here,
And let us nought to the ben loth,
We ben thin owne women both.
Thus pleigneth Progne and axeth wreche,
And though her ſuſter lacke ſpeche,
To him, that alle thinges wote
Her ſorwe is nought the laſſe hote.
But he, that thanne herd hem two,
Him ought have ſorwed evermo

For ſorwe, which was hem betwene.
With ſignes pleigneth Philomene,
And Progne ſaith: It ſhal be wreke,
That all the world therof ſhall ſpeke.
And Progne tho ſikeneſſe feigned,
Wherof unto her lord ſhe pleigned
And preith, ſhe mote her chambre kepe
And as her liketh wake and ſlepe.
And he her graunteth to be ſo.
And thus to-gider ben they two,
That wold him but a litel good.
Now herke hereafter, how it ſtood
Of wofull auntres that befelle.
Theſe ſuſters, that ben bothe felle,
And that was nought on hem alonge
But only on the greate wronge,
Which Tereus hem hadde do,
They ſhopen for to venge hem tho.
This Tereus by Progne his wife
A ſone hath, which as his life
He loveth, and Ithis he hight.
His moder wiſte well ſhe might
Do Tereus no more greve
Than ſlee his child, which was ſo leve.
Thus ſhe that was as who ſaith mad
Of wo, which hath her overlad,
Without inſight of moderhede
Foryat pite and loſte drede
And in her chambre prively
This childe without noiſe or cry

She flough and hewe him all to pieces.
And after with diverfe fpieces
The flesfh, whan it was fo to-hewe,
She taketh and maketh therof a fewe,
With which the fader at his mete
Was ferved, till he had him ete,
That he ne wift, how that it ftood.
But thus his owne flesfh and blood
Him felf devoureth ayeine kinde,
As he that was to-fore unkinde.
And than er that he were arife,
For that he fhulde bene agrife
To fhewen him the child was dede,
This Philomene toke the hede
Betwene two disfhes, and all wrothe
Tho camen forth the fufters bothe
And fetten it upon the bord.
And Progne than began the word
And faide : O werft of alle wicke,
Of confcience whom no pricke
May ftere, lo, what thou haft do,
Lo, here ben now we fufters two.
O raviner, lo here thy prey,
With whom fo falflich on the wey
Thou haft thy tirannie wrought,
Lo, now it is fomedele abought
And bet it fhall, for of thy dede
The world fhall ever fing and rede
In remembraunce of thy defame,
For thou to love haft done fuch fhame,

That it ſhall never be foryete.
With that he ſterte up fro the mete
And ſhove the bord into the flore
And caught a ſwerd anone and ſwore,
That they ſhulde of his hondes deie.
And they unto the goddes crie
Begunne with ſo loude a ſteven,
That they were herde unto heven,
And in the twinkeling of an eye
The goddes, that the miſchefe ſigh,
Her formes chaunged alle thre,
Echone of hem in his degre
Was torned into a briddes kinde
Diverſelich as men may finde.
After theſtate that they were inne
Her formes were ſet a twinne,
And as it telleth in the tale
The firſt into a nightingale
Was ſhape, and that was Philomene,
Which in the winter is nought ſene,
For thanne ben the leves falle
And naked ben the busſhes alle.
For after that ſhe was a brid
Her will was ever to ben hid
And for to dwelle in prive place,
That no man ſhulde ſen her face
For ſhame, which may nought ben laſſed
Of thing that was to-fore paſſed,
Whan that ſhe loſt her maidenhede.
For ever upon her womanhede,

Though that the goddes wold her chaunge,
She thenketh, and is the more ſtraunge
And halt her clos the winter day.
But whan the winter goth away
And that nature the goddeſſe
Woll of her owne fre largeſſe
With herbes and with floures both
The feldes and the medewes cloth,
And eke the wodes and the greves
Ben heled all with grene leves,
So that a brid her hide may
Betwene March, Aprille and May,
She that the winter held her clos
For pure ſhame and nought aros,
Whan that ſhe ſigh the bowes thicke
And that there is no bare ſticke
But all is hid with leves grene,
To wode cometh this Philomene
And maketh her firſt yeres flight,
Where as ſhe ſingeth day and night,
And in her ſong all openly
She maketh her pleint and ſaith: O why,
O why ne were I yet a maide?
For ſo theſe olde wiſe ſaide,
Which underſtoden what ſhe ment,
Her notes ben of ſuche entent.
And eke they ſaid, how in her ſonge
She maketh great joy and merth amonge
And ſaith: Ha, now I am a brid,
Ha, now my face may ben hid,

Though I have loſt my maidenhede,
Shall no man ſe my chekes rede.
Thus medleth ſhe with joie wo
And with her ſorwe merth alſo,
So that of loves maladie
She maketh divers melodie
And ſaith: Love is a wofull bliſſe,
A wiſdom, which can no man wiſſe,
A luſty fever, a wounde ſofte.
This note ſhe reherſeth ofte
To hem, which underſtonde her tale.
Now have I of this nightingale,
Which erſt was cleped Philomene,
Told all that ever wolde mene,
Both of her forme and of her note,
Wherof men may the ſtory note.
And of her ſuſter Progne I finde,
How ſhe was torned out of kinde
Into a ſwalwe ſwift of wing,
Which eke in winter lith ſwouning
There as ſhe may no thing be ſene,
But whan the world is woxe grene
And comen is the ſomer tide,
Than fleeth ſhe forth and ginneth to chide
And chitereth out in her langage,
What falſhede is in mariage,
And telleth in a maner ſpeche
Of Tereus the ſpouſe breche.
She wol nought in the wodes dwelle,
For ſhe wold openliche telle,

And eke for that ſhe was a ſpouſe
Among the folk ſhe cometh to houſe
To do theſe wives underſtonde
The falſhode of her huſbonde,
That they of hem beware alſo,
For there be many untrewe of tho.
 Thus ben the ſuſters briddes both
And ben toward the men ſo loth,
That they ne woll for pure ſhame
Unto no mannes hond be tame,
For ever it dwelleth in her minde
Of that they found a man unkinde,
And that was falſe Tereus.
If ſuche one be amonge us,
I not, but his condition
Men ſay in every region
Withinne town and eke without
Now regneth comunlich about.
And netheles in remembraunce
I woll declare, what vengeaunce
The goddes hadden him ordeigned,
Of that the ſuſters hadden pleigned.
For anone after he was chaunged
And from his owne kinde ſtraunged,
A lappewinke made he was
And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his heed there ſtont upright
A creſt in token of a knight,
And yet unto this day, men ſaith,
A lappewinke hath loſt his feith

And is the brid falſeſt of alle.
Confeſſor. Beware, my ſone, er the ſo falle,
For if thou be of ſuch covine
To get of love by ravine
Thy luſt, it may the falle thus,
As it befell of Tereus.
Amans. My fader, goddes forbode,
Me were lever be fortrode
With wilde hors and be to-drawe,
Er I ayein love and his lawe
Did any thing or loude or ſtill,
Which were nought my ladies will.
Men ſaien, that every love hath drede,
So folweth it, that I her drede,
For I her love, and who ſo dredeth
To pleſe his love and ſervē him nedeth.
Thus may ye knowen by this ſkill,
That no ravine done I will
Ayein her will by ſuch a wey.
But while I live, I will obey
Abiding on her courteſie,
If any mercy wolde her plie.
Forthy my fader, as of this
I wot nought I have do amis.
But furthermore I you beſeche,
Some other point that ye me teche,
And axeth forth if there be ought,
That I may be the better taught.

9. *Vivat ut ex ſpoliis grandi quam ſepe tumultu,*
Quo graditur populus, latro perurget iter.

Sic amor ex casu poterit quo carpere predam,
Si locus est aptus, cetera nulla timet.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quam furtum vocant, cuius ministri alicuius legis offensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa quam aliter suam quam sepe conscienciam offendunt.

Whan covetise in pouer estate
Stont with him self upon debate
Through lacke of his misgovernaunce,
That he unto his sustenaunce
Ne can non other waie finde
To get him good, than as the blinde,
Which seeth nought what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, which men call
Of robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thing, which other men beswinke
He get him cloth and mete and drinke,
Him reccheth nought, what he beginne
Through thefte, so that he may winne.
Forthy to maken his purchas
He lith awaitend on the pas,
And what thing that he seeth ther passe
He taketh his parte or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take
He can the packes well ransake.
So privof bereth none about
His gold, that he ne fint it out,
Or other juell what it be
He taketh it as his proprete
In wodes and in feldes eke.
Thus robberie goth to seke,
Where as he may his purchas finde.
And right so in the same kinde

My gode ſone, as thou might here,
To ſpeke of love in the matere
And make a verray reſemblance
Right as a thefe maketh his cheveſance
And robbeth mennes goodes about
In wode and felde, where he goth out,
So be there of theſe lovers ſome
In wilde ſtedes where they come
And finden there a woman able
And therto place covenable,
Withoute leve er that they fare
They take a parte of that chaffare.
Ye, though ſhe were a ſhepherdeſſe
Yet woll the lorde of wantonneſſe
Aſſay, all though ſhe be unmete.
For other mennes good is ſwete.
But therof wot nothing the wife
At home, which loveth as her life
Her lord and ſit all day wisſhing
After her lordes home coming.
But whan he cometh home at eve,
Anone he maketh his wife beleve,
For ſhe nought elles ſhulde knowe
He telleth her, how his hunt hath blowe,
And howe his houndes have well ronne,
And how there ſhone a mery ſonne,
And how his hawkes flowen wele.
But he wol telle her never a dele,
How he to love untrewe was
Of that he robbed in the pas

And toke his luſt under the ſhawe
Ayein love and ayein his lawe.
Which thing, my ſone, I the forbede, Confeſſor.
For it is an ungoodly dede.
For who that taketh by robberie
His love, he may nought juſtifie
His cauſe, and ſo ful ofte ſithe
For ones that he hath ben blithe
He ſhall ben after ſory thries.
Enſamples for ſuch robberies
I finde write as thou ſhalt here
Accordend unto this matere.
I rede, how whilom was a maide
The faireſt, as Ovide ſaide,
Which was in her time tho.
And ſhe was of the chambre alſo
Of Pallas, which is the goddeſſe
And wife to Marte, of whom proweſſe
Is yove to theſe worthy knightes,
For he is of ſo greate mightes,
That he governeth the bataile,
Withouten him may nought availe
The ſtronge hond, but he it helpe,
There may no knight of armes yelpe,
But he fight under his banere.
But now to ſpeke of my matere
This faire, freſhe, luſty may
Alone as ſhe went on a day
Upon the ſtronde for to play,
There came Neptunus in the way,

Hic loquitur contra iſtos in amoris cauſa predones, qui cum ſuam furtive concupiſcenciam aſpirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur, et narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam virginem nomine Cornicem ſolam juxta mare deambulantem opprimere ſuo furto voluiſſet, ſuperveniens Pallas ipſam e manibus eius virginitate ſervata gracius liberavit.

Which hath the ſee in governaunce,
And in his herte ſuch pleſaunce
He toke, whan he this maiden ſigh,
That all his hert aros on high.
For he ſo ſodeinlich unware
Beheld the beaute, that ſhe bare,
And caſt anone within his hert,
That ſhe him ſhall no way aſtert,
But if he take in avauntage
Fro thilke maide ſome pilage,
Nought of the broches ne the ringes,
But of ſome other ſmale thinges
He thoughte parte, er that he went,
And her in bothe his armes hent
And put his hond toward the cofre,
Wherefor to robbe he made a profre
That luſty treſor for to ſtele,
Which paſſeth other goodes fele
And cleped is the maidenheed,
Which is the flour of womanheed.
This maiden which Cornix by name
Was hote, dredend alle ſhame,
Sigh, that ſhe mighte nought debate,
And well ſhe wiſt, he wolde algate
Fulfill his luſt of robberie,
Anone began to wepe and crie
And ſaid: O Pallas noble quene,
Shew now thy might and let be ſene
To kepe and ſave min honour,
Help, that I leſe nought my flour,

Which now under thy key is loke.
That word was nought ſo ſone ſpoke,
Whan Pallas ſhope recoverir
After the will and the deſire
Of her, which a maiden was,
And ſodeinlich upon this cas
Out of her womaniſhe kinde
Into a briddes like I finde
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothing ſtal
Of ſuch thing that he wolde have ſtole.
With fethers blacke as any cole
Out of his armes in a throwe
She fleigh before his eyen a crowe,
Which was to her a more delite
To kepe her maidenhede white
Under the wede of fethers blacke,
In perles white than forſake
That no life may reſtore ayein.
But thus Neptune his hert in vein
Hath upon robberie ſet.
The brid is flowe, and he was let,
The faire maid him hath eſcaped,
Wherof for ever he was bejaped
And ſcorned of that he hath lore.
My ſone, be thou ware therfore, Confeſſor.
That thou no maidenhede ſtele,
Wherof men ſee diſeſes fele,
So as I ſhall the yet deviſe
Another tale therupon,
Which fell by olde daies gone.

Hic ponit exemplum contra iſtos in cauſa virginitatis leſe predones, et narrat, quod cum Caliſto regis Lichaontis mire pulcritudinis filia ſuam virginitatem Diane conſervandam caſtiſſima voviſſet et in ſilvam, que Tegea dicitur, inter alias ibidem nymphas moraturam ſe tranſtuliſſet, Jupiter virginis caſtitatem ſubtili furto ſurripiens, quendam filium, qui poſtea Archas nominatus eſt, ex ea genuit, unde Juno in Caliſtonam ſeviens eius pulcritudinem in urſe turpiſſime deformitatem ſubito transfiguravit.

King Lichaon upon his wiſe
A doughter had, a goodly life
And clene maide of worthy fame,
Caliſtona whoſe righte name
Was cleped, and of many a lorde
She was beſought, but her accorde
To love mighte no man winne,
As ſhe, whiche hath no luſt therinne,
But ſwore within her hert and ſaide,
That ſhe woll ever ben a maide.
Wherfore to kepe her ſelfe in pees
With ſuche, as Amadriades
Were cleped wodemaidens tho,
And with the nimphes eke alſo
Upon the ſpring of fresſhe welles
She ſhope to dwelle and no where elles.
And thus came this Caliſtona
Into the wode of Tegea,
Where ſhe virginite behight
Unto Diane, and therto plight
Her trouth upon the bowes grene
To kepe her maidenhede clene,
Which afterward upon a day
Was priveliche ſtole away.
For Jupiter through his queintiſe
From her it toke in ſuche a wiſe,
That ſodeinliche forth withall
Her wombe aroſe and ſhe to-ſwall,
So that it mighte nought be hid.
And therupon it is betid,

Diane, whiche it herde tell,
In prive place unto a welle
With nimphes al a compaigny
Was come and in a ragery
She ſaide, that ſhe bathe wolde,
And bad that every maiden ſholde
With her all naked bath alſo.
And tho began the prive wo,
Caliſtona wax red for ſhame,
But they that knewe nought the game,
To whom no ſuch thing was befalle,
Anone they made hem naked alle,
As they nothinge wolden hide.
But ſhe withdrewe her ever aſide
And netheles into the flood,
Where that Diane her ſelve ſtood,
She thought to come unapperceived.
But therof ſhe was all deceived.
For whan ſhe came a litel nigh,
And that Diane her wombe ſigh,
She ſaid: Away, thou foule beſte,
For thin eſtate is nought honeſt
This chaſte water for to touche,
For thou haſt take ſuche a couche,
Which never may ben hole ayein.
And thus goth ſhe, which was forlein,
With ſhame, and the nimphes fledde,
Till whanne that nature her ſpedde,
That of a ſone, which Archas
Was named, ſhe delivered was.

And tho Juno, which was the wife
Of Jupiter, wrothe and haſtife
In purpoſe for to do vengeaunce,
Came forth upon this ilke chaunce,
And to Caliſtona ſhe ſpake
And ſet upon her many a lacke
And ſaid: Ha, now thou art atake,
That thou thy werk might nought forſake.
Ha, thou ungoodly ypocrite,
How thou art greatly for to wite.
But now thou ſhalt full ſore abie
That ilke ſtelthe of micherie,
Which thou haſt bothe take and do,
Wherof thy fader Lichao
Shall nought be glad, whan he it wote,
Of that his doughter was ſo hote,
That ſhe hath broken her chaſte vow.
But I the ſhall chaſtiſe now,
Thy grete beaute ſhall be torned,
Through which that thou haſt be miſtorned,
Thy large front, thy eyen gray
I ſhall hem chaunge in other way,
And all the feture of thy face
In ſuch a wiſe I ſhall deface,
That every man the ſhall forbere.
With that the likeneſſe of a bere
She toke and was forſhape anone.
Within a time and therupon
Befell, that with a bow in honde
To hunte and game for to fonde

Into that wode goth to play
Her ſone Archas, and in his way
It hapneth that this bere came.
And whan that he good hede name,
Where that he ſtood under the bough,
She knewe him well and to him drough,
For though ſhe had her forme lore,
The love was nought loſt therfore,
Which kinde hath ſet under his lawe.
Whan ſhe under the wode ſhawe
Her child beheld, ſhe was ſo glad,
That ſhe with both her armes ſprad,
As though ſhe were in womanhede
Toward him come, and toke none hede
Of that he bare a bow bent.
And he with that an arwe hath hent
And gan to teiſe it in his bowe,
As he, that can none other knowe,
But that it was a beſte wilde.
But Jupiter, which wolde ſhilde
The moder and the ſone alſo,
Ordeineth for hem bothe two,
That they for ever were ſave.
   But thus, my ſone, thou might have   Confeſſor.
Enſample, how that it is to flee
To robbe the virginite
Of a yonge innocent awey.
And over this by other wey
In olde bokes as I rede,
Such robberie is for to drede,

And namelich of thilke good,
Whiche every woman that is good
Deſireth for to kepe and holde,
As whilom was by daies olde.
For if thou here my tale wele
Of that was tho, thou might ſomdele
Of olde enſamples taken hede,
How that the floure of maidenhede
Was thilke time holde in pris.
And ſo it was, and ſo it is,
And ſo it ſhall for ever ſtonde,
And for thou ſhalt it underſtonde,
Now herken a tale next ſuend,
How maidenhede is to commend.

10. *Ut roſa de ſpinis ſpineto prevalet orta,*
Et lilii flores ceſpite plura valent,
Sic ſibi virginitas carnis ſponſalia vincit,
Eternos fetus que ſine labe parit.

Hic loquitur de virginitatis commendacione, ubi dicit, quod nuper imperatores ob tanti ſtatus dignitatem virginibus cedebant in via.

Of Rome among the geſtes olde
I find, how that Valery tolde,
That what man tho was emperour
Of Rome, he ſholde done honour
To the virgin and in the wey,
Where he her mete, he ſhulde obey
In worſhip of virginite,
Which tho was a great dignite,
Nought onlich of the women tho,
But of the chaſte men alſo
It was commended over all.
And for to ſpeke in ſpeciall

Touchend of men enſample I finde.
  Phirinus, which was of mannes kinde
Above all other the faireſt
Of Rome and eke the comelieſt,
That well was her, which him might
Beholde and have of him a ſight.
Thus was he tempted ofte ſore,
But for he wolde be no more
Among the women ſo coveited,
The beaute of his face ſtreited
He hath, and thruſt out both his eyen,
That alle women, whiche it ſein
Than afterwarde of him ne rought.
And thus his maidenhede he bought.
  So may I prove wel forthy
Above all other under the ſky,
Who that the vertues wolde peiſe,
Virginite is for to preiſe,
Which, as thapocalips recordeth,
To Criſte in heven beſt accordeth.
So may it ſhewe well therfore,
As I have tolde it here to-fore,
In heven and eke in erth alſo
It is accept to bothe two.
[Out of his fleſhe a man to live*
Gregoire hath this enſample yive
And ſaith: It ſhall rather be told
Lich to an aungel manyfold

Hic loquitur, qualiter Phirinus, juvenum Rome pulcherrimus, ut illeſam ſuam virginitatem conſervaret, ambos oculos eruens vultus ſui decorem abhominabilem conſtituit.

* The verſes included in brackets occur only in MS. Stafford, and in the printed editions.

Than to the life of mannes kinde,
There is no reson for to finde,
But only through the grace above,
In flesshe without fleshly love
A man to live chaste here.
And netheles a man may here
Of suche, that have ben er this,
And yet there ben, but for it is
A vertue, which is selde wonne,
Now I this matter have begonne
I thenke tellen over more,
Which is, my sone, for thy lore,
If that the list to taken hede
To trete upon the maidenhede.
The boke saith that a mannes life
Upon knighthode in werre and strife
Is set among his enemies,
The freile flesh, whose nature is
Ay redy for to sporne and fall,
The firste foman is of all.
For thilke werre is redy ay,
It werreth night, it werreth day,
So that a man hath never rest.
Forthy is thilke knight the best
Through might and grace of goddess sonde,
Which that bataile may withstonde,
Wherof yet dwelleth the memoire
Of hem, that whilome the victoire
Of thilke dedly werre hadden,
The high prowesse, which they ladden,

Wherof the ſoule ſtood amended
Upon this erth yet is commended.
An emperour by olde daies
There was, and he at all aſſaies
A worthy knight was of his honde,
There was none ſuch in all the londe,
But yet for all his vaſſellage
He ſtood unwedded all his age,
And in cronique as it is tolde
He was an hundred winter olde.]
And if I ſhall more over this
Declare what this vertue is,
I finde write upon this thing
Of Valentinian the king
And emperour be thilke daies,
A worthy knight at alle aſſaies,
How he withoute mariage
Was of an hundred winter age
And hadde ben a worthy knight
Both of his lawe and of his might.
But whan men wolde his dedes peiſe
And of his knighthode of armes preiſe,
Of that he dide with his hondes,
Whan he the kinges and the londes
To his ſubjection put under,
Of all that priſe hath he no wonder,
For he it ſet of none accompte
And ſaid, all that may nought amounte
Ayein a point, whiche he hath nome,
That he his fleſh hath overcome.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Valentinianus imperator, cum ipſe octogenarius plures provincias Romano imperio belliger ſubjugaſſet, dixit ſe ſuper omnia magis gaudere de eo, quod contra ſue carnis concupiſcenciam victoriam optinuiſſet, nam et ipſe virgo omnibus diebus vite ſue caſtiſſimus permanſit.

He was a virgine, as he ſaid,
On that bataile his pris he laid.
Confeſſor. Lo now, my ſone, aviſe the.
Amans. Ye, fader, all this may well be.
But if all other dide ſo,
The world of men were ſone ago,
And in the lawe a man may finde,
How god to man by wey of kinde
Hath ſet the world to multiply.
And who that woll him juſtify,
It is inough to do the lawe.
And netheles your gode ſawe
Is good to kepe, who ſo may,
I woll nought there ayein ſay nay.
Confeſſor. My ſone, take it as I ſay,
If maidenhed be take away
Withoute lawes ordenaunce,
It may nought failen of vengeaunce.
And if thou wolt the ſothe wite,
Behold a tale, which is write,
How that the king Agamenon,
Whan he the citee of Leſbon
Hath won, a maiden there he fonde,
Which was the faireſt of the londe
In thilke time, that men wiſt.
He toke of her what him liſt
Of thing which was moſt precious,
Wherof that ſhe was daungerous.
This faire maiden cleped is
Criſeid, the doughter of Criſis,

Which was that time ſpeciall
Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his ſacrifice,
So was it well the more vice.
Agamenon was than in way
To Troie ward and toke awey
This maiden, whiche he with him lad,
So greate luſt in her he had.
 But Phebus, which hath great diſdein
Of that his maiden was forlein,
Anone as he to Troie came,
Vengeaunce upon this dede he name
And ſend a comune peſtilence.
They ſoughten than her evidence
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in ſo ſodeinly,
And ate laſte redely
The cauſe and eke the man they founde,
And forth with al the ſame ſtounde
Agamenon oppoſed was,
Whiche hath beknowen all the cas
Of the folie, which he wrought.
And therupon mercy they ſought
Toward the god in ſondry wiſe
With praier and with ſacrifice,
The maiden home ayein they ſende
And yaf her good inough to ſpende,
For ever whiles ſhe ſhulde live,
And thus the ſinne was foryive

And all the peſtilence ceſed.
Confeſſor. Lo, what it is to ben encreſed
Of love, whiche is evil wonne.
It were better nought begonne
Than take a thing withoute leve,
Which thou muſt after nedes leve,
And yet have malgre forth with all.
Forthy to robben over all
In loves cauſe if thou beginne,
I not what eſe thou ſhalt winne.
My ſone, be well ware of this,
For thus of robbery it is.
Amans. My fader, your enſamplarie
In loves cauſe of robberie
I have it right well underſtonde.
But over this how ſo it ſtonde,
Yet wol I wite of your appriſe,
What thing is more of covetiſe.

11. *Inſidiando latens tempus rimatur et horam*
Fur, quibus occulto tempore furta parat.
Sic amor inſidiis vacat, ut ſub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtivos nocte favente queat.

Hic tractat ſuper illa cupiditatis ſpecie, que ſecretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura cuſtode rerum neſciente ea, que cupit, tam per diem quam per noctem abſque ſtrepitu clanculo furatur.

With covetiſe yet I finde
A ſervaunt of the ſame kinde,
Which ſtelth is hote and micherie
With him is ever in compaignie.
Of whom if I ſhall telle ſoth
He ſtalketh as a pecock doth
And taketh his preie ſo coverte,
That no man wote it in aperte.

For whan he wot the lord from home,
Than woll he ſtalke about and come,
And what thing he fint in his wey,
Whan that he ſeeth the men awey,
He ſteleth it and goth forth withall,
That therof no man knowe ſhall.
And eke full ofte he goth anight
Withoute mone or ſterre light
And with his craft the dore unpiketh
And taketh therinne what him liketh.
And if the dore be ſo ſhet,
That he be of his entre let,
He woll in ate window crepe,
And while the lord is faſt aſlepe,
He ſteleth what thing him beſt liſt,
And goth his wey er it be wiſt.
Full ofte alſo by light of day
Yet woll he ſtele and make aſſay,
Under the cote his honde he put,
Till he the mannes purs have kut
And rifleth that he fint therinne.
And thus he auntreth him to winne
And bereth an horn and nought ne bloweth,
For no man of his counſeil knoweth,
What he may get of his miching,
It is all bile under the wing.
And as an hound that goth to folde
And hath there take what he wolde
His mouth upon the gras he wipeth,
And ſo with feigned chere him ſlipeth,

That what as ever of ſhepe he ſtrangle,
There is no man therof ſhall jangle,
And for to knowen who it dede.
Right ſo doth ſtelthe in every ſtede,
Where as him liſt his preie take.
He can ſo well his cauſe make
And ſo well feigne and ſo well gloſe,
That there ne ſhall no man ſuppoſe,
But that he were an innocent.
And thus a mannes eye he blent,
So that this crafte I may remeve
Withouten helpe of any meve.
There be lovers of that degre,
Which all her luſt in privete
As who ſaith getten all by ſtelth
And ofte atteignen to great welth
And for the time that it laſteth.
For love awaiteth ever and caſteth,
How he may ſtele and cacche his pray,
Whan he therto may finde a way.
For be it night, or be it day
He taketh his part, whan that he may,
And if he may no more do,
Yet woll he ſtele a cuſs or two.

Confeſſor. My ſone, what ſaiſt thou therto,
Telle, if thou diddeſt ever ſo.
My fader, how? My ſone, thus,
If thou haſt ſtole any cuſs
Or other thing, which therto longeth,
For no man ſuche theves hongeth,

Tell on forthy and ſay the trouth.
My fader, nay, and that is routh. Confeſſio amantis.
For by my will, I am a thefe,
But ſhe, that is to me moſt lefe,
Yet durſt I never in privete
Nought ones take her by the kne
To ſtele of her or this or that.
And if I durſt I wot well what,
And netheles but if I lie
By ſtelthe ne by robberie
Of love, which fell in my thought,
To her did I never nought,
But as men ſain, where hert is failed,
There ſhall no caſtel be aſſailed,
But though I hadde hertes ten
And were as ſtronge as alle men,
If I be nought min owne man
And dare nought uſen, that I can,
I may my ſelve nought recouer,
Though I be never man ſo pouer.
I bere an herte and here it is,
So that me faileth wit in this,
How that I ſhulde of mine accorde
The ſervant lede ayein the lorde.
For if my foot wold owhere go,
Or that min hond wolde elles do,
Whan that min hert is there ayein,
The remenaunt is all in vein.
And thus me lacketh alle wele.
And yet ne dare I nothing ſtele

Of thing, which longeth unto love,
And eke it is ſo high above,
I may nought well therto arecche.
But if ſo be at time of ſpeche
Full ſelde, if than I ſtele may
A worde or two and go my way,
Betwene her high eſtate and me
Compariſon there may none be,
So that I fele and well I wote,
All is to hevy and to hote
To ſet on honde without leve.
And thus I mot algate leve
To ſtele that I may nought take,
And in this wiſe I mot forſake
To ben a thefe ayein my will
Of thing, which I may nought fulfill.
For that ſerpent, which never ſlept,
The flees of gold ſo well ne kept
In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
That my lady a thouſand folde
Nis better yemed and bewaked,
Where ſhe be clothed or be naked,
To kepe her body night and day.
She hath a wardein redy ay,
Which is ſo wounderfull a wight,
That him ne may no mannes might
With ſwerd ne with no wepon daunt,
Ne with no ſleight of charme enchaunt,
Wherof he might be made tame,
And daunger is his righte name,

Whiche under lock and under key,
That no man may it ſtele awey,
Hath al the treſor underfonge,
That unto love may belonge.
The leſte loking of her eye
May nought be ſtole, if he it ſigh,
And who ſo gruccheth for ſo lit
He wolde ſone ſet a wite
On him, that wolde ſtele more.
And that me greveth wonder ſore,
For this proverb is ever newe,
That ſtronge lockes maken trewe
Of hem that wolden ſtele and pike.
For ſo wel can there no man ſlike
By him ne by no other mene,
To whom daunger wol yive or lene
Of that treſor he hath to kepe.
So though I wolde ſtalke and crepe
And waite on eve and eke on morwe,
Of daunger ſhal I nothing borwe,
And ſtele wot wel may I nought.
And thus I am right wel bethought,
While daunger ſtont in his office,
Of ſtelthe, which ye clepe a vice,
I ſhall be gilty never mo.
Therfore I wold he were ago
So fer, that I never of him herde,
How ſo that afterward it ferde,
For than I mighte yet parcas
Of love make ſome purchas

By ſtelth or by ſome other way,
That now fro me ſtont fer away.
 But, fader, as ye tolde above,
How ſtelthe goth a night for love,
I may nought wel that point forſake,
That ofte times I ne wake
On nightes, whan that other ſlepe.
But now, I pray you take kepe,
Whan I am logged in ſuch wiſe,
That I by nighte may ariſe
At ſome window and loken out
And ſe the houſing al about,
So that I may the chambre knowe,
In which my lady, as I trowe,
Lith in her bed and ſlepeth ſofte,
Than is min hert a thefe ful ofte,
For there I ſtonde and behold
The longe nightes, that ben cold,
And thenke on her, that lieth there.
And than I wisſhe, that I were
Als wiſe as was Nectanabus
Or elles as was Protheus,
That couthen both of nigromaunce
In what likeneſſe, in what ſemblaunce
Right as him liſt him ſelf transforme.
For if I were of ſuche a forme,
I ſay, thanne I wolde flee
Into her chambre for to ſe,
If any grace wolde falle,
So that I might under the palle

Some thing of love pike and ftele.
And thus I thenke thoughtes fele,
And though there of no thing be foth,
Yet efe as for a time it doth.
But ate lafte whan I finde,
That I am fall into my minde,
And fe, that I have ftonde longe
And have no profit underfonge,
Than ftalke I to my bed withinne.
And this is all that ever I winne
Of love, whan I walke on night.
My will is good, but of my might
Me lacketh both, and of my grace,
For what fo that my thought embrace,
Yet have I nought the better ferde.
My fader, lo, now have ye herde
What I by ftelth of love have do,
And how my will hath be therto,
If I be worthy to penaunce,
I put it to your ordenaunce.
My fone, of ftelth I the behete, Confeffor.
Though it be for a time fwete,
At ende it doth but litel good,
As by enfample how that it ftood
Whilom, I may the telle now.
I pray you, fader, fay me how. Amans.
My fone, of him, which goth by day Confeffor.
By wey of ftelthe to affay
In loves caufe and taketh his pray,
Ovide faid, as I fhall fay,

And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, which is good to holde.
The poet upon this matere
Of ftelthe wrote in this manere.
Venus, which hath the lawe in honde
Of thing, which may nought be withftonde,
As fhe, which the trefor to warde
Of love hath within her warde,
Phebus to love hath fo conftreigned,
That he withoute reft is peined
With all his herte to coveite
A maiden, which was warded ftreite
Withinne chambre and kept fo clos,
That felden was, whan fhe defclos
Goth with her moder for to play.
Leuchothoe, fo as men fay,
This maiden hight and Orchamus
Her fader was. And befell thus,
This doughter, that was kept fo dere,
And hadde be from yere to yere
Under her moders difcipline
A clene maide and a virgine,
Upon the whofe nativite
Of comeliheed and of beaute
Nature hath fet all that fhe may,
That lich unto the frefhe may,
Whiche other monthes of the yere
Sourmounteth, fo withoute pere
Was of this maiden the feture,
Wherof Phebus out of mefure

Hic in amoris caufa fuper ifto latrocinio, quod de die contingit, ponit exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Leuchothoe Orchami filia in cameris fub arcta matris cuftodia virgo prefervabatur, Phebus eius pulcritudinem concupifcens, in conclave domus clara luce fubintrans, virginis pudiciciam matre abfente defloravit, unde ipfa inpregnata iratus pater filiam fuam ad fepeliendum vivam effodit, ex cuius tumulo florem, quem folfequium vocant, dicunt tunc confequenter primitus accreviffe.

Her loveth and on every ſide
Awaiteth, if ſo may betide,
That he through any ſleighte might
Her luſty maidenheed unright,
The which were all his worldes welth.
And thus lurkend upon his ſtelth
In his await ſo longe he lay,
Till it befell upon a day,
That he through out her chambre wall
Came in all ſodeinlich and ſtall
That thing, which was to him ſo lefe.
But wo the while, he was a thefe,
For Venus, which was enemy
Of thilke loves michery,
Deſcovereth all the pleine cas
To Climene, which thanne was
Toward Phebus his concubine.
And ſhe to lette the covine
Of thilke love dedely wrothe
To pleign upon this maide ſhe goth
And tolde her fader, howe it ſtood,
Wherof for ſorwe well nigh wode
Unto her moder thus he ſaide:
Lo, what it is to kepe a maide.
To Phebus dare I nothing ſpeke,
But upon her it ſhall be wreke,
So that theſe maidens after this
Mow take enſample, what it is
To ſuffre her maidenheed be ſtole,
Wherof that ſhe the deth ſhall thole.

And bad with that do make a pit,
Wherin he hath his doughter ſet,
As he, that woll no pite have,
So that ſhe was all quike begrave
And deide anone in his preſence.
But Phebus, for the reverence
Of that ſhe hadde be his love,
Hath wrought through his power above,
That ſhe ſprong up out of the molde
Into a flour, was named golde,
Which ſtant governed of the ſonne.
And thus whan love is evil wonne,
Full ofte it cometh to repentail.
Amans. My fader, that is no merveile,
Whan that the counceil is bewreied.
But ofte time love hath pleied
And ſtole many a prive game,
Which never yet cam into blame,
Whan that the thinges weren hid.
But in your tale as it betid,
Venus deſcovereth all the cas,
And eke alſo brode day it was,
Whan Phebus ſuch a ſtelthe wrought,
Wherof the maide in blame he brought,
That afterwards he was ſo lore.
But for ye ſaiden now to-fore,
How ſtelth of love goth by night
And doth his thinges out of ſight,
Therof me luſt alſo to here
A tale lich to the matere,

Wherof I might ensample take.
My gode sone, for thy sake
So as it befell by daies olde
And so as the poet it tolde,
Upon the nightes michery
Now herken a tale of poesy.
The mightiest of alle men,
Whan Hercules with Eolen,
Which was the love of his corage,
To-gider upon a pelrinage
Towarde Rome shulden go,
It fell hem by the waie so,
That they upon a day a cave
Within a roche founden have,
Which was real and glorious
And of entaile curious,
By name and Thophis it was hote.
The sonne shone tho wonder hote,
As it was in the somer tide.
This Hercules, which by his side
Hath Eolen his love there,
Whan they at thilke cave were,
He said, he thought it for the best,
That she her for the hete rest
All thilke day and thilke night.
And she, that was a lusty wight,
It liketh her all that he saide,
And thus they dwellen yet and pleide
The longe day. And so befell,
This cave was under the hill

Confessor.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, quod de nocte contingit. Et narrat, qualiter Hercules cum Eole in quadam spelunca nobili, Thophis dicta, sub monte Timolo, ubi silva Bachi est, hospicio pernoctarunt. Et cum ipsi variis lectis separatim jacentes dormierunt, contigit lectum Herculis vestimentis Eole lectumque Eole pelle leonis, qua Hercules induebatur, operiri, super quo Faunus a silva descendens speluncam subintravit, temptans si forte cum Eole sue concupiscencie voluptatem nesciente Hercule furari posset. Et cum ad lectum Herculis muliebri palpata veste ex casu pervenisset, putans Eolen fuisse, cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur, quem senciens Hercules manibus apprehensum ipsum ad terram ita fortiter allisit, ut impotens sui corporis effectus usque mane ibidem requievit, ubi Saba cum nimphis silvestribus superveniens ipsum sic illusum deridebat.

Of Timolus, which was begrowe
With vines, and at thilke throwe
Faunus with Saba the goddeſſe,
By whom the large wilderneſſe
In thilke time ſtood governed,
Were in a place, as I am lerned,
Nigh by, which Bachus wode hight.
  This Faunus toke a great inſight
Of Eolen, that was ſo nigh,
For whan that he her beaute ſigh,
Out of his wit he was aſſoted
And in his herte it hath ſo noted,
That he forſoke the nimphes alle
And ſaid, he wolde, how ſo it falle,
Aſſay an other for to winne,
So that his hertes thought withinne
He ſet and caſt, how that it might
Of love pike away by night,
That he by day in other wiſe
To ſtele mighte nought ſuffice.
And therupon his time he awaiteth.
Now take good hede, how love affaiteth
Him, which with al is overcome.
Faire Eolen whan ſhe was come
With Hercules into the cave,
She ſaid him, that ſhe wolde have
His clothes of and hers bothe,
And eche of hem ſhulde other clothe.
And all was do right as ſhe bad,
He hath her in his clothes clad

And caſt on her his gulion,
Which of the ſkin of a leon
Was made, as he upon the wey
It ſlough, and over this to pley
She toke his grete mace alſo
And knet it at her girdel tho.
So was ſhe lich the man arraied,
And Hercules than hath aſſaied
To clothen him in her array.
And thus they jape forth the day,
Till that her ſouper redy were.
And whan they hadden ſouped there,
They ſhopen hem to go to reſt,
And as it thought hem for the beſt,
They bad, as for that ilke night,
Two ſondry beddes ſhuld be dight,
For they to-gider ligge nolde,
By cauſe that they offre wolde
Upon the morwe her ſacrifice.
The ſervants didden her office
And ſondry beddes made anone,
Wherin that they to reſte gone
Eche by hem ſelf in ſondry place.
Fair Eolen hath ſet the mace
Beſides her beddes heved above,
And with the clothes of her love
She helled all her bed aboute.
And he, which had nothing in doubte,
Her wimpel wonde about his cheke,
Her kirtel and her mantel eke

Abrode upon his bed he ſpredde,
And thus they ſlepen both a bedde.
And what of travail, what of wine
The ſervaunts like to dronken ſwine
Beganne for to route faſte.
This Faunus, which his ſtelthe caſte,
Was thanne comen to the cave
And found, they weren alle ſave
Withoute noiſe, and in he went,
The derke night his ſighte blent,
And yet it hapned him to go,
Where Eolen a bedde tho
Was laid alone for to ſlepe.
But for he wolde take kepe,
Whoſe bed it was, he made aſſay
And of a leon, where it lay,
The cote he founde and eke he feleth
The mace and than his herte keleth,
That there durſt he nought abide,
But ſtalketh upon every ſide
And ſought aboute with his honde
That other bed, till that he fonde,
Where lay bewimpled a viſage.
Tho was he glad in his corage,
For he her kirtel founde alſo
And eke her mantel bothe two
Beſpred upon the bedde alofte.
He made him naked than and ſofte
Into the bed unware he crepte,
Where Hercules that time ſlepte

And wende well it were ſhe.
And thus in ſtede of Eole
Anone he profreth him to love,
But he, which felte a man above,
This Hercules him threw to grounde
So ſore, that they have him founde
Liggende there upon the morwe,
And tho was nought a litel ſorwe,
That Faunus of him ſelve made.
But elles there they were all glade
And loughen him to ſcorne aboute,
Saba with nimphes all a route
Came down to loke, how that it ferde,
And whan that they the ſothe herde,
He was bejaped over all.
My ſone, be thou ware with all — Confeſſor.
To ſeche ſuche micheries,
But if thou have the better aſpies
In aunter, if the ſo betide
As Faunus dide thilke tide,
Wherof thou might be ſhamed ſo.
Min holy fader, certes no. — Amans.
But if I hadde right good leve,
Such micherie I thenke leve,
My fainte herte woll nought ſerve,
For malgre wolde I nought deſerve
In thilke place, where I love.
But for ye tolden here above
Of covetiſe and his pilage,
If there be more of that lignage,

Which toucheth to my ſhrifte, I pray,
That ye therof me wolde ſay,
So that I may the vice eſcheue.

Confeſſor. Sone, if I by order ſue
The vices, as they ſtonde a rowe
Of covetiſe, thou ſhalt knowe,
There is yet one, which is the laſt,
In whom there may no vertue laſt,
For he with god him ſelf debateth,
Wherof that all the heven him hateth.

12. *Sacrilegus tantum furto loca ſacra prophanat,*
Ut ſibi ſint agri, ſic domus alma dei.
Nec locus eſt, in quo non temptat amans que amatur,
Si que poſſe nequit, carpere velle capit.

Hic tractat ſuper ultima cupiditatis ſpecie, que ſacrilegium dicitur, cuius furtum ea que altiſſimo ſanctificantur bona depredans eccleſie tantum ſpoliis inſidiatur.

The highe god, whiche alle good
Purveied hath for mannes food
Of clothes and of mete and drinke,
Bade Adam, that he ſhulde ſwinke
To geten him his ſuſtenaunce,
And eke he ſet an ordenaunce
Upon the lawe of Moiſes,
That though a man be haveles,
Yet ſhall he nought by thefte ſtele.
But now a daies there ben fele,
That woll no labour undertake,
But what they may by ſtelthe take
They holde it ſikerliche wonne.
And thus the lawe is overronne,
Which god hath ſet, and namely
With hem that ſo untruely
The goodes robbe of holy chirche.

The thefte, which they thanne wirche,
By name is cleped ſacrilegge,
Ayein the whom I thenke allegge,
[Upon the points as we ben taught*
Stont ſacrilege, and elles nought
The firſte point is for to ſay,
Whan that a thefe ſhall ſtele away
The holy thing from holy place.
The ſeconde is, if he purchace
By way of theft unholy thinge,
Whiche he upon his knowlechinge
Fro holy place away toke.
The thirde point, as ſaith the boke,
Is ſuche, as where as ever it be,
In wode, in felde or in cite,
Shall no man ſtele by no wiſe
That halowed is to the ſerviſe
Of god, whiche alle thinges wote,
But there is nouther cold ne hote,
Whiche he for god or man woll ſpare,
So that the body may wel fare,
And that he may the world eſcape,
The heven him thinketh is but a jape
Of his condicion to telle,]
Which rifeleth bothe boke and belle.
So forth with all the remenaunt
To goddes hous appurtenaunt,
Where that he ſhulde bid his bede,
He doth his theft in holy ſtede,

* Only in MS. Stafford, and Berthelette's editions.

And taketh what thing he fint therin.
For whan he ſeeth that he may win,
He wondeth for no curſedneſſe,
That he ne breketh the holineſſe
And doth to god no reverence.
For he hath loſt his conſcience,
That though the preſt therfore curſe,
He ſaith, he fareth nought the worſe.
And for to ſpeke it other wiſe,
What man that laſſeth the fraunchiſe
And taketh of holy chirch his pray,
I not what bedes he ſhall pray,
Whan he fro god, which hath yive all,
The purpartie in ſpeciall,
Which unto Criſt him ſelf is due,
Benimth, he may nought wel eſchue
The peine comend afterward,
For he hath made his foreward
With ſacrilegge for to dwelle,
Which hath his heritage in helle.
  And if we rede of tholde lawe,
I finde write in thilke lawe
Of princes, how there weren thre
Coupable ſore in this degre.
That one of hem was cleped thus
The proude king Antiochus,
That other Nabuzardan hight,
Which of his cruelte behight
The temple to deſtruie and waſte,
And ſo he did in alle haſte,

The thridde, which was after ſhamed,
Was Nabugodonoſor named,
And he Jeruſalem put under
Of ſacrilegge and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought,
Which Baltazar his heire abought,
Whan Mane Techel Phares write
Was on the wall, as thou might wite,
So as the bible it hath declared.
But for al that it is nought ſpared
Yet now a day, that men ne pille
And maken argument and ſkille
To ſacrilegge as it belongeth,
For what man that there after longeth
He taketh none hede what he doth.
[And if a man ſhall telle ſoth,*
Of guile and of ſubtilite
Is none ſo ſligh in his degre
To feigne a thing for his beyete,
As is this vice of whiche I trete.
He can ſo priveliche pike,
He can ſo well his wordes ſlike
To put away ſuſpicion,
That in his excuſation
There ſhall no man defalte finde.
And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That ſtonden in his word deceived,
Er his queintiſe be perceived.

* Only in MS. Stafford, and Berthelette's editions.

But netheles yet other while
For all his ſleight and all his guile,
Of that he wolde his werke forſake
He is atteint and overtake,
Wherof thou ſhalte a tale rede,
In Rome as it befell in dede.

Hic loquitur de illis, qui larvata conſciencia ſacrilegium ſibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum quidam Lucius clericus famoſus et imperatori notus deum ſuum Apollinem in templo Rome de anulo ſuo, pallio et barba aurea ſpoliaſſet, ipſe tandem apprehenſus et coram imperatore accuſatus taliter ſe excuſando ait: anulum a deo recepi, quia ipſe digito protenſo ex ſua largitate anulum hunc gratioſe michi obtulit, pallium ex lamine aureo conſtructum tuli, quia aurum maxime ponderoſum et frigidum naturaliter conſiſtit, unde nec in eſtate propter pondus, nec in yeme propter frigus ad dei veſtes utile fuit, barbam a deo depoſui, qui ipſum patri ſuo aſſimulare volui. Nam et Apollo, qui ante ipſum in templo ſtetit, abſque barba juvenis apparuit, et ſic ea que geſſi non ex furto, ſed honeſtate proceſſiſſe manifeſte declaravi.

Er Rome cam to the creaunce
Of Criſtes feith, it fell perchaunce,
Ceſar, which tho was emperour,
Him liſte for to done honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an ymage upon this,
The which was cleped Apollo,
Was none ſo riche in Rome tho.
Of plate of golde a berde he hadde,
The which his breſt all over ſpradde.
Of golde alſo withoute faile
His mantell was of large entaile
Beſet with perrie all about,
Forth right he ſtraught his finger out,
Upon the which he had a ringe,
To ſeen it was a riche thing,
A fine carbuncle for the nones
Moſt precious of alle ſtones.

And fell that time in Rome thus
There was a clerke one Lucius,
A courteour, a famous man,
Of every wit ſomwhat he can,
Out take that him lacketh reule
His owne eſtat to guide and reule.

How ſo it ſtood of his ſpeking,
He was nought wiſe in his doing,
But every riote ate laſt
Mot nedes falle and may nought laſte
After the mede of his deſerte.
So fell this clerke in pouerte
And wiſte nought how for to riſe,
Wherof in many a ſondry wiſe
He caſt his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh fer,
Till on a time that he come
Into the temple and hede he nome,
Where that the god Apollo ſtood,
He ſigh the richeſſe and the good
And thought he wolde by ſome way
The treſor picke and ſtele away.
And therupon ſo ſleighly wrought,
That his purpoſe about he brought,
And went awey unapperceived.
Thus hath the man his god deceived,
His ring, his mantel and his berd,
As he, which nothing was aferd,
All prively with him he bare.
And whan the wardeins weren ware
Of that her god deſpuiled was,
Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
How that a man for any wele
Durſt in ſo holy place ſtele,
And namely ſo great a thing.
This tale came unto the king,

And was through ſpoken over all.
But for to knowe in ſpeciall,
What maner man hath do the dede,
They ſoughten helpe upon the nede
And maden calculacion,
Wherof by demonſtracion
The man was founde with the good,
In jugement and whan he ſtood,
The king hath axed of him thus:
Say thou, unſely Lucius,
Why haſt thou don this ſacrilegge?
My lord, if I the cauſe allegge,
Quod he ayein, me thenketh this,
That I have do nothing amis.
Thre points ther ben, which I have do,
Wherof the firſte point ſtant ſo,
That I the ring have take away,
As unto that this woll I ſay,
Whan I the god behelde about,
I ſigh, how he his hond ſtraught out
And profred me the ring to yive.
And I, which wolde gladly live,
Out of pouerte, through his largeſſe
It underfang, ſo that I geſſe,
As therof I am nought to wite.
And overmore I woll me quite
Of gold that I the mantel toke,
Gold in his kind, as ſaith the boke,
Is hevy both and colde alſo.
And for that it was hevy ſo,

Me thought it was no garnement
Unto the god convenient
To clothen him the ſomer tide,
I thought upon that other ſide,
How gold is colde, and ſuch a clothe
By reſon oughte to be lothe
In winter time for the chele.
And thus thenkende thoughtes fele
As I min eie aboute caſt,
His large berd than ate laſt
I ſigh and thought anone therfore,
How that his fader him before,
Which ſtood upon the ſame place,
Was berdles with a yongly face.
And in ſuch wiſe, as ye have herde,
I toke away the ſones berde
For that his fader hadde none
To make hem liche, and here upon
I axe for to ben excuſed.
  Lo thus, where ſacrilegge is uſed,
A man can feigne his conſcience
And right upon ſuch evidence]
In loves cauſe if I ſhall trete,
There ben of ſuche ſmall and great,
If they no leiſer finden elles,
They wol nought wonden for the belles,
Ne though they ſen the preſt at maſſe,
That wol they leten overpaſſe,
If that they finden her love there,
They ſtande and tellen in her ere

And axe of god none other grace,
While they ben in that holy place.
But er they gon, ſome avauntage
There will they have, and ſome pilage
Of goodly word or of beheſte,
Or elles they take ate leſte
Out of her honde a ring or glove,
So nigh the weder they will hove,
As who ſaith ſhe ſhall nought foryete,
Now I this token of her have gete.
Thus halwe they the highe feſte,
Such thefte may no chirch areſte,
For all is lefull that hem liketh,
To whom that elles it miſliketh.
And eke right in the ſelve kinde
In great citees men may finde
This luſty folk, that make hem gay,
And waite upon the haliday,
In chirches and in minſtres eke
They gon the women for to ſeke,
And where that ſuch one goth about
To-fore the faireſt of the route,
Where as they ſitten all a rewe,
There will he moſte his body ſhewe,
His croket kempt and theron ſet
An ouche, with a chapelet
Or elles one of grene leves,
Which late came oute of the greves,
All for he ſhulde ſeme freſſh.
And thus he loketh on his fleſſh

Right as an hawke which hath a ſight
Upon the fowl, there he ſhall light,
And as he were a fairie,
He ſheweth him to-fore her eye
In holy place where they ſitte
Al for to make her hertes flitte.
His eye no where woll abide
But loke and pry on every ſide
On her and her, as him beſt liketh,
And other while among he ſiketh,
Thenketh one of hem that was for me,
And ſo there thenken two or thre,
And yet he loveth none of alle,
But where as ever his chaunce falle,
And netheles to ſay a ſoth
The cauſe, why that he ſo doth,
Is for to ſtele an herte or two
Out of the chirche er that he go.
And as I ſaid it here above,
All is that ſacrilegge of love,
For well may be he ſteleth awey,
That he never after yelde may.
Tell me forthy, my ſone, anone,
Haſt thou do ſacrilegge or none,
As I have ſaid in this manere.
  My fader, as of this matere Confeſſio amantis.
I woll you tellen redely
What I have do, but truely
I may excuſe min entent,
That I never yet to chirche went,

In ſuch maner as ye me ſhrive,
For no woman that is on live.
The cauſe why I have it laſt
May be, for I unto that craft
Am nothing able for ſo ſtele,
Though there be women nought ſo fele.
But yet woll I nought ſaie this,
Whan I am there my lady is,
In whom lith holy my quarele,
And ſhe to chirche or to chapele
Woll go to matins or to meſſe,
That time I waite well and geſſe,
To chirche I come and there I ſtonde,
And though I take a boke on honde,
My contenaunce is on the boke,
But toward her is all my loke.
And if ſo falle, that I pray
Unto my god and ſomwhat ſay
Of *pater noſter* or of crede,
All is for that I wolde ſpede,
So that my bede in holy chirche
There mighte ſome miracle wirche
My ladies herte for to chaunge,
Which ever hath be to me ſo ſtraunge,
So that all my devocion
And all my contemplacion
With all min herte and my corage
Is only ſet on her ymage.
And ever I waite upon the tide,
If ſhe loke any thing aſide,

That I me may of her avife,
Anone I am with covetife
So fmite, that me were lefe
To be in holy chirche a thefe,
But nought to ftele a veftement,
For that is nothing my talent.
But I wol ftele, if that I might,
A glad word or a goodly fight,
And ever my fervice I profre,
And namely whan fhe woll gone offre,
For than I lede her, if I may.
For fomwhat wold I ftele away,
Whan I beclippe her on the wafte,
Yet ate laft I ftele a tafte,
And other while graunt mercy
She faith, and fo win I therby
A lufty touch, a good worde eke,
But all the remenaunt to feke
Is fro my purpos wonder fer.
So may I fay, as I faid er,
In holy chirch if that I wowe,
My confcience I wolde allowe
Be fo that up amendement
I mighte get affignement,
Where for to fpede in other place
Such facrilegge I hold a grace.
  And thus, my fader, foth to fay
In chirche right as in the way
If I might ought of love take,
Such hanfel have I nought forfake.

But finally I me confeſſe,
There is in me no halineſſe,
While I her ſe in haly ſtede.
And yet for ought that ever I dede
No ſacrilegge of her I toke,
But if it were of worde or loke
Or elles if that I her fredde,
Whan I toward offring her ledde,
Take therof what I take may,
For elles bere I nought away,
For though I wolde ought elles have
All other thinges ben ſo ſave
And kept with ſuch a privilegge,
That I may do no ſacrilegge.
God wot my wille netheles,
Though I muſt nedes kepe pees
And malgre min ſo let it paſſe,
My will therto is nought the laſſe,
If I might other wiſe away.
Forthy, my fader, I you pray,
Tell what you thenketh therupon,
If I therof have gilt or none.
  Thy will, my ſone, is for to blame,
The remenaunt is but a game,
That I have herd the telle yit.
But take this lore into thy wit,
That alle thing hath time and ſtede,
The chirche ſerveth for the bede,
The chambre is of an other ſpeche,
But if thou wiſteſt of the wreche,

How ſacrilegge it hath abought,
Thou woldeſt better ben bethought.
And for thou ſhalt the more amende,
A tale I will on the deſpende.
To alle men as who ſaith knowe
It is and in the world through blowe,
How that of Troie Lamedon
To Hercules and to Jaſon,
Whan toward Colchos out of Grece
By ſee ſailend upon a piece
Of londe of Troie reſte preide.
But he hem wrothfully congeide,
And for they found him ſo villein,
Whan they came into Grece ayein
With power, that they gette might,
Towardes Troie they hem dight
And there they token ſuch vengeaunce,
Wherof ſtant yet the remembraunce.
For they deſtruied king and all
And leften but the brente wall,
The Grekes of Troians many ſlow
And priſoners they toke inow,
Among the whiche there was one
The kinges doughter Lamedon
Eſiona the faire thing,
Which unto Thelamon the king
By Hercules and by thaſſent
Of all the hole parlement
Was at his wille yove and graunted.
And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,

Hic in amoris cauſa ſuper iſtius vicii articulo ponit exemplum, et narrat pro eo, quod Paris Priami regis filius Helenam Menelai uxorem in quadam Grecie inſula a templo Veneris ſacrilegus abduxit, illa Troie famoſiſſima obſidio per univerſa orbis climata divulgata precipue cauſabatur, ita quod huiuſmodi ſacrilegium non ſolum ad ipſius regis Priami omniumque ſuorum interitum, ſed eciam ad perpetuam urbis deſolacionem vindicte fomitem miniſtrabat.

And home they torne in ſuch manere.
But after this, now ſhalt thou here
The cauſe, why I this tale telle,
Upon the chaunce that befelle.
King Lamedon, which deide thus,
He had a ſone one Priamus,
Which was nought thilke time at home,
But whan he herd of this, he come
And found how the citee was falle,
Which he began anon to walle
And made there a citee newe,
That they, which other londes knewe,
Tho ſaiden that of lime and ſtone
In all the world ſo faire was none.
And on that o ſide of the town
The king let make Ylion,
That highe toure, that ſtronge place,
Which was adrad of no manace,
Of quarele nor of none engine.
And though men wolde make a mine,
No mannes craft it might approche,
For it was ſet upon a roche
The walles of the towne about.
Hem ſtood of all the world no doubt,
And after the proportion
Six gates were there of the town
Of ſuch a forme, of ſuch entaile,
That hem to ſe was great merveile.
The diches weren brode and depe,
A fewe men it mighte kepe

From all the world, as femeth tho.
But if the goddes weren fo,
Great prees unto that citee drough,
So that there was of people inough
Of burgeis that therinne dwellen,
There may no mannes tunge tellen,
How that citee was riche and good.
Whan all was made and all well ftood,
King Priamus tho him bethought,
What they of Grece whilom wrought,
And what was of her fwerd devoured,
And how his fufter defhonoured
With Thelamon away was lad.
And tho thenkend he wax unglad
And fet anone a parlement,
To which the lordes were affent.
In many wife there was fpoke,
How that they mighten bene awroke.
But ate lafte netheles
They faiden all, accorde and pees
To fetten every parte in reft
It thought hem thanne for the beft
With refonable amendement.
And thus was Anthenor forth fent
To axen Efiona ayein
And witen what they wolden fain.
So paffeth he the fee by barge
To Grece for to fay his charge,
The which he faide redely
Unto the lordes by and by.

But where he ſpake in Grece aboute,
He herde nought but wordes ſtoute
And nameliche of Thelamon.
The maiden wolde he nought forgon
He ſaide for no maner thing,
And bad him gone home to his king,
For there gate he none amende
For ought he couthe do or ſende.
  This Anthenor ayein goth home
Unto his king, and whan he come,
He tolde in Grece of that he herde,
And how that Thelamon anſwerde,
And how they were at her above,
That they wol nouther pees ne love,
But every man ſhall done his beſt.
But for men ſaien, that night hath reſt,
The king bethought him all that night,
And erly whan the day was light,
He toke his counſeil of this matere,
And they accorde in this manere,
That he withouten any let
A certain time ſhulde ſet
A parlement to ben aviſed,
And in this wiſe it was aviſed.
Of parlement he ſet a day,
And that was in the month of may.
This Priamus had in his ight
A wife and Hecuba ſhe hight,
By whom that time eke had he
Sones five and doughters thre

Befiden hem and thritty mo.
And weren knightes alle tho,
But nought upon his wife begete,
But elles where he might hem gete
Of women, which he hadde knowe.
Such was the world that ilke throwe,
So that he was of children riche,
So therof was no man him liche.
  Of parlement the day was come.
There ben the lordes all and fome,
Tho was pronounced and purpofed
And all the caufe hem was defclofed,
How Anthenor in Grece ferde.
They fitten alle ftill and herde,
And tho fpake every man aboute,
There was allegged many a doubte,
And many a proud word fpoke alfo.
But for the mofte parte as tho
They wiften nought what was the befte
Or for to werre or for to refte.
But he that was withoutefere,
Hector among the lordes there
His tale tolde in fuche a wife
And faide: Lordes, ye ben wife,
Ye knowen this als well as I,
Above all other moft worthy
Stant now in Grece the manhod
Of worthineffe and of knighthod.
For who fo woll it wel agrope,
To hem belongeth all Europe,

Whiche is the thridde parte even
Of all the world under the heven.
And we be but of folk a fewe,
So were it reſon for to ſhewe
The peril, er we fall therinne.
Better is to leve than beginne
Thing, which as may nought ben acheved,
He is nought wiſe, that find him greved
And doth ſo, that his greve be more.
For who that loketh all to-fore
And woll nought ſe what is behinde,
He may full ofte his harmes finde.
Wick is to ſtrive and have the worſe,
We have encheſon for to curſe,
This wote I well and for to hate
The Grekes, but er that we debate
With hem, that ben of ſuch a might,
It is full good, that every wight
Be of him ſelf right well bethought.
But as for me thus ſay I nought,
For while that my life woll ſtonde,
If that ye take werre on honde,
Fall it to the beſt or to the werſt,
I ſhall my ſelven be the ferſt
To greven hem, what ever I may.
I woll nought ones ſaie nay
To thing, which that your counceil demeth,
For unto me well more it quemeth
The werre certes than the pees.
But this I ſaie netheles,

As me belongeth for to ſay,
Now ſhape ye the beſte way.
  Whan Hector hath ſaid his avis,
Next after him tho ſpake Paris,
Which was his brother, and alaide
What him beſt thought, and thus he ſaide:
Strong thing it is to ſuffre wronge,
And ſuffre ſhame is more ſtronge,
But we have ſuffred bothe two,
And for all that yet have we do
What ſo we mighte to reforme
The pees, whan we in ſuche a forme
Sent Anthenor, as ye wel knowe.
And they her grete wordes blowe
Upon her wrongfull dedes eke,
And he that woll him ſelf nought meke
To pees and liſt no reſon take,
Men ſain reſon him wol forſake.
For in the multitude of men
Is nought the ſtrengthe, for with ten
It hath be ſene in true quarele
Ayein an hunderd falſe dele,
And had the better of goddes grace.
Thus hath befalle in many place.
And if it like unto you alle,
I will aſſay how ſo it falle
Our enemies if I may greve,
For I have caught a gret beleve
Upon a point I wol declare.
  This ender day as I gan fare

To hunt unto the grete herte,
Which was to-fore min houndes ſterte,
And every man went on his ſide
Him to purſue, and I to ride
Began to chaſe, and ſoth to ſay
Within a while out of my way
I rode, and niſte where I was,
And ſlepe me caught and on the graſſe
Beſide a welle I laid me down
To ſlepe and in a viſion
To me the god Mercurie cam,
Goddeſſes thre with him he nam
Minerve, Venus and Juno,
And in his honde an appel tho
He helde of gold with letters write.
And this he dide me to wite,
How that they put hem upon me,
That to the faireſt of hem thre
Of gold that appel ſhulde I yive,
With ech of hem tho was I ſhrive
And eche one faire me behight.
But Venus ſaid, if that ſhe might
That appel of my yifte gete,
She wolde it nevermore foryete,
And ſaide, how that in Grece londe
She wolde bring into min honde
Of all this erthe the faireſt,
So that me thought it for the beſt
To her and yaf the appel tho.
Thus hope I well, if that I go,

That ſhe for me woll ſo ordeigne,
That they matere for to pleigne
Shull have, or that I come ayein.
Nowe have ye herd, that I woll ſain,
Say ye, what ſtant in your avis.
And every man tho ſaide his,
And ſondry cauſes they recorde,
But ate laſte they accorde,
That Paris ſhall to Grece wende,
And thus the parlement toke ende.
  Caſſandra whan ſhe herd of this,
The which to Paris ſuſter is,
Anone ſhe gan to wepe and weile
And ſaid: Alas, what may us eile,
Fortune with her blinde whele
Ne woll nought let us ſtonde wele,
For this I dare well undertake,
That if Paris his waie take,
As it is ſaid, that he ſhall do,
We ben for ever than undo.
The which Caſſandra thanne hight
In all the world as it bereth ſight,
In bokes as men finde write,
Is that Sibille, of whom ye wite,
That alle men yet clepen ſage.
Whan that ſhe wiſt of this viage,
How Paris ſhall to Grece fare,
No woman mighte worſe fare
Ne ſorwe more than ſhe did.
And right ſo in the ſame ſtede

Ferd Helenus, which was her brother
Of prophecy and ſuch another,
And all was holde but a jape,
So that the purpos, which was ſhape,
Or were hem leſe or were hem lothe,
Was holde, and into Grece he goth
This Paris with his retenaunce.
And as it fell upon his chaunce,
Of Grece he londeth in an ile,
And him was tolde the ſame while
Of folk, which he began to freine,
Tho was in thile quene Heleine
And eke of contres there about
Of ladies many a luſty rout,
With mochel worthy people alſo.
And why they comen thider tho,
The cauſe ſtood in ſuch a wiſe
For worſhip and for ſacrifice,
That they to Venus wolden make,
As they to-fore had undertake
Some of good will, ſome of beheſt,
For thanne was her highe feſt
Within a temple, which was there.
Whan Paris wiſte what they were,
Anone he ſhope his ordenaunce
To gone and done his obeiſaunce
To Venus on her haliday
And did upon his beſt array.
With great richeſſe he him behongeth,
As it to ſuch a lord belongeth,

He was nought armed netheles,
But as it were in londe of pees.
And thus he goth forth out of ſhip
And taketh with him his felaſhip
In ſuch manere, as I you ſay,
Unto the temple he helde his way.
  Tidinge, which goth over all
To great and ſmalle forth withall,
Come to the quenes ere and tolde,
How Paris come, and that he wolde
Do ſacrifice to Venus.
And whan ſhe herde telle thus,
She thought, how that it ever be,
That ſhe woll him abide and ſe.
  Forth cometh Paris with glad viſage
Into the temple on pelrinage,
Where unto Venus the goddeſſe
He yiveth and offreth great richeſſe
And praieth her that he praie wolde.
And than aſide he gan beholde
And ſigh, where that this lady ſtood,
And he forth in his freſhe mood
Goth there ſhe was and made her chere,
As he well couth in his manere,
That of his wordes ſuch pleſaunce
She toke, that all her aqueintaunce
Als ferforth as the herte lay
He ſtale, er that he went away.
So goth he forth and toke his leve
And thought anone, as it was eve,

He wolde done his ſacrilegge,
That many a man ſhulde it abegge.
Whan he to ſhip ayein was come,
To him he hath his counſeil nome
And all deviſed the matere
In ſuch a wiſe, as thou ſhalt here.
Withinne night all prively
His men he warneth by and by,
That they be redy armed ſone
For certain thing, whiche is to done.
And they anone ben redy alle
And echone other gan to calle
And went hem out upon the ſtronde
And toke a purpos there on londe
Of what thing that they wolden do,
Toward the temple and forth they go.
So fell it of devocion
Heleine in contemplacion
With many an other worthy wight
Was in the temple and woke all night
To bid and pray unto thymage
Of Venus, as was than uſage,
So that Paris right as him liſt
Into the temple er they it wiſt
Came with his men all ſodeinly.
And all at ones ſet aſkry
In hem, which in the temple were,
For tho was mochel people there,
But of defence was no bote,
So ſuffren they, that ſuffre mote.

Paris unto the quene wente
And her in both his armes hente
With him and with his felaſhip,
And forth they bere her into ſhip.
Up goth the ſaile, and forth they went,
And ſuche a wind fortune hem ſent,
Till they the haven of Troie caught,
Where out of ſhip anone they ſtraught
And gone hem forth toward the town,
The which came with proceſſion
Ayein Paris to ſene his pray.
And every man began to ſay
To Paris and his felaſhip
All that they couthen of worſhip,
Was none ſo litel man in Troy,
That he ne made merthe and joy
Of that Paris had wonne Heleine.
But all that merthe is ſorwe and peine
To Helenus and to Caſſandre.
For they it tolden ſhame and ſclaundre
And loſs of all the comun grace,
That Paris out of haly place
By ſtelth hath take a mannes wife,
Wherof he ſhall leſe his life
And many a worthy man therto
And all the citee be fordo,
Which never ſhall be made ayein.
And ſo it fell, right as they ſain,
The ſacrilegge, which he wrought,
Was cauſe, why the Gregois ſought

Unto the town and it belay
And wolden never part away,
Till what by ſleight, and what by ſtrength
They had it wonne in brede and length
And brent and ſlain that was withinne.
  Now ſe, my ſone, which a ſinne
Is ſacrilegge in haly ſtede.
Beware therfore and bid thy bede
And do nothing in haly chirche,
But that thou might by reſon wirche.
And eke take hede of Achilles,
Whan he unto his love chees
Polixena, that was alſo
In haly temple of Apollo,
Which was the cauſe why he deide
And all his luſt was laid aſide.
And Troilus upon Creſeide
Alſo his firſte love laide
In haly place, and how it ferde
As who ſaith all the world it herde.
Forſake he was for Diomede,
Such was of love his laſte mede.
Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, I wolde rede
By this enſample as thou might rede
Seche elles where thou wilt thy grace
And ware the well in haly place,
What thou to love do or ſpeke
In aunter if it ſo be wreke,
As thou haſt herd me tell to-fore,
And take good hede alſo therfore.

Upon the forme of avarice
More than of any other vice
I have devided in parties
The braunches, which of compaignies
Through out the world in generall
Be now the leders over all
Of covetise and of perjurie,
Of fals brocage and of usurie,
Of scarsenesse and of unkindeship,
Which never drough to felaship,
Of robberie and of prive stelth,
Which done is for the worldes welth,
Of ravine and of sacrilegge,
Which maketh the conscience agregge,
All though it may richesse atteigne,
It floureth but it shall not greine
Unto the fruit of rightwisnesse.
But who that wolde do largesse
Upon the reule, as it is yive,
So might a man in trouthe live
Toward his god and eke also
Toward the world, for bothe two
Largesse awaiteth as belongeth
To neither part, that he ne wrongeth,
He kepeth him self, he kepeth his frendes,
So stant he sauf to both his endes,
That he excedeth no mesure,
So well he can him self mesure,
Wherof, my sone, thou shalt wite,
So as the philosophre hath write.

13. *Prodigus et parcus duo ſunt extremaque, largus*
Eſt horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

Nota hic de virtute largitatis, que ad oppoſitum avaricie inter duo extrema videlicet percimoniam et prodigalitatem ſpecialiter conſiſtit.

Betwene the two extremites
Of vice ſtont the propertes
Of vertue, and to prove it ſo
Take avarice and take alſo
The vice of prodegalite,
Betwene hem liberalite,
Which is the vertue of largeſſe,
Stant and governeth his nobleſſe.
For tho two vices in diſcorde
Stond ever, as I find of recorde,
So that betwene her two debate
Largeſſe reuleth his eſtate,
For in ſuch wiſe as avarice,
As I to-fore have told the vice,
Through ſtreit holding and through ſcarſneſſe
Stant contraire to largeſſe,
Right ſo ſtant prodegalite
Revers, but nought in ſuch degre.
For ſo as avarice ſpareth
And for to kepe his treſor careth,
That other all his own and more
Ayein the wiſe mannes lore
Yiveth and deſpendeth here and there,
So that him reccheth never where,
While he may borwe, he woll deſpende
Till ate laſt he ſaith: I wende.
But that is ſpoken all to late,
For than is pouerte at the gate

And taketh him even by the ſleve.
For erſt woll he no wiſdom leve,
And right as avarice is ſinne,
That wold his treſor kepe and winne,
Right ſo is prodegalite.
But of largeſſe in his degre,
Which even ſtant betwene the two,
The highe god and man alſo
The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
For he him ſelven firſt amendeth,
That over all his name ſpredeth
And to all other, where it nedeth,
He yiveth his good in ſuch a wiſe,
That he maketh many a man ariſe,
Whiche elles ſhulde falle low.
Largeſſe may nought be unknowe.
For what lond that he regneth inne,
It may nought faile for to winne
Through his deſerte love and grace,
Where it ſhall faile in other place.
And thus betwene to moch and lite
Largeſſe, which is nought to wite,
Holt ever forth the middel way.
But who that torne wol away
Fro that, to prodegalite
Anone he left the proprete
Of vertu and goth to the vice.
For in ſuch wiſe as avarice
Lefth for ſcarſeneſſe his good name,
Right ſo that other is to blame,

Which through his waſt meſure excedeth.
For no man wot what harm that bredeth
[But mochel joie ther betideth,*
Where that largeſſe an herte guideth.
For his meſure is ſo governed,
That he bothe parts is lerned
To god and to the world alſo,
He doth reſon to bothe two.
The pouer folk of his almeſſe
Relieved ben in the diſtreſſe
Of thurſt, of hunger and of colde,
Ne yift of him was never ſolde,
But frely yive, and netheles
The mighty god of his encres
Rewardeth him of double grace,
The heven he doth him to purchaſe
And yiveth him eke the worldes good.
And thus the cote for the hood
Largeſſe taketh, and yet no ſinne
He doth, how ſo that ever he winne.
Luc. Omni habenti dabitur.
What man hath hors men yiven him hors,
And who ne hath of him no force,
For he may thenne on fote go,
The world hath ever ſtonde ſo.
But for to loken of the tweie,
A man to go the ſiker weie
Beacius eſt dare quam accipere.
Better is to yive than to take,
With yifte a man may frendes make,

* From MSS. Harl. Wanting in MS. Stafford and the printed editions.

But who that taketh or great or ſmall,
He taketh a charge forth with all
And ſtant nought fre til it be quit.
So for to deme in mannes wit,
It helpeth more a man to have
His owne good than for to crave
Of other men and make him bonde,
Wher elles he may ſtond unbonde.
Senec counſeileth in this wiſe
And ſaith: But if the good ſuffice
Unto the liking of the will,
Withdrawe thy luſt and hold the ſtill
And be to thy good ſuffiſaunt,
For that thing is appurtenaunt
To trouthe and cauſeth to be fre
After the reule of charite,
Which firſt beginneth of him ſelve.
For if thou richeſt other twelve,
Wherof thou ſhalt thy ſelf be pouer,
I not what thank thou might recouer,]
While that a man hath good to yive,
With greate routes he may live
And hath his frendes over all,
And everich of him telle ſhall,
The while he hath his fulle packe
They ſay: A good felaw is Jacke.
Whan it faileth ate laſt,
Anone his priſe they overcaſt,
For than is there none other lawe,
But Jacke was a good felawe.

Seneca. Si res tue tibi non ſufficiant, fac ut rebus tuis ſufficias.

Apoſtolus. Ordinata caritas incipit a ſe ipſa.

Whan they him pouer and nedy ſe,
They let him paſſe and fare well he,
Al that he wend of compaignie
Is thanne torned to folie.
  But now to ſpeke in other kinde
Of love, a man may ſuche finde,
That where they come in every rout,
They caſt and waſt her love about
Till all her time is overgone,
And thanne have they love none.
For he that loveth over all,
It is no reſon, that he ſhall
Of love have any proprete.
Forthy my ſone, aviſe the,
If thou of love haſt ben to large.
For ſuche a man is nought to charge.
And if it ſo be, that thou haſt
Deſpended al thy time in waſt
And ſet thy love in ſondry place,
Though thou the ſubſtaunce of thy grace
Leſe at the laſt, it is on wonder,
For he that put him ſelven under,
As who ſaith comun over all,
He leſt the love ſpeciall
Of any one, if ſhe be wiſe.
For love ſhall nought bere his priſe
By reſon, whan it paſſeth one.
So have I ſen full many one,
That were of love wel at eſe,
Which after fell in great diſeſe

Through waſt of love, that they ſpent
In ſondry places where they went.
Right ſo, my ſone, I axe of the, Confeſſor.
If thou with prodegalite
Haſt here and there thy love waſted?
My fader, nay, but I have taſted Amans.
In many a place as I have go,
And yet love I never one of tho,
But for to drive forth the day.
For leveth well, my hert is ay
Withoute mo for evermore
All upon one, for I no more
Deſire, but her love alone.
So make I many a prive mone,
For well I fele I have deſpended
My longe love and nought amended
My ſpede, for ought I finde yit.
If this be waſt unto your wit
Of love and prodegalite,
Now, gode fader, demeth ye.
But of o thing I woll me ſhrive,
That I ſhall for no love thrive,
But if her ſelf me woll releve.
My ſone, that I may well leve, Confeſſor.
And netheles me ſemeth ſo,
For ought that thou haſt yet miſdo
Of time, whiche thou haſt ſpended,
It may with grace ben amended.
For thing which may be worth the coſt
Perchaunce is nouther waſt ne loſt,

For what thing ſtant on aventure,
That can no worldes creature
Tell in certain, how it ſhall wende,
Till he therof may ſene an ende.
So that I note as yet therfore,
If thou, my ſone, haſt wone or lore.
For ofte time, as it is ſene,
Whan ſomer hath loſt all his grene
And is with winter waſt and bare,
That him is left nothing to ſpare,
All is recovered in a throwe,
The colde windes overblowe,
And ſtilled ben the ſharpe ſhoures,
And ſodeinlich ayein his floures
The ſomer happneth and is riche,
And ſo parcas thy grace is liche.
My ſone, though thou be now pouer
Of love, yet thou might recouer.

Amans. My fader, certes graunt mercy,
Ye have me taught ſo redily,
That ever while I live ſhall
The better I may be ware with all
Of thing, which ye have ſaid er this.
But evermore how that it is
Toward my ſhrifte, as it belongeth,
To wit of other points me longeth,
Wherof that ye me wolden teche
With all min herte I you beſeche.

Explicit liber quintus.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Confessio amantis